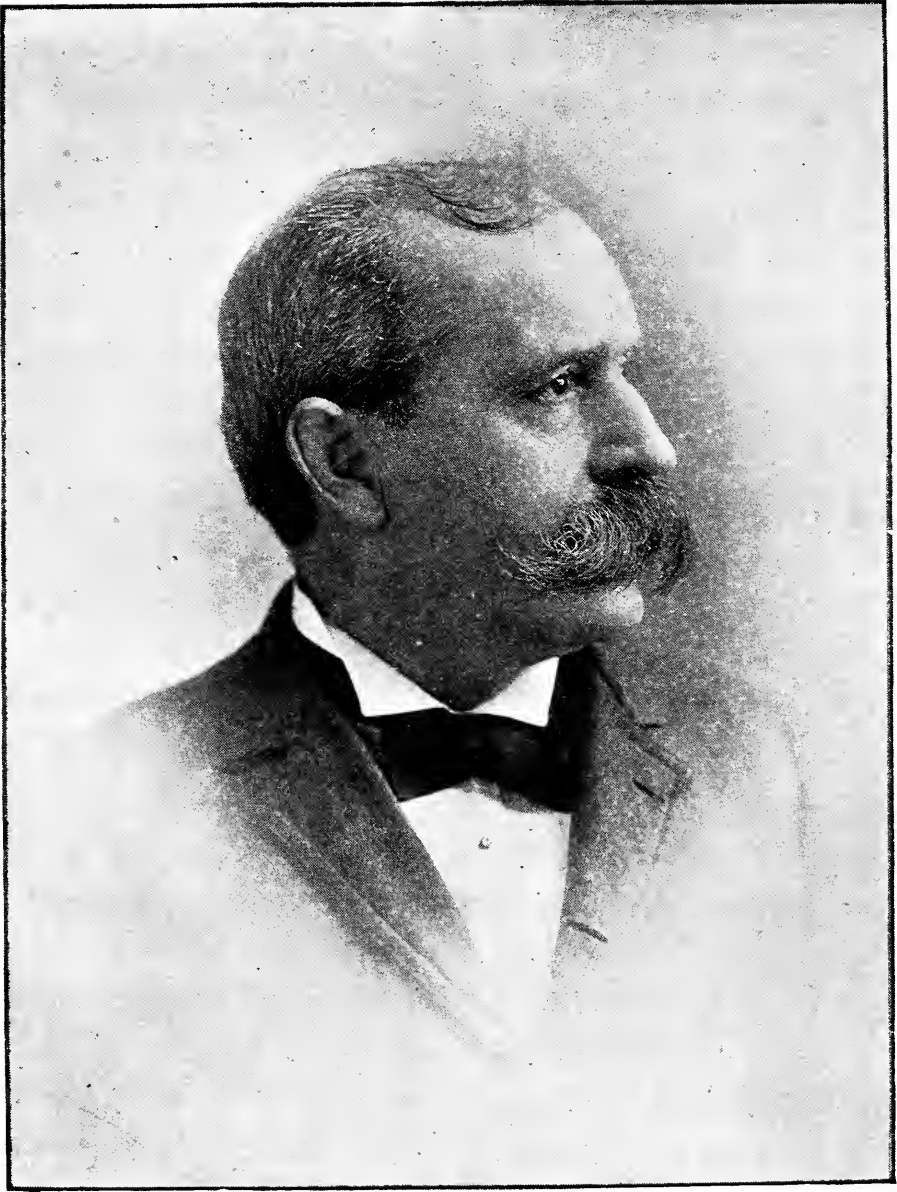




**INCIDENTS OF
EUROPEAN TRAVEL**





Sincerely yours
Gregory

Souvenir Edition

INCIDENTS
OF
EUROPEAN TRAVEL

Quorum Pars Magna Fui.

By GREGORY DOYLE, M. D., LL. D.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

1910

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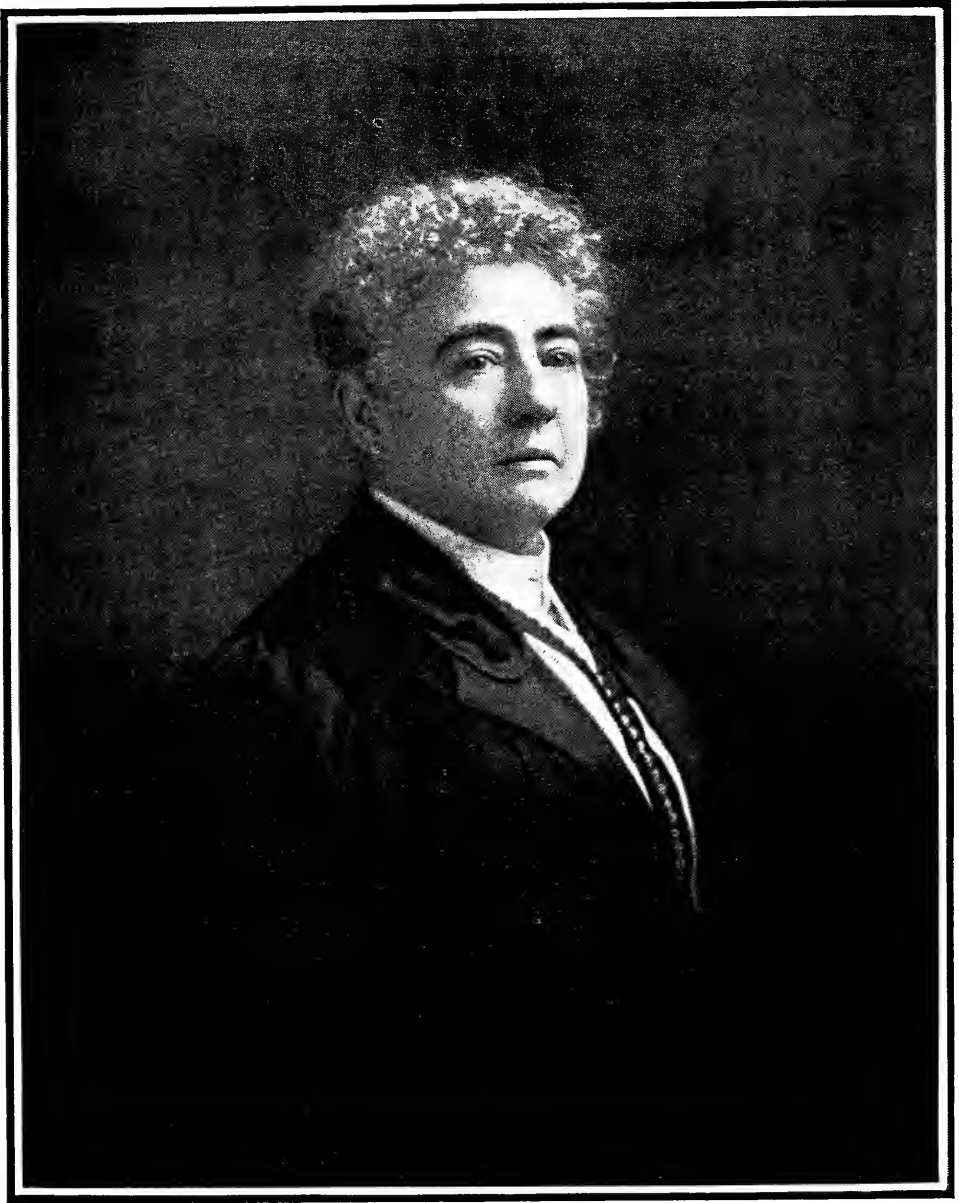
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MRS. GREGORY DOYLE (nee URANIA C. MOREL)
Who made an extensive tour of Europe with the Author

DEDICATION

TO MY LOVING AND LOYAL

WIFE

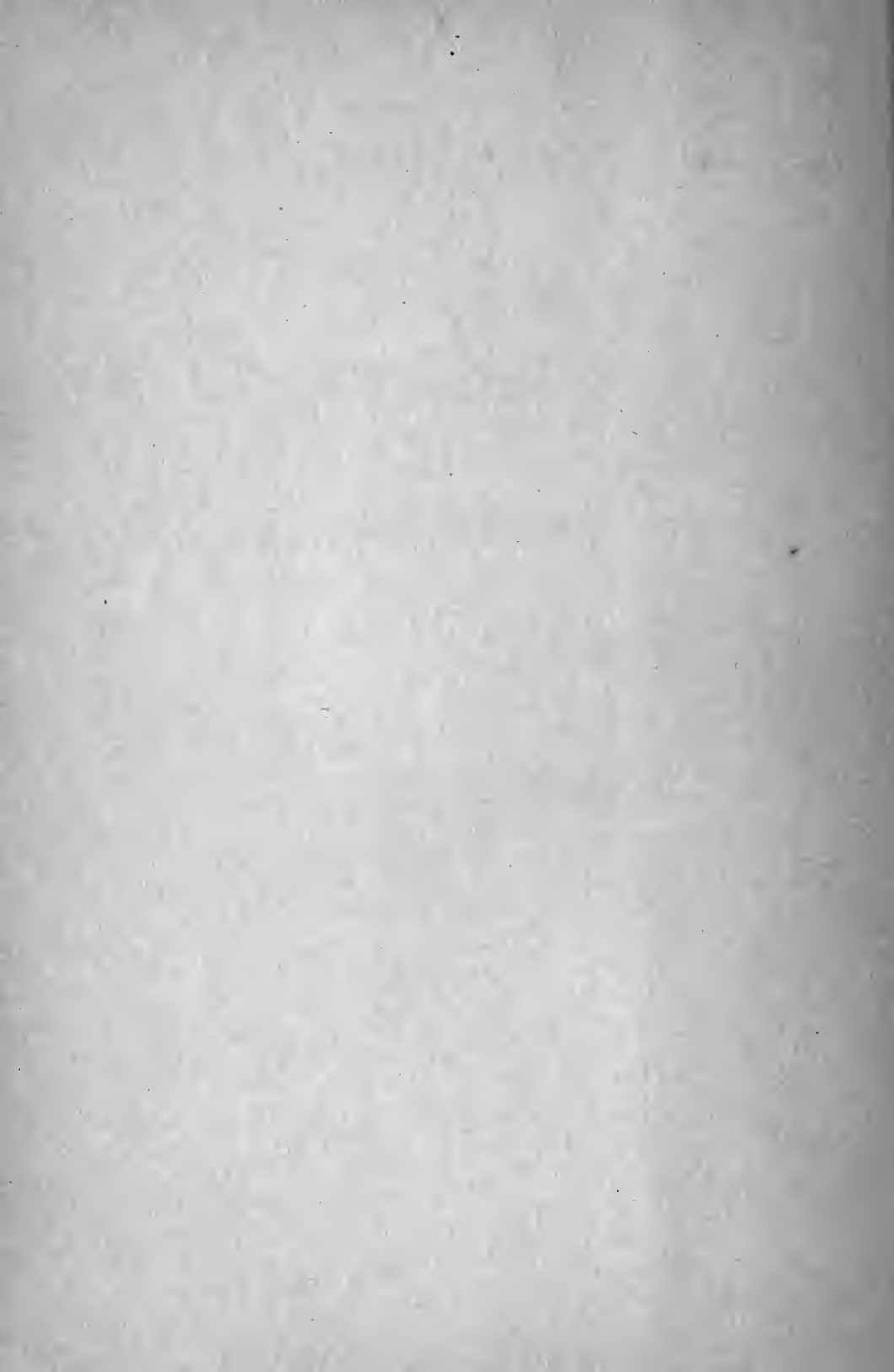
WHO HAS BEEN MY FAITHFUL COMPANION

ON THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS

THIS BOOK IS

MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED







GREGORY JAMES DOYLE

Only son of Gregory and Urania C. Doyle, whose early death left a lasting gloom in the home of his disconsolate parents

PREFACE

THE first of my five trips to Europe was made in 1882. Mr. S. Gurney Lapham, Dean of the Editorial Fraternity of Syracuse, who was at that time editor of the *Courier*, asked me to contribute to his paper during my travels, and at the same time suggested that I give only my personal impressions of places seen and persons met. I did so and, on my return home, found my letters had given so much satisfaction that I fully appreciated the practical foresight of my distinguished friend.

Sherlock Holmes said: "People do not always notice what they see." Reflecting on that statement I have since tried, when writing for entertainment, to make note of everything worth seeing and to describe every incident worth hearing about. Many books of travel are so highly flavored with the tincture of well worn guide books that they are seldom accused of much originality. I have followed no set itinerary or chronological order in my account of travels but have given my experiences as they came to mind.

Many thousands of people have already gone to Europe and many are yet to go. For the former this book may revive pleasant recollections of places visited; the latter may possibly profit from experiences herein related.

While traveling I secured several hundred photographic views with my trusty camera and have used some

of them to illustrate this work. Addresses, essays, etc., heretofore published in the press, are reproduced at the request of friends who wish to preserve them in more permanent form.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 28, 1910.

307 West Genesee street.

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I

OUTWARD BOUND

WE SAILED from New York July 18, 1903, on the steamship Hohenzollern, bound for Naples, Italy, and, after a pleasant but uneventful trip across the Atlantic, reached Gibraltar at 4 A. M., July 27. We were here unexpectedly entertained by the booming of cannon from a British fleet of fifty-two gunboats, which lay anchored near the base of the great Rock. The gunners were having their morning drill. They made such an uproar, it appeared to us like genuine war. As our vessel was to remain several hours to coal up, we took advantage of the delay and went over in a small steamer to Gibraltar. This famous old town, with its irregular streets, military barracks, antique dwellings, grim batteries of defence and heterogeneous population of some 20,000 people, presents an unusual and interesting spectacle to the tourist. British officers and soldiers, Turks, Jews, Mohammedans and in fact representatives from nearly all parts of the world are to be met in the streets and hotels. I found it a very interesting place in which to spend a few hours but would not wish to remain there long, as it was so very hot and oppressive. Even the leaves of the trees were covered with a thick coating of dust, as it had not rained for several weeks. I noticed that many of the lawns and gardens were ornamented

with great growths of cacti and oleanders, some of the latter attaining a height of fifty feet or more. They were covered with a profusion of luxuriant pink blossoms. Pepper trees, the kind that furnish us with the ordinary black pepper, are used for shade—a rather paradoxical idea to have such heat producers used as coolers.

The modes of transportation are very curious and primitive. Huge two-wheeled carts are drawn by weary mules. Small burros, with loads on their backs many times the size of their little bodies, enhance the antiquity of the scene. Looking across from the town we could plainly see the northern coast of Africa which at this point is but a few miles distant.

We, of course, visited the famous Rock, honeycombed throughout with cavernous tunnels, which practically make it one vast shell. Huge cannon pierce its sides in every direction so that it might be compared with a mammoth porcupine, as its surface fairly bristles with death-dealing guns. As we wearily trudged along through those winding ways that lead to the summit, we recalled the famous labyrinth of Crete and fully realized the impregnable condition of the great Rock of Gibraltar.

Our ship having been replenished with coal we resumed our journey up the Mediterranean and were treated, that very evening, to the gorgeous spectacle of a sunset on its dark blue waters that thrilled all beholders. Sky and ocean were lit up in a blaze of glory; the sun, as it dipped down to the sea, resembled a mammoth ball of burnished gold resting on purple clouds. The heavens around it were brightened with a halo of crimson that melted away in the heavenly vault above, while the rippling waves were tipped with the hues of

dancing rainbows; a spectacle fit for the Gods of Olympus.

The first Sunday morning after leaving Gibraltar we were gently aroused from our slumbers by melodious warnings that seemed to come from a deep toned organ of some grand old cathedral. Later on we were told it was the ship's band that afforded the agreeable surprise. This same band frequently entertained us during the voyage with choice music which whiled away many a pleasant hour and rendered our "home on the rolling deep" very agreeable.

The northern shores of Sardinia, which we passed July 29, are a great contrast to the beautiful Azores. Their barrenness reminded me of the cheerless hills of New Hampshire on a weird November day. It seemed a fit country for the many brigands that infest it. We had no desire to land, as we didn't wish to risk our lives or hand over our hard earned shekels for a possible ransom.

II

ITALY

WE ENTERED the Bay of Naples on a pleasant July morning and as we surveyed the scene before us we fully realized that all said or sung in praise of this beautiful bay was well merited. Someone, in his enthusiasm, has said, "See Naples and die." Well, we did not at that time feel exactly like "shuffling off this mortal coil." On the contrary we just then began to realize that life was really worth living, when Nature had been so generous in giving us such delightful surroundings as we were then and there enjoying.

As our good ship Hohenzollern steamed up the bay we were surrounded by the natives in small boats or skiffs trying to sell fruits, souvenirs, curios, etc. They would come alongside and hand up to us, on long poles, their merchandise that we might patronize them. The novelty of their manner of doing business led many of the passengers to make purchases.

NAPLES

Naples is a grand old city. It is built like a crescent around the beautiful bay and might be likened to a mammoth amphitheatre, as it rises in gentle slopes back from the water. The churches and houses are handsome and substantial. It would be an ideal city were it not for the execrable custom of hanging dirty garments out of the windows and on lines across the street. It is a pitiable

sight to behold magnificent rows of houses thus disfigured by loaded clothes lines and ragged garments.

Right here is, I think, the proper place to expatiate a little on some Italians' mode of living and their habits. In Southern Italy many of the inhabitants do not seem to have any affection for cleanliness. In fact they really have a love for the contrary. In Naples filth is seen on every side and it would appear that the lower classes fairly delight in every opportunity to brazenly display their defiance of hygiene. Walking along the streets you will often be obliged to step off into the gutter to avoid stumbling over lazy loafers who lie stretched at full length across the walks. They are filthy in their dress and habits and it is a wonder they have any sort of health. In spite of all this they not only live but multiply until the country fairly swarms with them.

The farther you go south the more slovenly they seem to be, until you reach Calabria and Sicily, where conditions are worse. Of course I am now speaking of the ignorant and vicious; that same class which forms a large percentage of immigrants who are filling up this country with undesirable citizens. They are the same people that "leave their country for their country's good" and come to America to inflict themselves on a law abiding and industrious community.

One would think that people who leave their homes for the ostensible purpose of bettering their condition would behave themselves when they reach a land of plenty and prosperity. Many are no sooner landed, however, than they set about breeding disorder and looking for trouble. I think that if the Italian government would establish an educational bureau in America to teach these

raw recruits a few salutary lessons, immensely more good would be accomplished than is now being done by sending emissaries to darkest Africa or the wilds of other distant regions.

In the above remarks, I, of course, refer only to the lowest stratum of the Italian proletariat. In Italy I met people of the highest culture. It seems that the farther north you go, the more intelligent the inhabitants become. In Rome, 160 miles north of Naples, as everybody knows, the intelligence, the learning and the fame of centuries abide. The Rome of to-day possesses all the refinements and progress of the twentieth century. I never met a more enlightened and brilliant people than I did in the Eternal City. When you get up as far as Florence, Genoa, Venice or Milan you will notice that the people are larger, stronger and more energetic than those in the southern cities. That condition is no doubt due to better environment and atmosphere, it being cooler and more conducive to muscular development and a consequent growth of brain matter. The southern regions are warm and muggy and no doubt largely contribute to lethargic conditions and consequent shiftlessness of a great portion of the inhabitants.

Well, to return to Naples. I must say it is one of the most interesting cities in all Europe, even if some of its inhabitants are lazy and improvident. Its churches, museums and theatres are very elaborate. Among its population are the most learned and aristocratic families in all Italy. Its hospitals are among the best in the world and its hotels are of the highest order and afford every modern convenience. We stopped at the Hotel Vesuve which stands on high ground fronting the great bay. From its

balcony we could plainly see dense clouds of smoke and murky vapor pouring forth from the great volcano across the water. At night the eruptions were lit up with mammoth tongues of fire that added a dreadful grandeur to the thunderous pyrotechnics of the restless mountain.

We visited the San Carlo Opera House, one of the largest in the world. A real Italian opera was being given at the time. Most of it we could not understand to our satisfaction, but the elegant costumes and finished technique supplied the deficiency.

The Aquarium, said to be the most elaborate in the world, contains a vast variety of the denizens of the deep. We saw there an octopus or devil fish, said to be the largest one in captivity. This grotesque conglomeration of animal life is very properly named, as his forbidding appearance strongly suggests all that is Satanic. His fierce, rapid and ugly gyrations would lead one to believe that he was constantly seeking some unfortunate whom he might devour.

The great cathedral or Duomo of St. Januarius is a very ancient and elaborate structure. It contains many relics, among which is a vial of the blood of its patron saint. It is said to liquify on every anniversary of his martyrdom. The sacristan showed us four immense candelabra which, he said, were taken from the Temple at Jerusalem.

A COLLECTION OF ANTIQUES

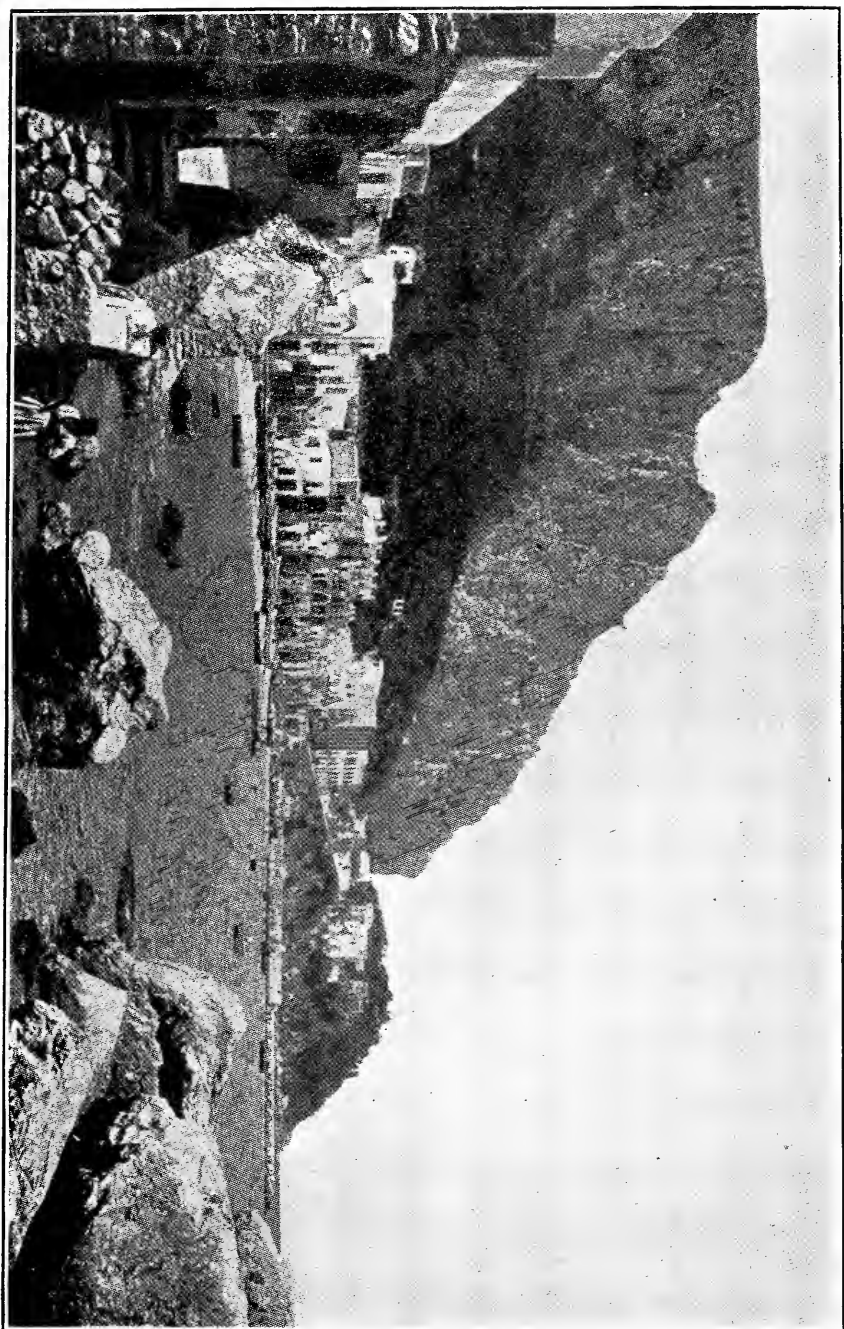
The museum at Naples contains the most valuable collection of antiquities in the world except that of the Vatican. Here are to be seen statuary, marbles, ancient

architectural designs and other works of art, dating away back to the early ages—long before the Christian era. I was agreeably surprised to come across some antique figures which really seemed like old familiar friends, as I had so often seen them described and illustrated in the classical works that delighted my younger days at Old Niagara. I felt almost like going up to shake hands with them and perhaps would have done so were it not that they seemed so cold-hearted and indifferent.

There is a room in one corner of this museum which contains many relics from the ruins of Pompeii that are unfit to be seen by anyone except archaeologists or medical men who may have an honest motive in studying the history of the past and the possibilities of human degradation. No wonder that Pompeii was suddenly covered up and hidden under mountains of hot ashes and burning cinders!

A VISIT TO CAPRI

While at Naples our party, having resolved to visit the famous Blue Grotto on the Island of Capri, chartered a small steamer which stood ready at the dock. Waiting for some belated members we were entertained by an exhibition of fancy swimming and deep sea diving by amphibious natives. Their antics in the water were interesting and even wonderful; some would beckon the passengers to throw coins into the sea which they dove for and invariably caught in their mouths. The water was so clear that we could see the coins glisten as they rapidly went zigzagging toward the bottom. The divers skillfully followed their uncertain course, and soon triumph-



THE ISLAND OF CAPRI IN THE BAY OF NAPLES
Under this is the famous Blue Grotto. See page 10

antly returned with the money between their grinning teeth. Sometimes these men would dive beneath the steamer and come up on the opposite side, a feat that required much skill and endurance.

Having enjoyed this novel exhibition for an hour or more we set sail for the Island of Capri. On board was a jolly lot of tourists who soon resolved themselves into a large family of pleasure seekers. Many volunteered a description of this famous grotto while others expressed anxiety to behold the wonderful place of which they had so often heard.

Before reaching Capri we stopped at Sorrento, a beautiful old town on the coast. As we approached its harbor I noticed a variety of colors in the water near the shore, caused by reflections from the bottom which was covered with particolored stones and rocks. The effect was most beautiful and impressive. Orange, green, purple and red would, in turn, become clearly visible as the boat moved slowly along.

Sorrento is now but the remains of an ancient city which is even older than Rome or Naples. It contains many interesting ruins, among which are those of a temple to Neptune. It is famous as being the birthplace of Tasso whose life was one of sorrow, disappointments and triumphs.

As we sat on the veranda of the Grand Hotel, taking a midday lunch, we were entertained with music by wandering minstrels dressed in fanciful costumes that might have been brought from fairyland. In front of us, and below our table, was a large vineyard of ripening fruit. The vines were loaded with huge bunches of luscious grapes of many varieties and colors. Here and there,

between the trellises, could be seen young orange trees filled with fruit in all stages of growth, the green affording a beautiful contrast to the ripened oranges on the same tree. This, added to the white blossoms and the glossy leaves, made a combination of colors that must be seen to be appreciated.

THE BLUE GROTTO

Capri, in the Bay of Naples, looks from a distance like a huge, craggy monument rising out of the sea. Its bold outlines, declivities and rugged sides strike the beholder with an awe akin to reverence. It appears to look down on the beholder with a frown of ancient dignity that makes one feel his physical inferiority. In presence of this great sentinel of the sea I felt almost timid.

Here were fought many battles in ancient times and hundreds of the vanquished were hurled headlong into the sea from the very rocks we were walking upon.

Tiberius, the profligate Roman emperor who ruled the destinies of the empire at the time of Christ's sojourn on earth, made Capri his summer home. Here he reveled in all the dissipations known to a pampered potentate. I never had any respect for this emperor as I always imagined he could have prevented the crucifixion of our Saviour if he so desired. I suppose, however, in the midst of his pleasures and revelries he never heeded or gave a serious thought to the supreme tragedy of Jerusalem.

The greatest attraction of this island is the wonderful Blue Grotto. As the passengers left the steamer they were placed in little boats which were to take them to the

interior. It was necessary that the skiffs should be quite low, as the opening was very small and could be entered only when the tide was out. In our skiff were two gentlemen and a lady besides the boatman. We were all told to lie down on our backs as we floated in, for otherwise we might be injured by striking against the overhead rocks. The lady, who was young and giddy, did not pay much attention to the boatman's warning and remained sitting bolt upright until she received a blow from overhead which cut an ugly gash in her forehead and violently knocked her over backward where she lay in a swoon for some time.

The boat was drawn in by an unusual process. A long overhead chain strung along the underside of the arch was fastened at both ends. The boatman, by grasping this while lying on his back, was enabled to draw his tiny craft to the interior. As soon as we arrived within the grotto I was obliged to attend the lady's injuries which were quite serious and took some time. This unfortunate accident somewhat marred the pleasures of the day.

Once inside we found ourselves sailing about in a large cavern whose waters were a brilliant blue and cast glimmering reflections of the same bright color on the rocky roof above. For our entertainment young boys swam about in the cerulean waters which gave their little bodies the appearance of being covered with polished silver. When we placed our hands in the water the same wondrous phenomenon appeared.

The cavern within was as bright as day although no light was let in except through the small opening by which we entered. I can account for this unusual state

of things only from the fact that the waters were highly phosphorescent.

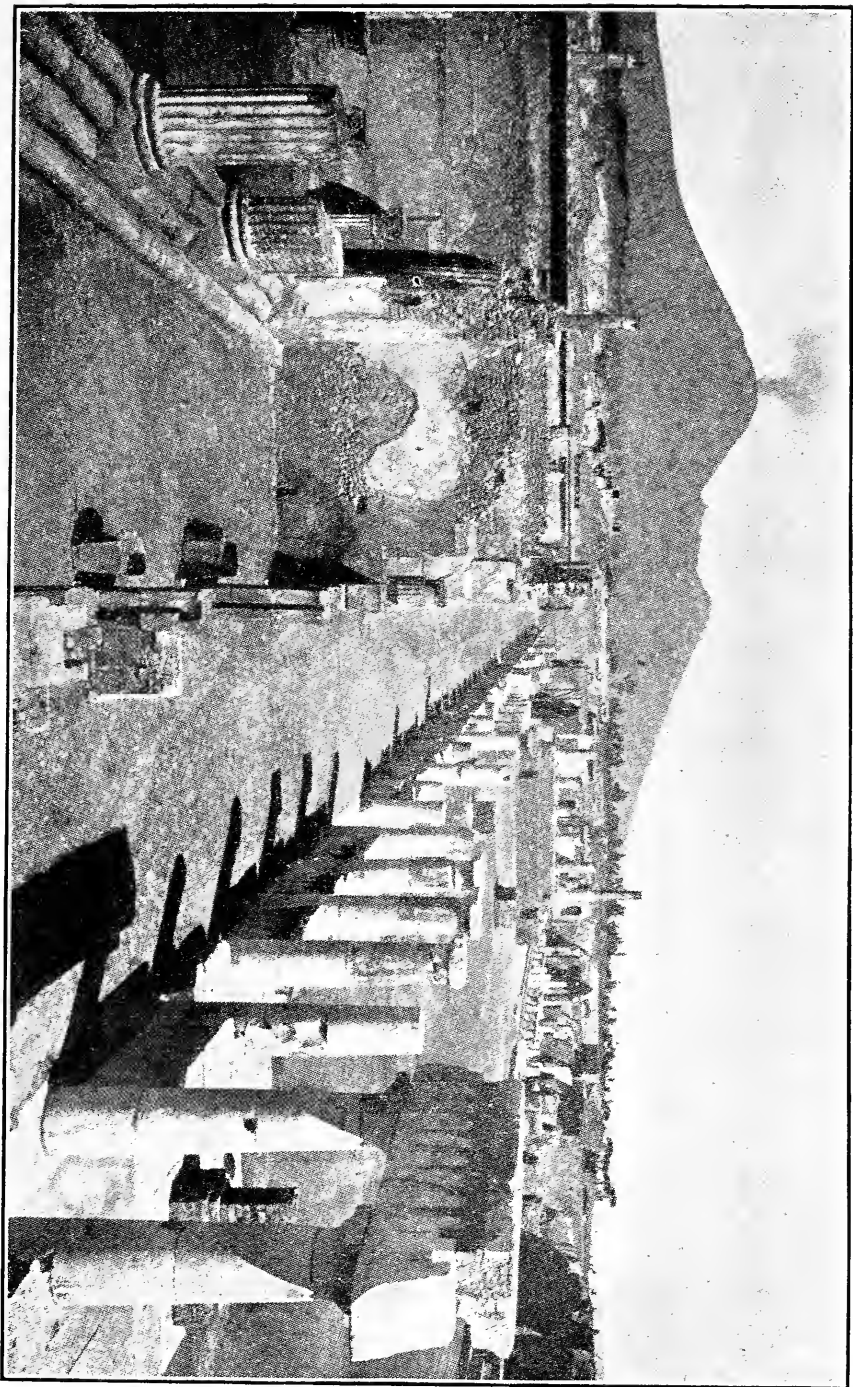
History hints that many secret passages led from the palace of Tiberius above to this mysterious cave and that it was often used as a place of refuge for royalty in times of danger.

We ascended to the top of the island by a long and tortuous road where we visited an ancient town which now seems but the ruins of a former city of some importance. Men, women and children rushed out into the streets to greet us, the latter entertaining us with a wild sort of dance or frenzy, known as the tarantella or spider waltz. It is so called from the imitation of spasms or convulsions occasioned by the bite of the venomous tarantula. It was very effectively carried out by the natives who were well versed in their hideous imitations of the victims of this poisonous insect.

THE RUINS OF POMPEII

Near the base of Mount Vesuvius once stood Pompeii a beautiful city. It was full of life and gaiety. Its inhabitants were prosperous and happy until a calamity befell them that has never before or since been equaled in the history of any time or place.

One summer morning in the year 79 A. D. the sky became suddenly darkened and the light of the sun was blotted out as if by a fuliginous pall that covered the earth. Ominous thunders and fiery eruptions from the great volcano added terror to confusion. Soon all were overwhelmed with showers of hot cinders and burning ashes which so suddenly and completely covered the city



RUINS OF POMPEII WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE

The sharp shadows on the roadway indicate how fiercely the sun was shining the day we visited them, August 1st, 1903. See page 12



and its inhabitants that even the site of Pompeii was lost and forgotten for ages.

In the 17th century the ruins of this unfortunate city were accidentally discovered by laborers who were digging in a vineyard. Not until the beginning of the 19th century were any exploratory excavations made. Systematic examinations proved this locality to be the site of an ancient and long forgotten city.

To see the destruction wrought in so short a time by the great volcano, impressively fills one with the most profound respect for the powers of old Mother Nature and a good deal of uncertainty as to the permanency of all things human. We saw many well preserved bodies that were recovered from the ruins. Their contorted shapes would indicate that death came to them in an unexpected and painful manner. Loaves of bread taken from the ancient ovens were black, but as perfect in shape as when placed there many centuries ago.

In the neighborhood of Pompeii and around the base of Vesuvius are many luxuriant groves of figs, oranges, lemons, olives and chestnuts. Oleanders there grow to an enormous size. Pepper trees are very common, being largely grown for their foliage. The bathing beaches are covered with a black sand, no doubt cast there by former eruptions of the volcano.

TIVOLI

Our visit to Tivoli, seventeen miles northeast of Rome, was full of interest, as there we beheld the site of a city that was once the rival of Rome in grandeur and enterprise; in fact it was founded many centuries before the

existence of Rome. It is situated on an eminence 830 feet above the sea. The river Anio here falls over a ledge of rock into an abyss several hundred feet below. It reminded me much of Niagara with its

Softened thunders
Of watery wonders
Like sacred music magnified.

Father Joseph, rector of the church of the XII Apostles in Rome, who was with us, suggested that we descend to the foot of the fall in the gorge the Anio had made by the constant wear of the waters during untold centuries. With cautious steps and the friendly assistance of trees and shrubs which prevented a too rapid glide, we walked, slid and stumbled downward until the bottom was reached. We here beheld the seething abyss into which the raging Anio plunged, and stood in profound awe and admiration of the mighty cataract as it came from above, seemingly out of a great opening in the clouds.

Our guide showed us the home of Horace, the great Latin poet of classical times. It is situated on a hillside just out of Tivoli. Looking at the home that once protected the gifted scholar, I became somewhat sentimental and wondered if one of his famous verses would apply to me, during my stay in the neighborhood. I will quote it:

"Quocunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes."
Wherever the winds carry me I am a guest.

IN THE GORGE OF THE ANIO

After wandering along the mossy slopes and among

the fallen rocks that alternately adorn the shores of the lower Anio, we resolved to return to the upper regions. When we fully realized the stupendous effort required to retrace our steps, we were nearly discouraged with the task before us. I simply remained in statu quo for a time and meditated on the famous lines of Virgil, when he said:

*"Facilis decensus Averno, sed revocare
gradum: hoc opus, hic labor est."*

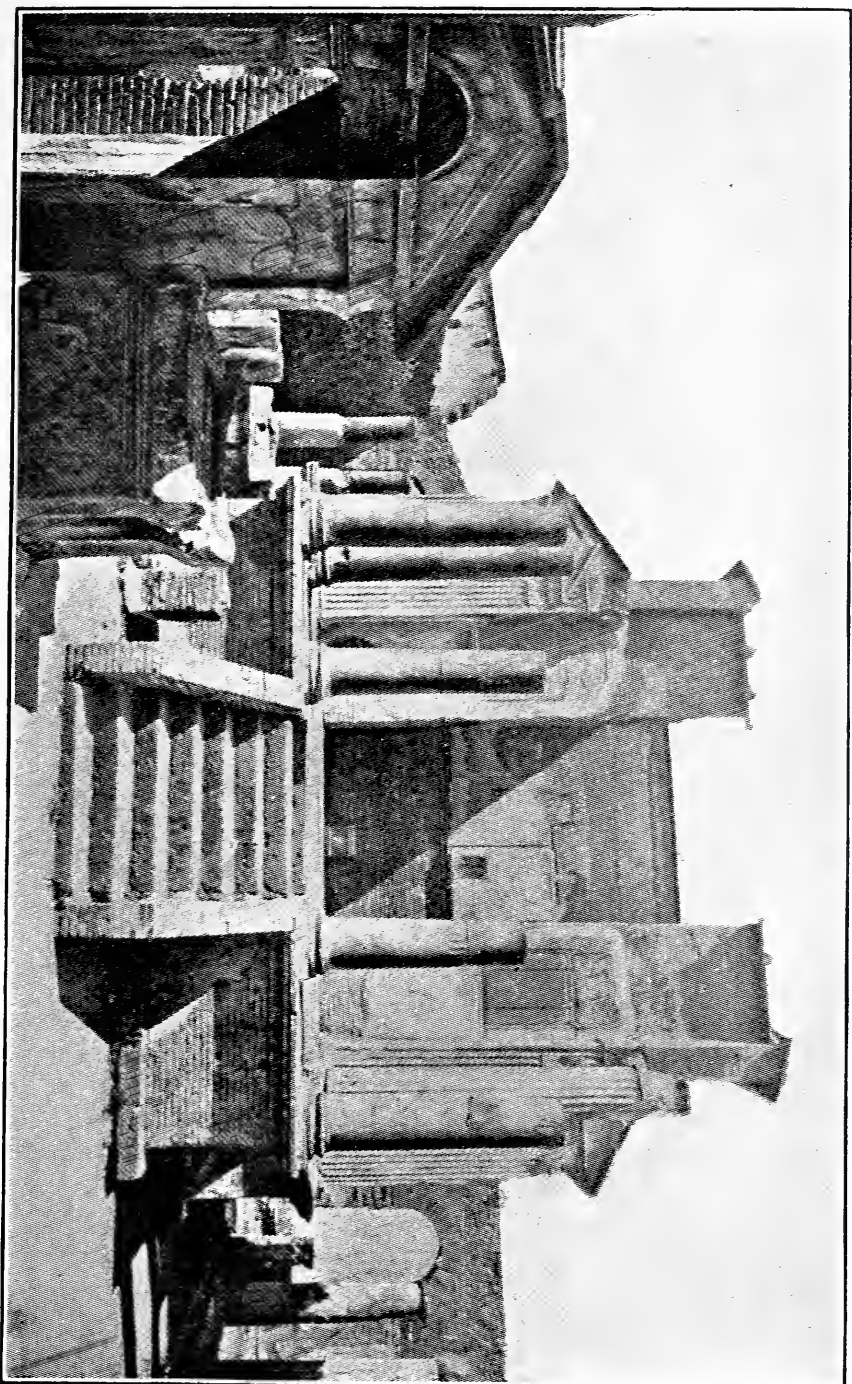
The descent to Avernus is easy, but to return,
This is the work, this is the labor.

In looking about for ways and means to make our return journey, it dawned on me that if it were difficult for the male portion of the party to climb the rugged heights, it would simply be impossible for Mrs. Doyle to accomplish the Herculean task. While in a quandary as to the proper procedure, we were approached by two stalwart natives carrying a sedan chair. They offered to transport the lady to the top. I was so pleased to obtain their services that I immediately engaged them and told them they might exercise their muscles by carrying her to the top of the gorge as quickly as they could. They set about their task with a vim that was truly encouraging, but their enthusiasm cooled off considerably before they had gone many yards, as Mrs. Doyle is by no means a light weight, being able to send the indicator of the scales to a very respectable figure. We trudged along ahead, aiding our upward movements by holding on to friendly branches that greatly assisted us. We would frequently stop and look back to see how the chair

carriers were getting on. The patient fellows were laboriously tugging away with their generous burden which caused them to take frequent rests. They finally reached the top and gladly set down their sedan, while they mopped the perspiration from their swarthy brows and puffed like a pair of exhausted athletes. I really pitied them and asked the price of their labor. They humbly held out their hands, saying that twenty soldi (a few cents) was their fee. I added a gratuity which I thought they had richly earned.

Here are the famous sulphur baths, patronized by the elite of Rome and the surrounding country. The water from the springs, which are constantly bubbling up like a boiling cauldron is of a creamy-white color and looks like the richest milk from a first-class dairy. The edges of the spring and the surrounding footpaths are constantly coated with a thick layer of the purest sulphur, which lends a golden enchantment to the dancing waters of the health giving springs. We remained for some time enjoying the innocent antics of the Roman youth while disporting themselves in the lacteal-hued baths of Tivoli.

Tivoli, which was the summer home of Hadrian, has a fascination for the tourist and antiquarian that is seldom surpassed. As we leisurely rambled through the ruined castles and abandoned gardens, we could not but reflect on the grandeur that existed there in the days of long ago; and think of the gay throngs that once peopled those silent ruins. We thought of the glory that fadeth away. Statuary and architectural ornaments that formerly embellished this ancient city are now scattered throughout the many museums of Europe.



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS IN POMPEII

August 1, 1903, the Author visited these ruins and secured some beautiful specimens of Mosaic flooring. This building is supposed to be over three thousand years old



PADUA

This home of a great university, which was at its zenith in the thirteenth century, is situated on the river Bacchiglione in the province of Venetia.

Here the famous Galileo and Tasso taught and St. Anthony preached his soul stirring sermons. It must have been a great city in ancient times, for history tells us it raised an army of 200,000 men to fight the Romans at Cannæ. The great Livy was born in its suburbs. Padua was the first city in which clinical medicine was taught. In the sixteenth century De Monte gave bedside lectures in the hospital of St. Francis. Post-mortem examinations, to ascertain the cause of death, were also first held in this ancient and progressive city, and here the study of anatomy had its inception.

On my arrival the streets were so flooded that it was with difficulty I visited the many shrines and ancient palaces for which the city is noted. Not having fully recovered from an attack of Roman fever, the flood and damp atmosphere augmented the unwelcome chills that were rapidly chasing up and down my spinal column. Finding no one to converse with in good old Syracuse vernacular I felt pretty lonesome, and the surrounding atmosphere had a decidedly cerulean tint; about three shades darker than desirable. After due reflection I resolved, then and there, to return home as soon as possible. Trains were delayed, in fact they had ceased running on account of the recent floods, and I was in a genuine, double jointed dilemma. Not feeling in the best of moods, I strolled around to the church of St. Anthony and during the course of my meditations,

respectfully and reverentially promised the time-honored old saint that if he would assist me, as speedily as possible, to get out of his town I would not trouble him again for many a long day.

As all trains were abandoned I was obliged to charter a barouche or voiture to take me to Vincenza, about twenty-five miles distant. The price demanded for the antiquated rig was far beyond the value of the whole concern. Paying in advance for the trip, I supposed I was sole owner, for the time being at least. Half way to Vincenza he took in more passengers; two women, apparently a mother and daughter, both old and crabbed enough to engineer pink teas. As they spoke nothing but Italian, no introductions were indulged in and we rode silently on. I noticed that the younger one had teeth as black as ebony. While I was trying to make out a diagnosis as to the cause, she complacently drew forth from the pectoral folds of her red calico dress, three long slender rolls of tobacco that were, no doubt, intended for cigars; they looked like Pittsburgh stogies with a straw running through the center. She offered one to me and one to the old lady. Lighting hers she smoked tranquilly during the remainder of the journey. Fearing my teeth would get as black as hers I did not incinerate mine.

VINCENZA

Arriving at the little city of Vincenza I surrendered the old establishment to the coachman, who asked the station master to tell me he wanted a bonus or gratuity. Feeling that I had already paid an enormous price for his services I told the interpreter to translate into proper and vigorous Italian the following proclamation: Your

victim emphatically protests against being swindled any more by such an avaricious biped.

A LANDSLIDE

At Vincenza I boarded a train for Verona. Between the two cities there are many mountain tunnels. Rapidly rolling along we were suddenly held up by a landslide, caused by the heavy rains of the previous fortnight. A loud rumbling was heard and, looking out of the car window, we saw, just ahead, what seemed to be the whole side of a mountain sliding down onto the track in the form of an avalanche and completely filling up the entrance to the tunnel we were about to enter. Surely a narrow escape, for if that section of the mountain had fallen onto our train we could easily have dispensed with the services of an undertaker. We were detained for many long and tedious hours in this lonely Alpine gulch, with more threatening landslides on either side; all the time anxiously seeking ways and means of escape from impending danger.

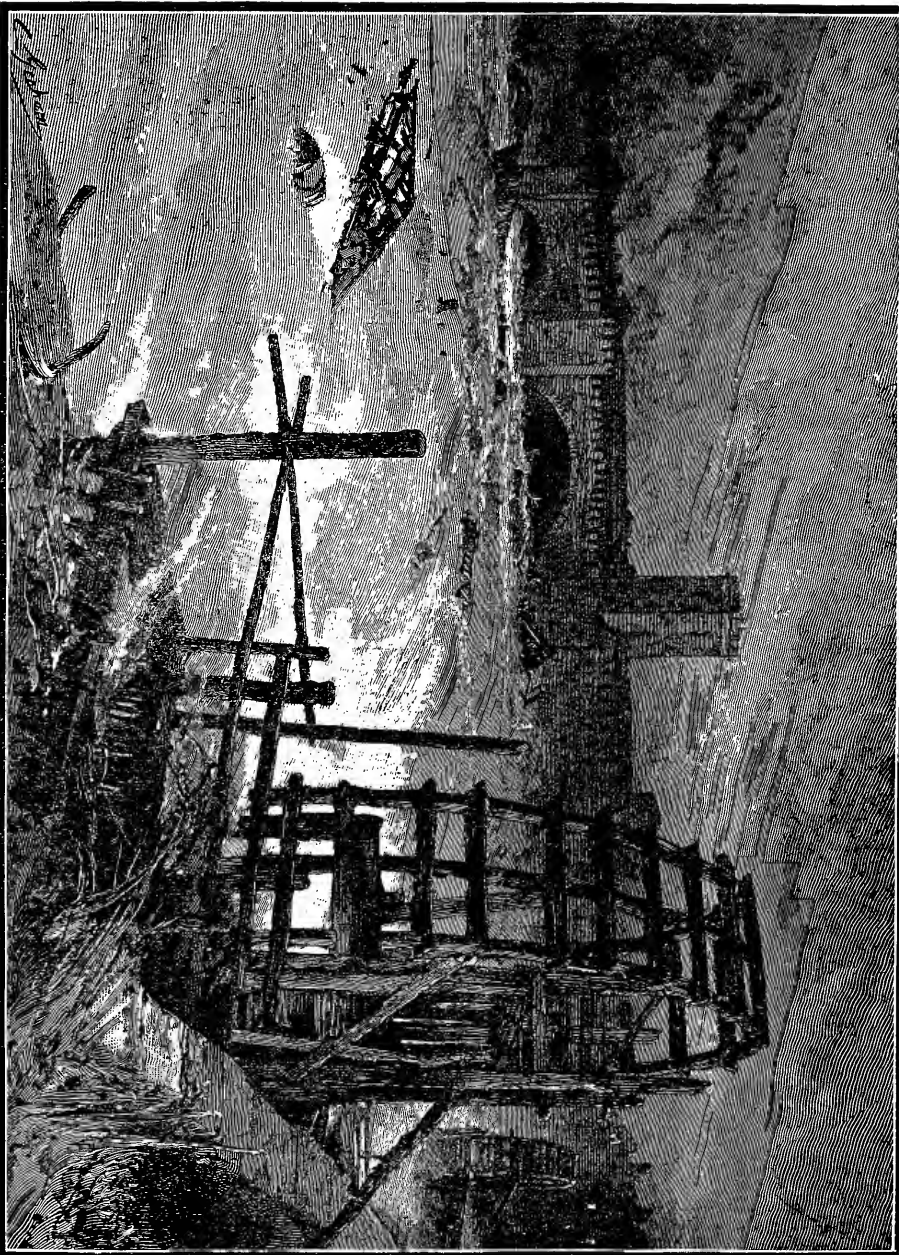
Men were called in from the neighboring vineyards and set to work carrying out the fallen dirt in baskets on their heads; a slow process I assure you, when our anxiety to escape is taken into consideration. As soon as sufficient earth was removed, so that a small opening in the top of the tunnel could be made, the passengers were forced to climb up the huge accumulation of soft mud in order to reach a train on the other side. Well, I thought to myself, this is one of the places where anticipated pleasures of travel fail to fill fond expectations. Reinforcing my courage, I climbed, half wading, half walking, through the slimy ooze until I got over into the tunnel.

Down, down into its dark and gloomy depths I descended. The padrone who was carrying my grip, while walking through the dark passage, suddenly and silently disappeared into a deep trench where he had fallen. I felt now that my earthly possessions, as well as my hopes, had gone forever. We tenderly hoisted him out, grip and all, and carried him to the mouth of the tunnel. The open air seemed to quickly revive him, so much so that he could be led away by his companions.

The train, which stood waiting for us at the exit of the tunnel, was now boarded and we were soon on our way to Verona. Approaching the city, we had to cross the great river Adigé. Just before reaching it, however, we were informed that the floods had carried away nearly the entire bridge and that we would have to remain where we were all night—a bright prospect for an anxious traveler; sick, sore and sorry, yearning for the comforts of his happy home. After roaming about in Egyptian darkness and unexplored regions for some hours, drenched to the skin with torrential rains, I set out to ascertain the possibility of crossing the mighty flood that formed a barrier to my homeward progress. I discovered that the ancient stone bridge, which had withstood the storms of centuries, had at last yielded to the angry torrent that swept furiously down from the Tyrolean Alps. The entire flooring had fallen into the river—nothing but the side walls and abutments being left.

A MIDNIGHT PERIL

Although it was now far advanced into the night, with wind and rain adding to our misery, I resolved to reach the other side or “meet on that beautiful shore” in the



THE BRIDGE OF CASTEL-VECCHIO ON THE ADIGE, VERONA

This famous Bridge fell into the seething flood a few minutes after the Author crossed it in the summer of 1882, the time of the great inundations in Italy



attempt. Calling to my assistance a sinister looking Veronese, the only man I could find, I mounted the narrow walls that were left standing and commenced my perilous journey to the distant, gloomy shores of Verona. My new-found friend was allowed to carry my luggage and even to clamber along before me on the wall. I was very willing to grant him precedence on this interesting occasion. Age, beauty or previous condition of servitude was not taken into consideration. Cautiously feeling our way in the darkness, often on hands and knees, along the trembling walls, I realized that my life hung on a single, slender thread. Our crumbling pathway was scarcely two feet in width and a single misstep or stumble would have instantly hurled us into the seething flood beneath. This ruined relic of the ancient bridge seemed fully a half mile in length. When the much longed for shore was reached I was so exhausted that I felt like lying down on the wet and muddy ground where I landed and wondered if life, under such adverse circumstances, was really worth living. My reverie was soon rudely interrupted, however, by a loud and ominous rumbling, as of an earthquake. Instinctively and suddenly peering through the darkness, where but a moment before I could perceive the faint outlines of the ruined bridge, I discovered that the entire structure had fallen into the water; no trace being left, save the abutments on either shore. I now fully realized the dangers of the undertaking just completed.

Mastering what little strength I had I began to look around for some friendly shelter wherein I could rest my weary form. I was told that every hotel in Verona was flooded by the unusual and long continued rains, and

accommodations could not be found in the city. The railroad station, situated on rising ground, was the only public place where I could get shelter from the storm. Here I found a miscellaneous crowd packed together like sardines, there being no room to even sit down or recline.

I was informed that the train would not start until morning. What a bright prospect for a weary traveler, far from home and friends in a strange land, to stand all the livelong night in that miserable station, with a promiscuous crowd, many of whom might have been dangerous characters of the vilest sort. After a long and tedious night of anxiety and patient suffering, the much wished for dawn appeared, the bright and welcome sun arose in the orient and a humble mortal was made happy in the hope of once more seeing his domestic fireside.

VERONA

On my second visit to Verona I was accompanied by Mr. Henry A. Smith of Binghamton, N. Y. As we were about to enter the gates of the ancient city we were halted by a pair of arrogant officers who haughtily demanded to know who we were and where we came from, and even went so far as to examine very minutely our belongings. We endured the interruption with resignation, as we were aware that the Veronese have not yet awakened to the fact that the internecine wars of Italy are over.

It was our good fortune to be there on the feast of St. Zeno. The entire city was in holiday attire and the streets were thronged with old and young, rich and poor bent on giving the greatest honor and glory to their patron. We went over to the ancient cathedral where

the saint's remains were lying in state, decorated with the robes and insignia of his ecclesiastical rank. The little that remained of his corporeal form was but a fleshless skeleton much darkened and decayed by the ravages of centuries. We were there told that Zeno was an African bishop of Verona in the third century. If such were the case the preservation of his remains for so long a time would seem to border on the miraculous.

We had a guide whose English vocabulary was limited to about four words and a half, nevertheless we succeeded in getting around Verona with fair satisfaction. Cathedrals and palaces claimed much of our attention but the most interesting feature shown us was the ancient Roman amphitheatre in a partial state of preservation, having not yet reached that dissolution which would prohibit complete restoration. It was built in the second and third centuries and what is left of it very much resembles the Colosseum at Rome. On its inner wall is marked the height of the waters in the great flood of 1882, the year in which I first visited Verona and crossed the ruins of the tottering bridge that trembled above the roaring Adigé. The floods of that year were the most destructive ever known in Italy. As a matter of course we visited the tomb of Shakespeare's Juliet. It reminded me of an empty stone watering trough, the remains having long since been removed and scattered to the unknown. The homes of the Capulets and Montagues were shown us as interesting relics of the well known drama.

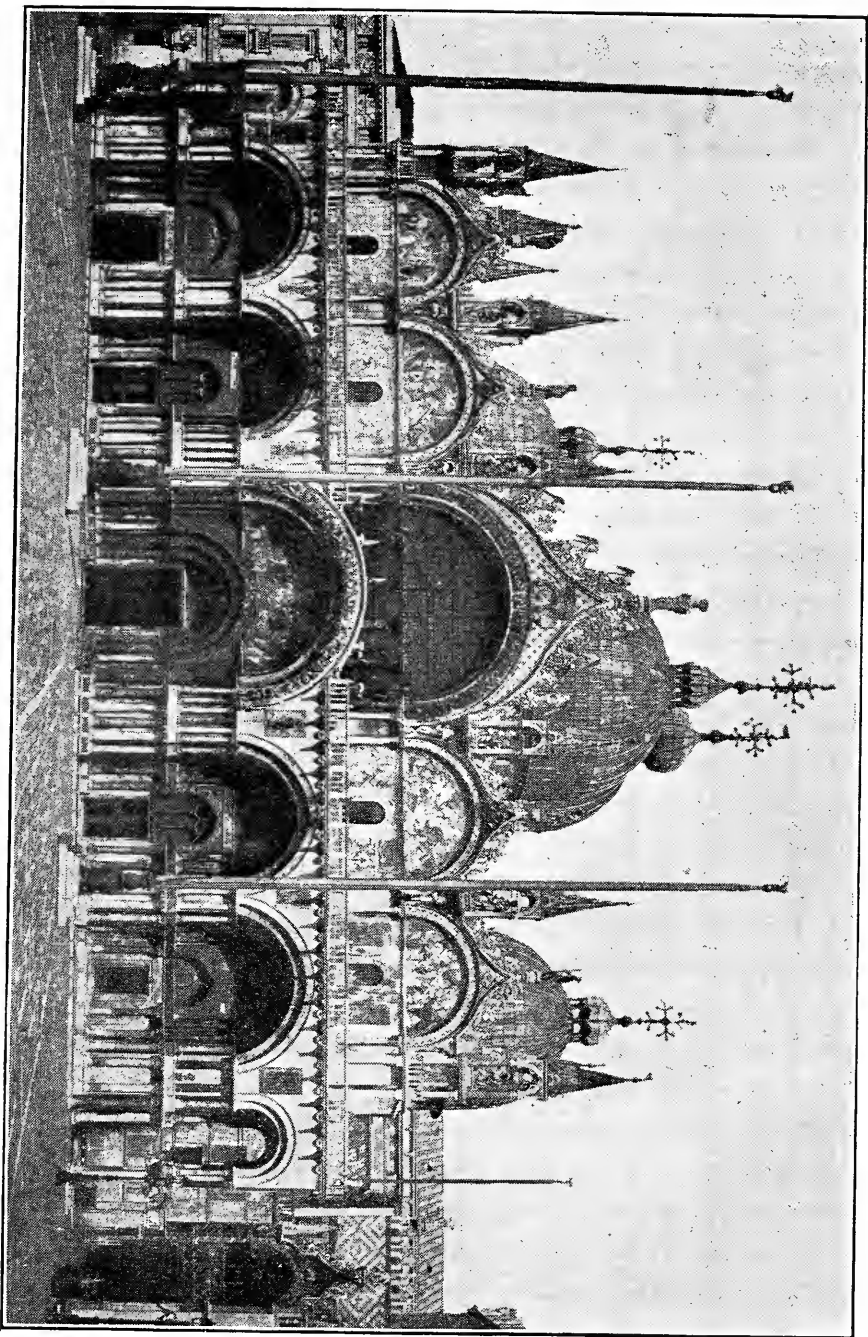
From Verona we passed up through the Austrian Dolomites and the Tyrolean Alps whose beauty rivals that of the Swiss mountains. As the cars were rushing

along through the rocky gorges and up the mountain grades I noticed in front of us two weary individuals who had succumbed to the seductive wiles of Morpheus. In their "peaceful slumbers" their heads swayed wildly to and fro with the motion of the swiftly moving train until they wobbled about like sunflowers in a high wind. One was a sleek, good-looking gentlemen, evidently of refinement; the other was a fat, thick necked old man with a plethoric nose. He reminded me of a well-fed rhinoceros. While beholding these wild gyrations I predicted a collision and sure enough their heads came violently together with a "dull, sickening thud" that startled us all. It is needless to say they were aroused and such fierce, mutual glares, mingled with dazed and quizzical expressions, I never before witnessed.

I must say that the Italian railway "system" takes the medal (leather) for producing the most confusion in a given space of time of any concern in this busy world. The officers themselves don't seem to understand one another and when a station is reached a regular bedlam sets in and lasts long after the "conductor's" brass whistle toots the signal for departure. The hod carriers of the Tower of Babel could have given them pointers on order and system with much benefit to their pandemonium.

ST. MARK'S—GEM OF THE ADRIATIC

What St. Peter's is to Rome St. Mark's is to Venice—the center of interest and admiration, the Mecca of all European tourists. Our first thought after arriving in the city was to visit the famous Basilica. As we entered St. Mark's Square I spied a banking estab-



ST. MARK'S CHURCH IN VENICE



ishment and went in to get some cheques cashed. When I entered I saw two gentlemen whom I took for Catholic clergymen. Feeling at home in such company I ventured to introduce myself and was graciously received by the reverend strangers. In the course of subsequent conversation they mentioned Niagara University when my heart gave an extra thump or two as I became suddenly interested. I eagerly asked if they were acquainted with that institution. The younger one immediately answered and said that his companion, Father McHale, was the president of "Old Niagara." I now felt perfectly at home as I am an alumnus of the same University.

The gentlemen were now as much surprised as I was when I first learned their identity.

After a pleasant conversation, relating mostly to my Alma Mater, they told me of their delight at being able to visit the wonderful church of St. Mark they had read of and heard so much about. As they had just returned from there they directed my attention to certain features that they warned me not to neglect seeing. Bidding them good-bye I hastened off to enter the church I had come so far to visit.

Joining my companion, who had not entered the office, we went over to the Basilica at the other end of the great square. As we entered, Mass was going on and we reverently knelt on the marbled floor, as there were no pews or chairs to be seen. The ceremonies were very impressive and solemn, and would have been more so were it not that we were greatly annoyed by beggars who persistently bothered us during the entire time we were there.

After the services we were shown about the edifice by a guide who explained the principal objects of interest and showed us the tomb of the Evangelist St. Mark which is behind the high altar.

The architecture of this church is so unique and exquisite that I will not attempt to write of it but will give my readers an extract from Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" that has never been surpassed for description.

"ST. MARK'S, VENICE

"Beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see if far away; a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory—sculpture, fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and in the midst of it the solemn forms of angels, sceptered, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them—interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago.

“And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones—jasper and porphyry and deep green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine. Cleopatra-like ‘their bluest viens to kiss’—the shadow, as it steals back from heaven, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixt with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark’s Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars; until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

“Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for instead of the restless crowd, hoarse voiced and sable

winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, that mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years."

FRATRES MISERICORDIAE

One day during my rambles about Florence I met an unusual concourse of men on a bridge that crosses the Arno. They were dressed in long, black robes, and faces and heads were covered with cowls in which were holes for the eyes. So thoroughly were they disguised that one would not be able to recognize among them his long neglected creditor or even a bill collector. They seemed to stand at "parade rest" on the middle of the bridge. As I approached them a member stepped out of the ranks and coming over to me peered into my face as if he knew me and said something in Italian which I did not understand. I then spoke to him in Latin with which he seemed very familiar, asking him what society that was and why were they dressed so oddly. Before answering my question he apologized for his rudeness in looking at me so closely, saying he thought he knew me, and that I was an old friend from the Appian Way in Rome. That is the first time I was ever accused of being an Italian and a Roman citizen at that. He then went on to briefly explain the object and aims of this society.

He said they were known as the *Fratres Misericordiae* or Brothers of Mercy, their order having been established

in the Thirteenth Century. Its primary object was to mitigate the rigor of feudal distinctions and to enforce perfect equality of all men before God. It is composed of the wealthy and prosperous classes, among whom are many sons of noblemen. Their added duties now comprise aid to the injured, caring for the sick and decent burial for the poor and friendless.

The young men who compose this society are not known, even to their intimate friends. They wish to keep themselves incognito that their charity may not be lauded and also that their work may be more effectually done.

When a young man of the order hears of an accident, happening in the street or elsewhere, he quietly glides out, even if he be in the midst of the mazy dance, slips on his black robe and hastens off to render assistance to some poor unfortunate.

Such institutions are worthy of unlimited praise and imitation at all times and in all places. Much credit is also due the Church that has aided and encouraged them even from their very inception and also carefully guarded the principle of humanity against the encroachments of caste during the middle ages, thus preventing the poor and helpless from being trampled under foot by a haughty aristocracy.

ROME

Ever since early childhood it has been my cherished ambition to visit Rome, the Eternal City. At last in 1882 my ardent longings were gratified. In that year I first went there. I also made three subsequent visits, the last being in 1903. In a condensed form I will endeavor to

portray impressions obtained on those occasions, and to describe places and incidents without going into minute details.

THE GREAT BASILICA

Of course St. Peters is the center of attraction, not only of Rome, but of the entire Christian world. I will not attempt a description of this great Basilica, as it has so often been enshrined in prose and poetry that any effort on my part would seem superfluous. I will say, however, that upon entering this sacred edifice one is perfectly overwhelmed with the grand vista suddenly revealed to him. With the exception of Milan and Cologne and a few lesser ones, all other cathedrals on this mundane sphere dwindle, in comparison, to mere chapels. In this historical edifice are the tombs of popes, martyrs and confessors. Also in the great crypt beneath it lie the remains of kings, queens and emperors, among them being those of St. Peter himself. A hundred brazen lamps continually illuminate his venerated shrine. The lights, emblematic of Christian faith, are constant reminders of the religious devotion of all Christendom.

CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

Among the many objects of interest to be seen in this delightful wilderness of priceless antiquities and superb works of art, is a marble pillar from Jerusalem which, tradition says, was held sacred from the fact that the Child Jesus was leaning against it when his parents found him in the temple disputing with the venerable doctors of the Mosaic law. As I remember it, the pillar or column is about ten feet high and fluted as we often see

in modern buildings. The marble, which was originally white, is now a yellowish brown from age and really looks very ancient. It is only a fragment of the original and is inclosed by an iron railing of exquisite workmanship. This ancient relic is an object of much reverential interest. As one beholds it and reverts to the Bible story of the sorrowing parents seeking the lost Child, his retrospective imagination carries him back to Solomon's Temple in the long ago, and the joyous moment when the fond parents found their Loved One leaning against the very pillar which you are beholding.

The grand mosaics which adorn St. Peter's are a revelation to the novice. They are made of various colored marbles so skillfully inlaid as to represent lifelike figures and landscapes in the most impressive manner. When I first saw them I thought they were oil paintings and was so sure of it that I asked an attendant how many paintings there were in St. Peters. Astonished at my simple question he said there was not an oil painting in the entire church except one, and that was in the sacristy.

In a great cathedral like St. Peter's one would expect to see gorgeous windows, stained and figured with religious subjects but, strange as it may seem, there are no colored windows in all this vast edifice. They are filled with plain glass, that the interior may have all the light possible to give a proper effect to the numberless works of art.

A SOJOURN ON THE ROOF OF ST. PETER'S

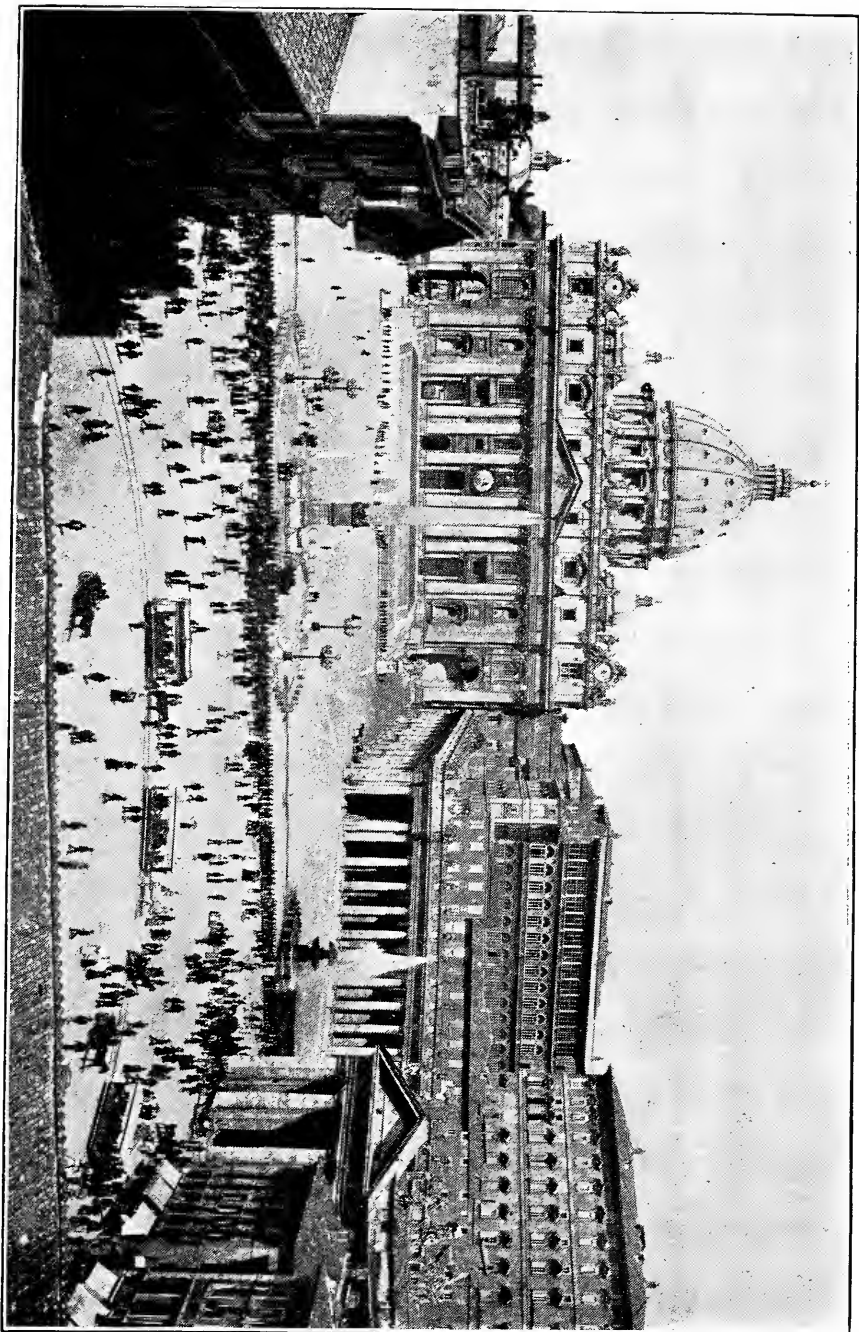
In my enthusiasm to see as much of Rome as possible I made the ascent to the top of the dome of St. Peter's. On the way down from the pinnacle I stepped out

onto the roof as I reached the base of the dome. Here I became bewildered as I could not find the proper door leading to the great descending stairway. I wandered over the vast roof for nearly an hour before I could find anyone to show me the exit. In the mean time I utilized my exalted detention by examining and studying the various works of art with which the roof of this great church is adorned. Many former Popes have placed above the cornices their coat of arms in finely chiseled marble, giving dates and so forth, relating to important events of their respective reigns. At last my deliverance came in the person of one of the attendants who lived up there. By the way a great many persons dwell in little casas on the roof, but as they were nearly all on duty below I found it difficult to capture one when I wanted him.

On another occasion I was on this same roof when the great bells of St. Peter's suddenly tolled out to the world the announcement that a pope had been elected to succeed Leo XIII. To fully describe my sensations on that memorable occasion would be impossible. Being so near the mammoth chimes the noise was fairly deafening but wildly musical. The great bells rang out with such vigor and so rapidly that the edifice fairly trembled under us. The strokes of the bells could not be distinguished on account of the prolonged vibrations of the chimes. At a distance the airs, no doubt, could be made out, but to us, in the midst of the clamor, it seemed more like the buzzing that might come from a colony of a thousand beehives, with each noisy bee as big as a polar bear.

THE VATICAN

If reports be true the Vatican is the largest palace on



A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF ST. PETERS AND THE VATICAN



earth. Romans claim it contains eleven thousand rooms. It does certainly look very large and as roomy as rumor claims. The exterior is not very attractive, as many additions were built at different times and by various constructors, thus depriving it of that uniform architecture we might expect in such a famous palace. The interior, however, contains treasures of art far surpassing in beauty and value all other collections in the world. The statuary and paintings in its immense museum are originals, no copies being allowed standing or hanging room. Many sculptors and painters from all parts of the world are constantly making copies of the precious works of art so highly cherished by all lovers of the beautiful. During the Chicago exhibition strong efforts were made for a loan of some of the original works of the old masters, but pleadings were in vain, as no money value could be placed upon them and insurance could not be thought of, as they could not be replaced in case of loss.

The art treasures of the Vatican are so numerous and the galleries so vast that it is impossible for the visitor to give anything like a satisfactory description of the numberless objects of interests contained therein. I can only say, in a general way, that I was more than delighted to witness, in snowy marble and lasting bronze, the fulfillment of my early day-dreams of the Greek and Roman classics as I read them at Old Niagara, in the happy days of long ago when buoyant youth and bounding ambition fired my zeal to know the history and various exploits of the heroes of antiquity.

THE ANCIENT FORUM

One of the most interesting localities in Rome is the

Forum, so often described by travelers. It is a mine of vast historical treasures and is eagerly sought by studious antiquarians. As I wandered through its crumbling arches and among the fluted columns, retrospection, with all its hallowed memories, recalled the fact that this portion of the Eternal City was once the scene of a civic life and national ambition that set the pace for all future time. Here was held the most important commercial transactions of the city. Here orators and statesmen held forth to the frenzied throngs that often filled the vast area. The sculptured ruins afford a realistic panorama of present desolation and faded glory of former grandeur.

THE MAMERTINE

At the very edge of the Forum is the Mamertine Prison, a most noted relic of ancient Rome. It is one of the earliest structures of the city, being built many years before the Christian era. Tully speaks of it in his works as the "*Carcer media urbe imminens foro.*"* It was used as a dungeon for distinguished prisoners, its only opening or ingress being a circular aperture in the top of the arched roof, through which the victims were lowered. It is vividly described by Sallust when treating of the "conspirators," many of whom were here starved to death. The great Carthaginian general Jugurtha, who was let down into this dungeon, killed himself by striking his head against the walls. As there was no way of escape, no water or food for the prisoners, they preferred a speedy death to prolonged torture. It was formerly called the Tullianum, and tradition has it that Sts. Peter and Paul were imprisoned here just previous

* The prison in the middle of the city, just above the Forum.

to their martyrdom. Our party visited this ancient prison. It consists of two stories, the top of the upper one being now on a level with the street, the result of the gradual accumulation of ages. The lower story, where the prisoners were kept, is reached by a modern stairway. A rude doorway of latter day construction now gives access to this ancient chamber of horrors. The grimy walls and roughly cemented floor are in keeping with its gruesome history. A little altar stands against the northern wall and visitors are shown a pool of water that springs up beside it which, tradition says, was called into existence by the prayers of St. Peter during his imprisonment. We each took a drink from it in honor of the occasion. As we were leaving the prison we were surrounded by a noisy troupe of ragged juvenile merchants who anxiously endeavored to sell us their wares, consisting of pictures of the Mamertine and doubtful souvenirs, also alleged photos and snapshots of some of the famous prisoners. Their enterprise and persistence would do credit to the noisy curbstone brokers of Wall Street.

SANTA SCALA

The Holy Stairway, located in a handsome building just opposite the church of St. John Lateran, is an object of much devotion for the faithful. It is said to be the identical stairs upon which Christ ascended and descended at the time of His trial before Pilate. It is even now in a good state of preservation. It is built of white marble. The treads and faces of the steps are covered with a dark wood resembling black walnut. Through this are many scroll-like openings which allow the visitor to see the original steps. No one is allowed to ascend these stairs

except upon his knees. This reverential ceremony was performed by the writer on his last visit to Rome.

THE CATACOMBS OF ST. CALISTA

On the Appian Way just outside the old walls of the city are the famous Catacombs which fill one with reverential awe when he reflects on the sufferings and deprivations of the early Christians. Here they hid from their persecutors, the pagan emperors and their minions. In little underground chapels they stealthily assembled to worship God and follow the teachings of Christ. Thousands were dragged forth from these subterranean refuges to expiate the pagan crime of Christian worship by an agonizing martyrdom. No rank, condition, or age was spared. Popes, bishops, priests and the faithful laity were alike sent to the martyr's stake or the glowing gridiron. Noble matrons, young virgins and even helpless infants shared alike the relentless cruelty of those inhuman monsters.

After the long reign of religious persecution had somewhat abated, these lonely caverns were used as burial places for the Christians. Now only empty tombs and crumbling sarcophagi line the dark and gloomy walls.

Our guide with taper in hand led us on from gallery to chapel and from cavern to dungeon, giving us in the meantime the history of famous persons who were once buried there, at the same time pointing out their tombs. Among those shown was that of St. Cecilia and also many of the martyred Popes and Bishops. I became quite a favorite with the venerable white-cassocked guide when he found I could converse with him in Latin. He took me with him to the head of the procession which was composed of many American and English tourists. Some

turned back after passing through a few of the galleries, as they feared they might lose their way. Younger members of the group even cried to return to the upper world. As many lagged behind I was afraid they might get bewildered and lost. Some did go back even before the subterranean journey was well begun. A few, including Mrs. Doyle and myself, kept with the guide who led us on, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth through winding paths that seemed to have no end. I confess that I myself became somewhat timid when I considered what might become of us if the guide's solitary little taper should go out and leave us all in Egyptian darkness with no knowledge of the way back to daylight, through the tortuous galleries. There is no exact knowledge as to the extent of those galleries but some say they extend for miles in every direction. Many indiscreet persons who have attempted to explore the Catacombs without guides have never returned to report their discoveries.

THE CAPUCHIN CATACOMBS

There are many other catacombs in and about Rome besides those of St. Calista. Among the best known are those of the Capuchins. They are located beneath the church of that order within the city proper. When a member dies his remains are buried in the inclosed area of the Catacombs. After the flesh is sufficiently decomposed to allow its easy removal from the bones, the latter are cleansed and placed on the walls or the ceilings of the underground chapels. The fantastic arrangement of the bones is a revelation to all visitors. Nothing but an actual inspection or a photograph can give an ade-

quate idea of the unusual sight presented. The side walls are decorated with bones artistically arranged so as to form arches and columns composed entirely of skulls and thigh bones. The ceilings are covered with ornamental patterns made up of segments or vertebrae of the spinal column and shoulder blades. Even the chandeliers are composed of arm bones and those of the hands and feet. The altars are "decorated" entirely with human bones. Under the osseous arches may be seen the ghastly remains of monks who died many years ago. Their bodies were embalmed and desiccated. They were then dressed in the habits they wore in life and placed in a standing position against the wall. With their ghastly heads hanging down or to one side they inspire the beholder as specters of a frightful dream.

No explanation as to the object of this charnel house was vouchsafed by the clerical guide, but it is quite evident that it is sustained by the monks as a realistic reminder of death—a silent but impressive sermon for all who behold it. I myself am inclined to believe that we meet, afflictions, disappointments and sorrows so often and in so many ways in this world that such an unusual display of human remains is entirely uncalled for and is rather demoralizing than edifying.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL

Just outside the walls of Rome, and a short distance beyond the Catacombs of St. Calista is the Church of St. Paul. On our way there we stopped to visit the chapel of "Quo Vadis." It is built on the spot where, tradition says, Christ met St. Peter as the latter was fleeing from Rome. The Apostle, in surprise, addressed his Divine

Master saying, "Domine, Quo Vadis"—"My Lord! where are you going?" Christ replied: "I am going again to be crucified." It is a little octagonal oratory into which but a few persons can enter at a time. Its interior is very simple, being modestly decorated with religious emblems.

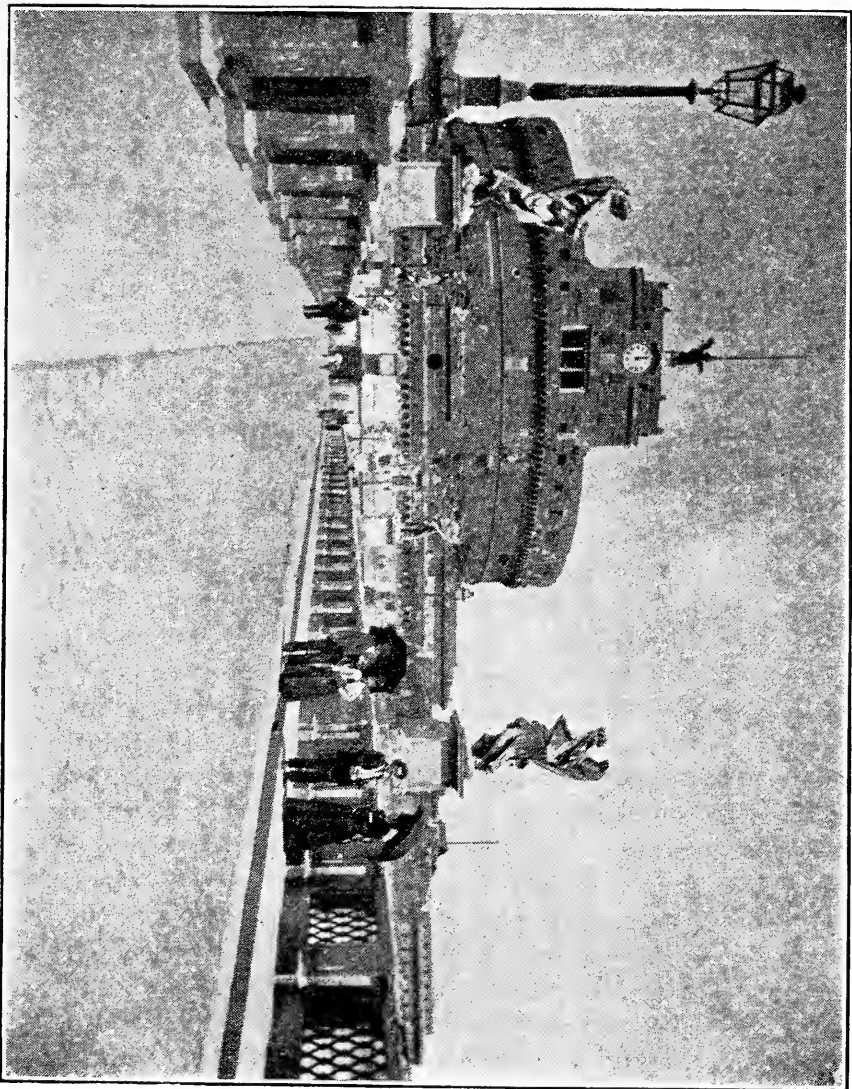
As Mrs. Doyle and I entered St. Paul's nearby, we were met by a uniformed guide who wished to show us through the edifice. His vigorous attempts at making himself understood in English were so unsuccessful that I tried, by word and gesture, to make him understand that we wished no guide, especially one who could not converse in our language. He was very persistent, however, and by his actions clearly showed he was much nettled, and tried in every way to force his attentions on us. As we stood there trying to dispose of our unwelcome intruder I noticed a priest praying before an altar opposite. He seemingly became much interested in the unsuccessful attempts of the attendant to secure the "pleasure" of showing us around. Rapidly walking over to us in a lordly manner and apparently much excited he demanded, in very vigorous Italian, why we did not accept the services of the guide. Understanding enough of his language to interpret his meaning, I promptly answered back in Latin, telling him our reasons. When his Reverence heard the language of the Caesars coming from the mouth of an American tourist, he was simply astounded and stood for a moment as if dazed. He then rushed over to me with both hands extended in friendly welcome, telling at the same time how glad he was to meet us and that he himself would be pleased to show us around the church.

The interior of this church is one of the most beautiful I have ever beheld. It contains the greatest and richest collection of precious marbles in the world. The altars are built of marbles of various shades and colors, rivaling the hues of the rainbow. The great columns of alabaster that support the roof are so translucent that the light of a candle can be seen through them. The popes, from Peter to Leo XIII., are remembered in mosaic medallions that are built into the walls, over the windows. The likeness of each pope is as authentic as could be obtained and is somewhat larger than life size, so that from a distance they may appear in proper proportions. The body of St. Paul is buried here, also that of St. Timothy.

THE TREASURY OF ST. PAUL'S

Our attention was directed to the treasury where the most precious relics and souvenirs are kept. We were shown a piece of the true cross about seven inches in length, also a skull which our guide said was that of a man who was a companion of Paul's, and a staff which Paul carried on his tours through Rome and the adjacent country. The chains which bound St. Paul in prison were handed us for inspection. It is about ten feet in length and is black and much polished by the handling it frequently receives from the Christian, the skeptic, the agnostic, etc., who go there to satisfy either laudable veneration or an idle curiosity.

Among the many relics shown us was that of the arm of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin. It is encased in a casket of gold, the top of which is covered with rock crystal as clear as the finest glass. Through



TOWER AND BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME
Mrs. Doyle stands in the foreground, talking to the guide



this we saw the remains of a hand and arm. They were dried, shriveled and of a very dark brown color—almost black. I said to our guide that I understood they had the arm of St. Anne in Canada. "Oh, yes!" he replied. "Some gentlemen were here from that country and asked for a relic of St. Anne; we gave them a very small piece from this which they now have at St. Anne de Beaupre."

THE CHAPEL OF THE THREE FOUNTAINS

Situated a short distance from the church. of St Paul, in the midst of a beautiful eucalyptus grove on the Campagna is the Chapel of the Three Fountains. This chapel was built in commemoration of the martyrdom of St. Paul. Tradition says it stands on the identical spot where he met his death. In the chapel are shown three fountains or springs in the floor about ten feet apart. The legend has it that when St. Paul's head was severed from his body, it bounded three times on the ground. From each spot where it struck, sprang forth a fountain or pool of pure water. From each of these we reverently took a drink, in memory of the great evangelist. The chapel is constantly attended by a brotherhood of monks who are very courteous and attentive to visitors. The eucalypti, which grow here in abundance, are famed for their antimalarial qualities, and are a great boon to this miasmatic region. They were set out by order of the government.

THE CHURCH OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES

One of the most magnificent churches in the Eternal City, where there are over four hundred places of Divine worship, is that of the Twelve Apostles. It was presided

over, at the time of our visit, by Very Rev. Joseph Lessen, better known as Father Joseph in Syracuse, where he was at one time Superior of the Church of the Assumption. (Father Joseph has since gone to his eternal reward). The venerable Father graciously accompanied us through the great edifice, and showed us, among other objects worthy of note, the tombs of the Apostles St. Philip and St. James. The last resting places of the saints are under altars which bear their names. He also showed us a most interesting collection of relics. Among them was a glass vessel containing an ounce of blood, said to be that of the martyred Apostle St. James. It is still in a fluid state, and in Rome is known as the "perpetual miracle." I held the reliquary in my hand and, turning it from side to side, could plainly see the red, liquid blood flowing backwards and forwards. A large nail or spike, nearly a foot in length, used in the crucifixion of St. Peter, was also shown.

As we were passing through an outside corridor, Father Joseph pointed out to us the original tomb of Michael Angelo. It appears the illustrious architect, sculptor, painter and poet was first sepulchured in the walls of this church and remained there for many years. One gloomy night his body was surreptitiously removed from the tomb and taken to Florence, the home of his early days. It now rests there in the church of Santa Croce.

FROM ST. PETER'S DOME

During the author's fourth visit to Rome he made the ascent of St. Peter's dome and stood in the hollow ball or sphere that surmounts it. This ball, which appears to

be about the size of an apple, when viewed from the Plaza 500 feet below, is really large enough to comfortably hold sixteen men. It is made of copper and has fenestral openings which allow the tourist ample facilities to view the entire city and the hills and plains beyond.

The following lines were inspired while viewing the Eternal City from this great center of Christianity:

Within the sphere, beneath the cross
 Upon St. Peter's mighty dome
I stood, and looked far off upon
 The seven hills of ancient Rome.

The sun had risen in the East
 In his resplendent glory
To gild the city and the plains,
 So famed in song and story.

Cathedral chimes rang out below,
 As if exultant with the scene,
And wildly, grandly echoed far
 Beyond Campagna's forest green.

The streets and plazas lay below
 As like a wondrous map unrolled,
And to my eager mind revealed
 A vision heretofore untold.

O'er the ancient Colosseum
 And Father Tiber's yellow flood
My vision far entrancing went
 As on this lofty dome I stood.

Just below lay near together
 The marble bridge of Angelo
And haughty Hadrian's castled tomb,
 The pride of Romans long ago.

The Forum stands off to the right,
The city's mart before the fall,
Near Mamertine, where martyrs slept;
Beloved Peter and St. Paul.

The Appian Way, where victors led
The royal captives, claimed as Rome's
Winds out beyond the crumbling walls
That guard the sacred Catacombs.

Oh, how I loved recalling there
Rome's mystic and historic lore,
Her deeds of fame, her mighty past,
Her glories of the days of yore.

A MODERN PLEBEIAN

My first visit to Rome was made memorable by a little incident that was trivial in itself but went far to illustrate the sudden enterprise of the swarthy descendants of the Plebeians.

As our train rolled into the station, we were greeted with much noise and confusion, so common to Italian aggregations. Looking out of the car window I noticed a troupe of very tall soldiers, none of whom was less than six feet in height. They wore gaudy uniforms and very bright brass helmets which emphasized their altitude to a surprising degree. I then realized the cause of the excitement. It was the King's Body Guard which had come to escort His Royal Highness to the City of Milan.

I stepped down from the car and had nearly reached the platform when a wild-looking individual excitedly rushed up, and, without asking leave, suddenly grabbed my satchel, rushed out of the station, and ran pell mell

down the street. I followed, of course, chased him several blocks and was almost in despair of catching him when he stumbled and fell. I was so close then onto his heels that I rolled over him but soon regained my feet and captured the rascal before he could get away. I held onto him until an officer rushed up, to whom I surrendered the thief, who proved to be one of a gang that frequently rob incoming passengers in this piratical manner.

Thus was my initial entry to the Eternal City signalized. This lively incident gave me a very poor impression of its modern proletariat.

THE MYSTIC CITY

Pleasures of travel are sometimes seasoned with trials and dangers that mar the happiness and disappoint the intentions of the tourist. In the summer of 1882 I was on my return from a visit in Rome and, not wishing to miss Venice, I made a detour in that direction. After a journey made tedious by the uncertainty and crudeness of the Italian railway system, I found myself in "the Mystic City of the Sea." Venice you know is built on one hundred and seventeen islands. It is not worried about paving contracts, for its streets are canals and its highways are surfaced with the rippling waves of the blue Adriatic. These canals were never dug. Nature formed them, and Art had only to straighten the banks of opposing islands to form the most complete canal system in the world. Sea water fills them and flows in every direction through the city. The ever changing tides keep the waterways purified.

Venice with its grand canals, spanned by three hundred

and eighty artistic bridges, is entirely surrounded by lagoons and the deep sea. With its grand palaces and gorgeous basilicas it affords an elysium for lovers of art and the beautiful that is nowhere else surpassed, but Byron said:

“In Venice Tasso’s echoes are no more
And silent rows the songless gondolier
Her palaces are crumbling on the shore
And music greets not always now the ear.”

The Venice of to-day is but a sad remembrance of the great republic of bygone centuries. Long before America was dreamt of, the nations of the world sought this great city of the sea for knowledge in the arts and sciences and improvement in laws and commerce. Now the voice of the weird and weary gondolier seems to mockingly echo from the walls of her deserted palaces, memories of her long lost power and glory. Withal, Venice has her charms and one is greeted on every side with artistic visions that would entrance the heart of a Raphael or capture the soul of Michael Angelo.

The markets are a study for the stranger. Here, fish and vegetables peculiar to the country are sold in great quantities. Fruits of all kinds are very abundant and of the most delicious quality. Fish are much used by the people and even snails are eaten and considered a great delicacy. Among the vegetables I noticed what might be called a very large pumpkin; it must have weighed at least one hundred pounds and was covered with large bunion-like excrescences or barnacles. I called it a bunion pumpkin. The people bake it and say it is an excellent article of food.

Extensive glass works turn out the finest ornamental glass to be found anywhere. As to lace, every lady knows what Venice can do in that line. In one lace establishment we visited, forty-five hundred women and girls were employed and the overseer told us that a girl must be very skillful to earn what is equivalent to twelve cents of our money in a day. Lace at one hundred dollars a yard, at that wages, should yield a large profit to somebody. There is not a horse in all Venice, except the famous four in bronze on St. Mark's, as they have no use for them. Most of the paths or streets between houses are less than ten feet in width. People carry heavy burdens on their heads, larger ones are conveyed by gondolas that take the place of wagons or trains. The guide told us that the only large quadruped in the city was an elephant and asked us if we wished to go out to the gardens to see him. We replied in the negative and informed him that there were plenty of that species in America. He seemed astonished, but we assured him that it was nevertheless a well known fact.

In the early dawn it is an odd sight to behold the Venetians in their queer but gaudy costumes gathered around the wells and carrying off water in their quaint copper pails. Men, women and children eagerly wait their turn at the lifting-bucket and with a merry smile or a ringing laugh walk off with pails, hung on sticks thrown across their shoulders. Venice has no water works, but depends entirely on her thousand wells for which she is noted. That sewage affects well water here does not seem to be proven as the health of the city is as good as any in Italy.

The dismal Bridge of Sighs, with its marble floors, so

often washed by the tears of anguish, was entered and crossed when these words of Byron came to mind:

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs
A palace and a prison on either hand."

THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE

The palaces of the old Doges and the Venetian nobility were pointed out to us; among them being that of the famous Lucretia Borgia. Last night the annual carnival on the Grand Canal took place. On a mammoth barge, decorated with flags and flowers, was a castle illuminated with thousands of lights, enclosed in glass globes of all colors. It was filled with the elite of Venice. A marine band, perched on its summit, gave forth melodious strains that sounded far down the Adriatic. This jubilee ship was escorted by hundreds of gondolas with their oarsmen in brilliant uniforms. The scene was like the fulfillment of some marvelous dream, and excelled, if possible, the golden barges of Cleopatra on the Nile.

My traveling companion, Mr. Henry A. Smith, and I were among the spectators who thronged the docks and slowly moved along, abreast of the marine display. Before leaving our hotel the landlord admonished us to beware of pickpockets that generally infested such nightly throngs. As the crowd was very large and dense, we made an effort to keep together for mutual protection. With all our precaution we became separated. Mr. Smith, forging ahead in his anxiety to keep up with the procession, got a few paces in advance of me. As I did not want to lose him, I followed and, reaching forward between the people with great difficulty, succeeded in getting the nether extremity of his coat-tail. I gave it a



ARCH OF CONSTANTINE NEAR THE COLOSSEUM IN ROME



gentle jerk which caused him to suddenly jump up and whirl around in great alarm and clap his hands over his pockets, as he thought he was being robbed. This unexpected and rapid movement caused much excitement in the crowd and almost raised a panic. In the confusion that followed a couple were crowded off the dock into the water but were quickly rescued. This latter incident was quickly forgotten as the Venetians are almost as much at home in the water as on shore.

This reminds me that I often saw parents in Venice letting their children down out of the windows, to take a swim in the dark blue waters of the Grand Canal. The little ones were securely held by long scarfs or shawls and allowed to wiggle along on the surface of the water much after the fashion of young tadpoles. The baby swimmers would vigorously paddle away and fairly scream with delight as they enjoyed the watery element which would be so evident in their future lives and surroundings.

As we were being gently wafted in a gondola along the Grand Canal one pleasant evening, I noticed a dove struggling in the water. It was evidently in great pain, as if wounded. I asked the gondolier to stop, that I might reach out and save it if possible, but he either misunderstood me or was indifferent to my appeal. It was to me a most pitiful sight and I yearned to rescue the bird whose ancestors had once saved Venice.

The doves of St. Mark's, of which you have so often heard, are a grand reality, numbering some twelve thousand. At exactly two P. M. they are called in from the lagoons and suburbs by the ringing of the city bells. It is a novel sight to behold the confidential eagerness with

which they accept food from the hands of visitors, and the people seem equally anxious to feed them. They will perch on the heads and shoulders of persons standing around and become very familiar. I had four on my hand and arm at one time. It is said the doves once saved Venice by acting as messengers and it is a crime, punishable by imprisonment, to injure one of them.

Yesterday we went to the Island of Lido, two miles from the city. This is the Coney Island of Venice. On pleasant afternoons the people of the city assemble here and enjoy bathing in the surf. We joined the bathers and took a swim in the Adriatic, returning to the city much refreshed.

THE FIRST PAWN SHOP

To leave Venice without crossing the Rialto would be an unpardonable omission on the part of the observing tourist. The grand old structure is as unique as famous. For centuries it was known as having the longest single arched span of any bridge in the world, but modern structures have now far exceeded and robbed it of that distinction. As it has been so often described and pictured I will not say more than to confirm the laudations of writers and poets who have embalmed its history and its beauties in immortal verse. Shakespeare makes Shylock speak thus:

“Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys.”

By the way, the first pawn shop ever established, was pointed out to us where Shakespeare's Shylock lived and

loaned. It is a prison-like affair with barred windows and fully dismal enough to be the home of a miser who sought to barter sordid gold for a pound of human flesh. Our Jewish neighbors now call their pawnbroker shops "banks," but

"You may break, you may shatter the balls if you will
The odor of usury hangs round them still."

[Slightly modified from Moore.]

GENOA

A little before midnight on the 9th of September, 1900, we arrived at Genoa after a pleasant ride from Milan. By a guide we were shown the most interesting places of the city, situated as it is around a gulf of the Mediterranean. I understand it is so called from an Italian word signifying knee, as they fancied the bend in the gulf was like that of a human knee. From an elevation it presents a most pleasant sight. The buildings of light colored stone are so situated that the city forms a mighty amphitheatre with the sea in the foreground. When we were there we considered ourselves at the terrestrial hub, as the ancients, before Columbus discovered America, called it the center of the earth. Here Columbus lived and went to school. Some writers say he was born in a little village some distance from Genoa, but the best authority claims he was born in the latter place. Being anxious to still further commemorate the fame of this great discoverer, we drove out to where he formerly lived. As the street was very narrow, we were afraid our horses could not turn around in it to come back, and as we did not wish to drive its whole length we concluded to leave the hack in a small plaza

just at the entrance. Taking my camera in hand I asked Mrs. Doyle to go with me but she was tired from much walking in the morning, and preferred to remain in the hack where she was. I then took the guide with me and we trudged up a dark and dismal alley-way of a street until we reached the house. As the street was narrow, I could not stand far enough back to get a good photograph. The guide then took me to the third story of a tenement just opposite, where I could get a better position. Up two rickety flights of stairs we went, and as we passed through the house to the front we were obliged to traverse the most dilapidated and poverty stricken set of rooms I ever beheld. Of course we asked permission to enter, but the inmates, men, women and children, stared at us as if we were inhabitants of Mars or some other distant planet, coming to do them some mysterious harm. The men especially, with their dark visages, crouching attitudes and searching looks, caused me to feel somewhat anxious and creepy for my personal safety. However, I succeeded in getting a good photograph of the home of Columbus from their window and supplemented my thanks for the accommodation with a few bits of silver for the children.

When we returned to the carriage, where Mrs. Doyle was patiently waiting for us, she said she was almost frightened to death during our absence. A fierce riot took place around her carriage among a lot of women. It was the noon hour and it appears that the working women of the neighborhood assembled there to while away the idle hour when not engaged in the factories nearby. They were drinking some kind of a very dark fluid—wine or beer from bottles. Whatever it was, it soon got

in its work and they began to quarrel, fight, pull hair and yell like wild cats. Even the horses were so frightened they attempted to run away.

One of the gardens, for which Genoa is famous, received our attention, and we were amply rewarded by walking through its winding paths, lined with orange, lemon and fig trees laden with luscious fruit. After riding about the city for several hours I found it very warm and sultry. The great heat was so oppressive that I resolved to go down to the sea and take a swim. It is not every day that an American citizen has a chance to take a bath in the Mediterranean, so I availed myself of the rare opportunity and went out to a watering place on the coast where I found hundreds of men, women and children sporting in the clear blue waters of the classic sea. I found there some very clever swimmers. Many of them would remind you of the sleek-backed seals of the ocean, so agile were their movements in the deep, transparent waters. The Italians here take to the water with great gusto and show the result in their robust and symmetrical forms. Mind you, these people live in northern Genoa and not in southern Calabria. No more polite or accommodating people have we met in all our travels. Their manners are polished and no idlers are to be met, except now and then a decrepit or superannuated beggar—and they are not importunate.

Great carts, heavily laden and drawn by six or eight horses driven tandem, are a common sight. The considerate drivers adorn their beasts of burden with miniature awnings perched on their heads to protect them from the scorching sun, so that the entire outfit made a strangely comical spectacle. The hubbub and confusion

of the busy streets, which lasts far into the night, make sleep almost impossible. I was forcibly reminded that here babies cry, dogs bark and cats serenade for all the world as they do in America.

PISA

Our next sojourn was at Pisa. The ride from Genoa along the seashore can be enjoyed, but not adequately described. The moon was at its zenith and cast forth a golden light, peculiar to these climes, that reflected from the dancing waves of the midnight Mediterranean a glitter like that from the polished shields of ancient armies. The craggy rocks, the rich foliage, the overhanging fig trees and the hedges of century plants make this coast a scene unsurpassed by the tales of Aladdin. The following morning found us ascending the Leaning Tower or Campanile as they call it there. From its summit can be seen the Appenines on the left and the sea on the right and also the entire city. From its top Galileo made his experiments in gravitation. It is built of white marble and is about 180 feet high. Seven large bells hang in its apex. It deviates from the perpendicular fourteen feet. The great cathedral near the tower contains the identical chandelier from which Galileo first conceived the idea of the clock pendulum. Here also is the Campo Santo, or holy plain, to which seventy-eight shiploads of earth were brought from Jerusalem that Pisa's sons and daughters might find their last resting place in sacred ground.

THE INFERNO

Around about the Campo Santo is a high wall on the

east side of which are many scenes from Holy Scripture, painted long ago by renowned artists. They are of heroic size and represent the creation, the crucifixion, Heaven, the last judgment, etc. On the opposite side are some fierce and gruesome pictures of Hell, which would terrify the most hardened infidel.

The Infernal Regions are represented by the picture of a huge oven of great length. Its top is arched much like the coke ovens of Western Pennsylvania. On the top of this are openings that have lids apparently of bronze. Here and there could be seen covers partly raised, where some poor sinners were poking their heads out trying to get a whiff of cool, fresh air. With open mouths, staring eyes and parched tongues hanging out, it was truly a heartrending sight. To add to their misery the lurid flames never ceased to pour out on either side.

One lid was raised nearly half up, when a devil dressed in scarlet asbestos tights, pushed back with a trident, like Neptune's, a poor unfortunate who was trying to escape. A little further on a devil has caught a sinner who is made to stand bolt upright facing him, while the poor fellow's entrails are being taken out and rolled around the arms of his tormenter as on a spinner's reel. Just beyond this is shown an escaping sinner who has been caught and made to stand still while his head is being longitudinally divided by a huge saw in the hands of as ugly a devil as Dante ever described. The victim stands firmly and quietly and wears a sort of a frightened smile as if it didn't amount to much after all.

Many other similar scenes were graphically depicted on this abode of everlasting torment. It is no wonder the ancients were very scrupulous, as such realistic reminders

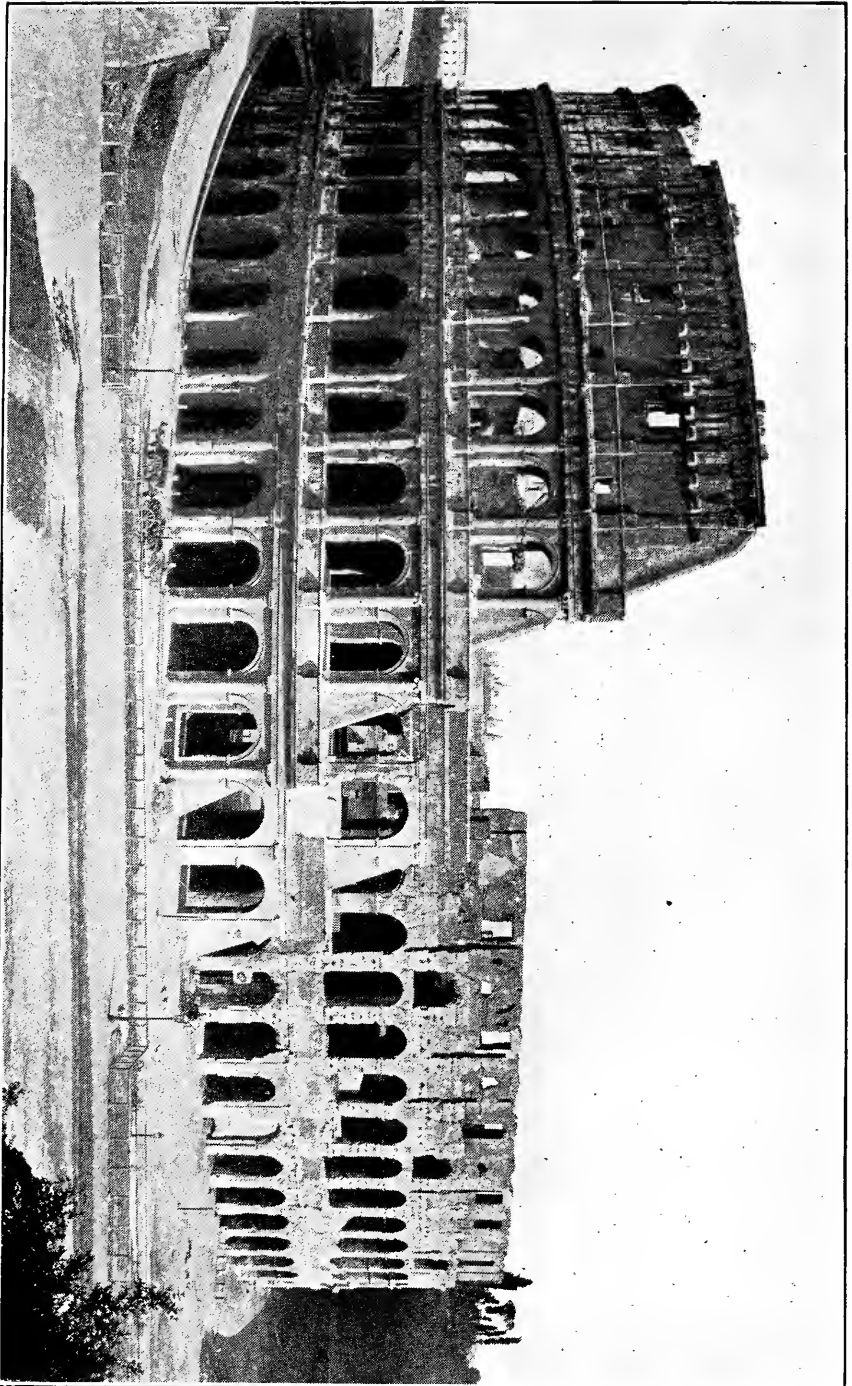
of the wrath to come were enough to frighten them into obedience or something else.

I don't believe this manner of mental discipline is at all proper. I prefer modern modes of teaching; explanation and gentle exhortation. Word painting of a happy world beyond the grave, minus terrible threats of everlasting tortures for frail humanity, would accomplish more good than the lurid exhibition of gruesome and frightful caricatures.

On our return home from this hair-raising spectacle we nearly ran against another of a more animated kind. Just ahead of us, as we were going to our hotel, we saw a wrangling crowd which was very much excited and boisterous. As we approached, we noticed a fierce battle was going on among an ugly looking lot of desperadoes. They were using stilettos freely and from the way many of them went to the ground I judged it was a fight to the finish. Not caring to let our curiosity get sufficient control over us to endanger our lives, we hastily turned the nearest corner and reached our hotel by a detour through the vicinity of the Leaning Tower.

CORONATION OF PIUS X

Just before we left for our European trip in July, 1903, we heard of the serious illness of Leo XIII. We were in hopes he would survive our arrival in Rome, but when our ship reached Gibraltar we were told of his death which took place the day before. Although the sad event had long been expected, on account of his delicate condition and extreme age, the news caused a feeling of sadness that was very evident among all the passengers, creed or nationality making no



THE REMAINS OF THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME

Completed Anno Domini 79, the same year that Pompeii was destroyed by Vesuvius



distinction among those who mourned the loss of this truly great man—the wonder of the nineteenth century.

On our arrival in Rome preparations were being already made for the election of his successor. The Eternal City was in a state of subdued excitement. People were hurrying to and fro as if on some serious errand. Among the throng were numbers of the clergy who plainly betrayed great sorrow for their loss.

After a day's rest at the Hotel Marini on the Via Tritoni, we went over to St. Peter's, where we learned the cardinals had already assembled and that the election for a pope was in progress. On the great Plaza in front of the Basilica were many thousands looking at the upper windows of the Vatican where the election was going on. It appears several ballots were taken before a choice was made. I asked a man, whom I took for a cleric, why they gazed so intently at the upper windows, as they could recognize no one at that distance. He said they were not looking so much at the windows as at a large chimney above them, and that after the voting, which had already been going on for two days, the ballots would be collected and burned in a fireplace in the great hall, and when smoke was seen coming from that particular chimney, it was a sign the choice had been made. We watched for a long time with the throng and were about to return to our hotel when we were startled with a loud huzza from the immense concourse of people on the plaza when they saw the ominous smoke pouring forth from the chimney. We then knew the meaning of the great commotion. The ballots were burning, the new pope was elected.

Being now satisfied that the election was over, we

entered our carriage and made a tour of the Appian Way for the special purpose of visiting the tombs of the former emperors of Rome, many of which border this famous old highway. It is needless to say they were very interesting. A full and detailed description of them would require one's time for many months, and copy enough to make a large volume.

I was somewhat shocked and almost scandalized to note that modern irreverence had boldly planted ordinary telegraph poles on the last resting places of the famous emperors of ancient Rome.

On our return to the Hotel Marini we immediately began preparations to attend the coronation which we learned would take place on the following Sunday (Aug. 9, 1903).

Most Rev. Dominic Reuter, Superior General of the Franciscan Order, entertained us as his guests. Being very close to the papal throne, in fact so near that he was the chosen one to read the last prayers at the bedside of the dying Pontiff, Leo XIII, he was in a position to grant us many unusual favors which he very graciously did, and for which we are very thankful.

All Rome was in a great state of enthusiasm on the following Sunday morning as we set out for St. Peter's. We thought we would be rather early, but when we reached the grand plaza we found it occupied by many thousands who had preceded us. A regiment of soldiers was stationed in front of the church to prevent the throng from entering until the signal should be given. Mr. Peters and I stood patiently waiting for an early opportunity to get in, that we might secure a good position. Each of us carried a small stool, for you know there are

no pews in St. Peter's. At the word of command the troops opened ranks and the crowd rushed like a tidal wave up the steps of the great portico. In the confusion Mr. Peters and I became separated and did not meet again until after the ceremonies.

I succeeded in reaching a place in the church where I had an opportunity of obtaining a close view of the Pope when he passed on his way to the throne. The throng on that occasion was as great as the church could hold, for the number was estimated at 80,000. All the audience stood, none could sit even if they wished to. I found the stool I brought was useless, as I could find no place to put it. Seeing a woman standing near me who seemed fatigued I gave it to her, and in return for the kindness she placed it, by much pushing and crowding, on the floor just in front of me and stood on it, thereby shutting out my view completely until I remonstrated.

The crowd there was so densely packed that one could not raise his arms from his side except with the greatest difficulty. I could not even take out my watch. A man who stood beside me had a straw hat which he feared would be crushed if he held it down, and insisted on holding it above the crowd and just in front of my face instead of his own. I gave him a look of surprise which he did not seem to twig. So he boldly insisted on holding there until I pushed his arm aside with more force than he expected, which caused him to grunt and growl out something I did not understand or care to. I should judge by his appearance and transcendent impudence that he belonged to that class of Bohemians who push their way in the world rather by foul means than by fair—a

class that cannot be insulted and will act the coward when confronted by men who demand their rights.

The heat on that occasion was more intense than any I had ever experienced, the crowd was one sweltering mass of humanity. Many fainted dead away and had to be removed by passing them over the heads of the standing multitude, as there was no other way of getting them out. At last, after standing for many hours in one spot so tightly wedged in that we could neither go forward or return to the open air, we heard in the distance the faint echoes of martial music, we then knew the ceremonies had commenced. Soon a vanguard of buglers came up the spacious aisle. This was followed by a large concourse of ecclesiastical dignitaries from all parts of the world, dressed in their rich flowing robes as various as the different orders to which they belonged. The officers of the Papal household in their red and gold uniforms uniquely grand, preceded and surrounded the *Sedia Gestatoria* on which the Pope was seated. This was carried on the shoulders of picked men from the Papal guard.

As I stood near the line of procession I was enabled to observe His Holiness very closely, and noticed especially that he looked like a man who was being brought to the coronation against his will. He appeared worn; tired and even sad, as many remarked who stood near me. Pius X, is a fine looking man with a noble, fatherly expression which was even emphasized by his apparent sadness.

The ceremonies were grand, but so long and tedious that every one connected with them seemed almost prostrated. We poor plebeians who had to stand stock still

in one spot for seven long hours were just able to make our way out when all was over, our strength was so nearly gone. Without exaggeration I can say I perspired so freely during the whole time that my clothing was wet through and through so thoroughly that the perspiration dripped from the edges of my coat. If any one ever was in a greater sweat than that, I have never heard of it.

When I got safely out I hailed a cab and was driven rapidly back to my hotel. The day was very hot but when we entered a narrow street which was shaded by the tall houses, I felt a chill that caused me to fear that I had contracted some fever or serious illness. Arriving at the hotel, I immediately went to my rooms and made an entire change of clothing. That which I took off was hung on the balcony in the blazing sun where it remained for many hours before it was fully dried, which goes to show that my process of perspiration was a complete success.

THE CAMPO SANTO OF GENOA

Most of the large cities in Middle and Northern Italy take great pride in their Campo Santos or cemeteries as we call them. When in Milan I took a carriage and rode out to their cemetery which is one of the most beautiful cities of the dead in existence. Some of the mausoleums which are of the finest marble are as large as ordinary chapels. Their architecture is most elaborate and must have cost fabulous sums of money and many years of labor. I whiled away several meditative hours as I walked along the graveled walks, bordered on either side

with snow white monuments of various and costly designs.

It is my present purpose, however, to devote a few words to the Campo Santo of Genoa. As grand as are all others in Italy, this is by far the most famous. It is known throughout the civilized world. No tourist of taste and refinement ever thinks of visiting Genoa without seeing this wonderfully artistic resting place of the dead.

The works of art, with which it is adorned, far surpass, in my estimation, many of the "old masters" that finical people go wild over.

I have never seen this cemetery described in any works on Italy, and am sure many writers feel as I do, and are fully aware that any attempt to do it justice would end in total failure. This great mortuary plain of many acres is enclosed by a covered collonade some twenty-five feet high, and fifteen feet deep. Under its protecting roof are the tombs of the wealthier families of Genoa. In the open space are buried the humble people.

In the center of this quadrangle is a large chapel of most elaborate design. As we passed through its marble halls where many of the illustrious sons of the nation rest sepulchered in costly sarcophagi, we reflected on the enduring affection which prompted such grand and lasting memorials for departed friends.

MASTERPIECES OF ART

Under the collonade are many tombs, ornamented with statuary which might be called photographs in marble, so lifelike and true to nature are they. I have seen sculpture in Rome, Venice, Florence, Naples and other

cities, but never yet have beheld anything to surpass the wonderful work of the artist as shown here. The "old masters" never accomplished anything more perfect or more true to Nature. The choice of commemorative subjects is most appropriate. I was so entranced with the grandeur of those monuments that I resolved to take advantage of the occasion and secure a few photographs. There were so many beautiful scenes it was difficult to make a choice. During my first attempts to take a picture I came near meeting with a serious accident. In order to get the proper view of a tomb on which was represented an angel in flight, I was obliged to climb a high balustrade. In trying to reach the top I accidentally dislodged some vases and other ornaments which went tumbling to the floor and came near striking me. If they had, I would have gone down also and I am sure the result would have been serious, as I had almost reached the top of an arch. The falling ornaments made quite a racket and I was afraid of a reprimand or something worse from the authorities, but as good luck would have it none of the guardians was around that vicinity just then. Looking about me to make sure I would not be arrested, I hurriedly gathered up the fragments of the broken vases and replaced them as quickly and as carefully as circumstances would allow and then resumed my walk as if nothing had happened.

In my next attempt to take a photograph I was more successful, which gave me courage to continue until I had secured several fine views which I value very highly, as they represent examples of the highest art displayed there.

One beautiful memorial that especially arrested my

attention represented an angel standing in the attitude of a guardian on the top of the tomb. His hands are resting on the hilt of a sword, the point of which is near his feet. Dressed in a military tunic over which is a long cloak, he stands there as one ever ready to protect the occupant of the tomb beneath him. Underneath are the words:

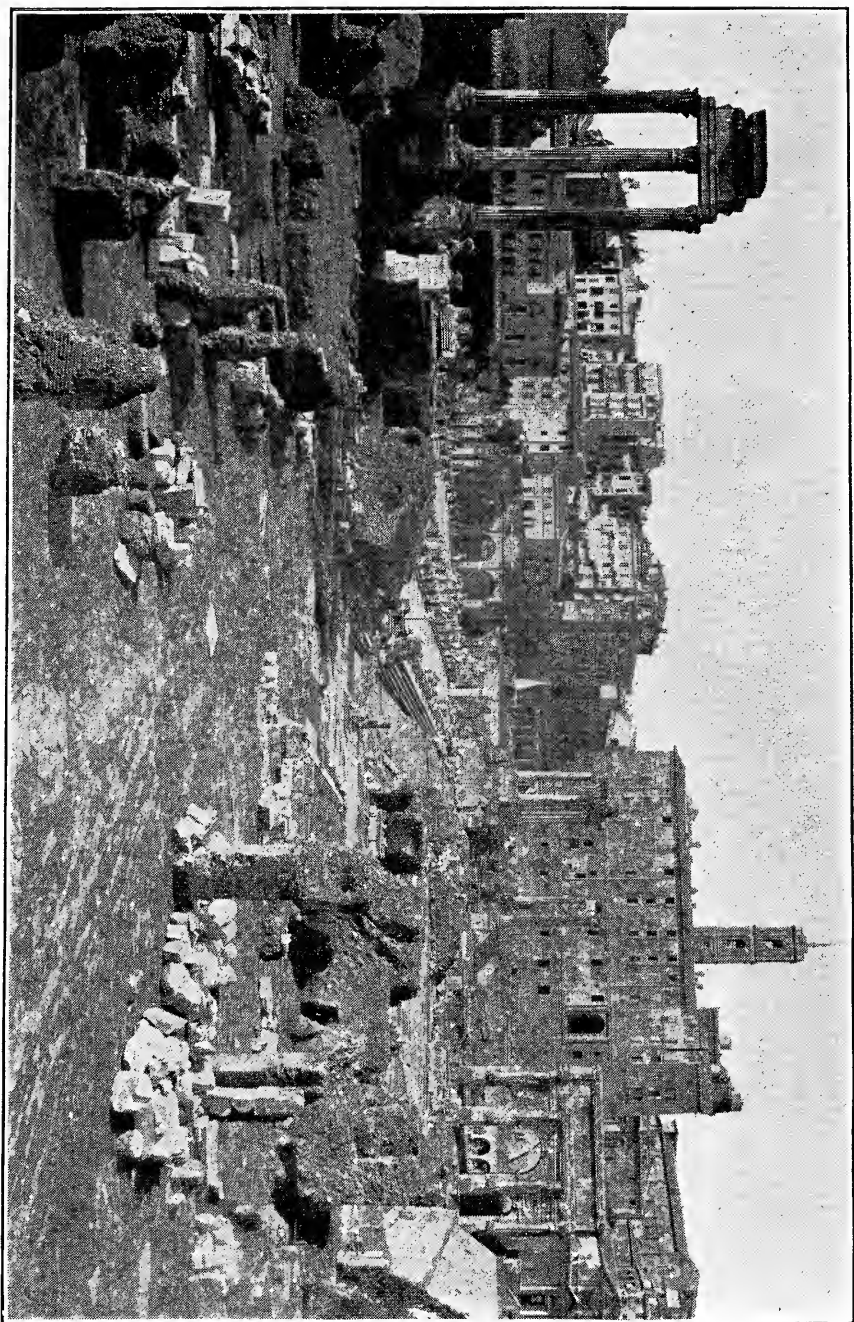
"Posuerunt me Custodem."

They have placed me on guard.

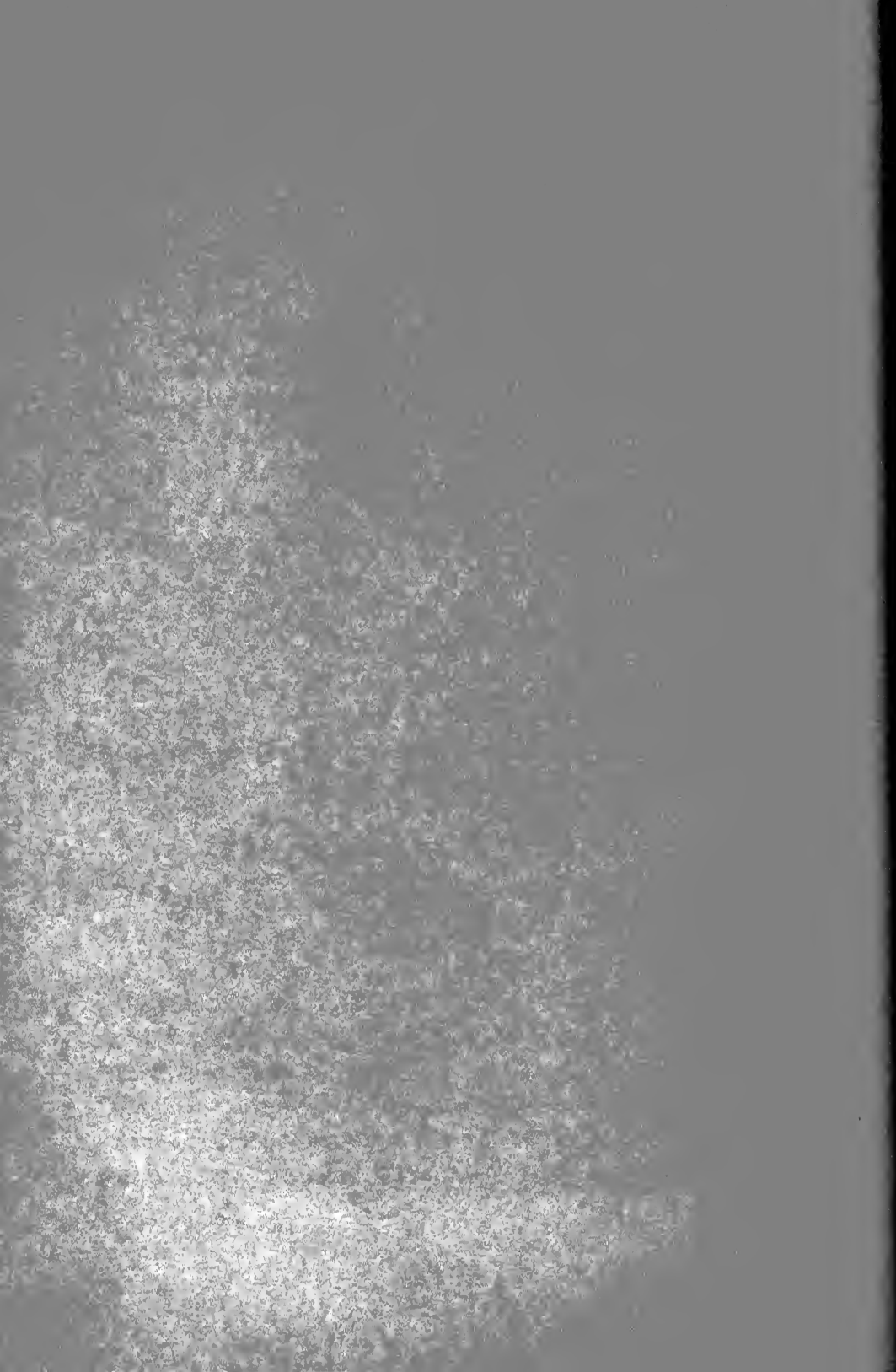
Could any mute representation or inscription be more inspiring or afford greater consolation to the sorrowing relatives when they make their frequent visits and cast flowers of affection around the silent home of the departed?

Another tomb represents a casket in which lie the remains of a fond husband and father. It rests on an ornamented dais. Beside this stands a figure of the Saviour in an attitude of blessing; one hand stretching over the departed and the other above the sorrowing wife who kneels on the steps below. All this is of life size and carved from the purest Carrara marble.

One tomb which arrested my attention, and the photographing of which nearly caused my downfall, is perhaps the most exquisite yet in point of art. It represents an angel flying up from a cloud, supporting a happy soul just liberated from its corporeal temple. Its flight is apparently onward and upward. The two life size figures and the clouds are carved from one piece of snowwhite marble and is a triumph of the sculptor's art. Engravings in this book, taken from photographs secured by me in the Campo Santo, will perhaps give a better idea of those works of art than any other description.



RUINS OF THE ROMAN FORUM. See page 34



SNEERING JAYS

It is often pitiful to read the vaporings of some prejudiced scribblers who try to belittle and find fault with everything they cannot comprehend. They feel it their duty to exhibit their boorishness and ignorance whenever and wherever they can. Their actions are often more disgusting than their faultfinding. Even within the sacred precincts of this hallowed ground I noticed a shoddy tourist pointing the finger of ridicule to a group of statuary on a tomb and with derisive remarks trying to amuse the crowd. When he thought he had made a hit, he put up a grin that would do credit to a Madagascar monkey and the females of the crowd giggled effusively.

Such exhibitions are often seen in churches, even when Divine service is being held. The tourist will often meet those itinerant specimens of ignorance and bad breeding in the beaten track of travel all over Europe. They are as pestiferous as the sparrows that soil our homes and annoy us with their chirpings.

HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

On the way back from the Campo Santo we stopped at a church where the head of John the Baptist is said to be preserved. We entered, gave the attendant his fee and were shown down the aisle as far as the sanctuary. He told us the relic was in a casket at the rear of the altar, and said I could go in to see it, but that Mrs. Doyle must remain outside, as no women were allowed that privilege. I at first could not imagine the cause of this restriction, but a moment's reflection brought to

mind that it was a woman who requested the beheading of the saint. Why this should bar Christian members of her sex for all time from paying due respect to his remains, I am at a loss to know.

To refresh the minds of my readers, the story of the tragedy is here repeated:

In the XIVth Chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew we see it thus recorded:

“At that time Herod the tetrach heard of the fame of Jesus.

And he said unto his servants, This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead; and therefore mighty works do shew forth themselves in him.

For Herod had laid hold on John, and bound him, and put *him* in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife.

For John said unto him, It is not lawful for thee to have her.

And when he would have put him to death, he feared the multitude, because they counted him as a prophet.

But when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias (Salome) danced before them, and pleased Herod.

Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask.

And she, being before instructed of her mother, said, Give me here John the Baptist's head in a charger.

And the King was sorry, nevertheless for the oath's sake, and them that sat with him at meat, he commanded *it* to be given *her*.

And he sent, and beheaded John in the prison.

And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel: and she brought *it* to her mother.

It is very evident that the dances of Salome, as practiced nowadays, had their origin in this tragic event.

They are exhibitions however that do no credit to good taste, and represent nothing laudable. If they wish to celebrate the murder of the Baptist and justify Herod's infamous and cowardly act, their salacious performances are deplorably successful in pleasing the rabble.

A SUDDEN TRANSFORMATION

As we were about to enter the train that left Genoa for Rome in the evening, I was approached by a tall, swarthy looking beggar, who with outstretched hand and whining voice appealed for alms. He was on crutches. One leg, swathed in bandages made of old carpet, was drawn up under him in such a manner that it made him the most helpless looking cripple I had yet seen. His pitiful appeal was so effective that I gave him a few soldis and entered the car.

The preliminaries for starting the train were so many and so tedious that it would have been very monotonous to sit there, were it not for the various incidents that made us forget the long delay. One little girl came up to us and tried to sell trinkets she carried in a basket. She was at a loss to know our nationality and asked us first in Italian, then in French and finally in German what we were. At last, thinking she had solved the question, she giggled out, "Oh no fly on you, you Yankee." We were so pleased with the enterprising perseverance of the little itinerant merchant that we made a few small purchases when she gaily tripped away to make more sales.

Soon after she left us we heard a great noise in the station as if a sudden riot had started up. Men were shouting, women screaming and children crying. I step-

ped out to the door of the car to learn, if possible, what the whole uproar was about. It appears a mad dog had entered the station and was howling, running about and trying to bite everybody he met. Pandemonium prevailed and all were rushing to a place of safety, regardless of the route they took. Some fled out the doors, knocking down all incomers, others dashed through the windows whether open or not. Many tried to enter the cars for safety, but were barred out by the trainmen. As the car doors were shut, I went back to my seat and viewed the frenzied people from the window, which I considered safer than the platform.

As I was watching the frenzied crowd fleeing past, I recognized one prominent member thereof. And whom do you suppose it was! Why no less a personage than my old friend the beggar who had, but a few moments before, received from me a few soldis on account of his crippled condition. Well! If you believe me, he was on the dead run also, holding both crutches high in the air, with the old carpet flying like a streamer from his "useless" leg. Keeping well to the front, he was sprinting like a greyhound and yelling like a loon.

After that exhibition of practical duplicity on the part of Italian beggars, I was more discriminating with my eleemosynary disbursements.

III

PARIS

THIS, our third voyage across the Atlantic, would have been as pleasant as could be desired had it not been for an unusual amount of sea-sickness among the passengers. By the way, I have never been a victim of mal de mer, for which I am very thankful, as those who are prone to it tell me it is one of the most distressing ailments that can befall a helpless mortal. Our vessel, the largest of the French line and one of the most gorgeous that floats, had an ugly habit of rolling, even in a calm sea, which became more pronounced as the coal was used up, making her top heavy. This unsteadiness provokingly roiled stomachs and soured the temper of nearly every one on board.

Among our people we had thirteen doctors who sailed from New York on the thirteenth of July, and one of them had thirteen United States express checks with him. Now if the number thirteen has heretofore had such a reputation for bad luck I think it fully redeemed itself on this occasion, as all safely reached their destination.

The bustle and hurry attendant upon our landing at Havre was enhanced by copious showers that freely came down on the devoted heads of all alike without reference to "present status or previous condition." However when once comfortably seated in the elegant cars of the Western Railway of France we felt we were

free from the rolling waves of Old Ocean and the unwelcome attentions of Jupiter Pluvius.

As we rode swiftly along through beautiful Normandy we could not help but admire the taste and thrift of the French farmer. Not a foot of ground is allowed to go to waste and every available spot is cultivated with the greatest care. No unsightly barnyards are to be seen. No neglected fences, dilapidated sheds or manure heaps mar the face of the landscape. On every hand are to be seen evidences of taste, industry and hygiene that might afford fruitful lessons for some of our American farmers.

A five hours' ride brought us to Paris. Long before reaching our destination the great Eiffel Tower loomed up before our vision. Near its summit we discovered a balloon hovering around, as if to light on the top of the highest structure on earth. Along the road we saw French rural life in all its phases. Although it was Sunday, men and women were working in the fields and even gay horse races were going on at one point we passed. The farmers do not plant as we do in America. Instead of one crop in a four acre lot they will seed down perhaps ten or fifteen varieties in sections. The artistic effect on the landscape is magnificent; the different colors resulting greatly enhance the beauty of the surrounding country and make it as charming as historic Eden. The little rural homes with their whitewashed walls and red tiled roofs dot the hills, plains and valleys in profusion and afford a brilliant contrast to the green fields that is really comforting to the beholder.

An hour more brought us to the end of our journey and with it a clear sky and sunshine that lit up the most beautiful city on earth. We stopped at the Hotel Con-

tinental. Here we were agreeably surprised to meet N. G. Peters and M. Nickels of Syracuse who came by way of Cherbourg. This hotel is a great rendezvous for American travelers and is crowded to its utmost capacity during the entire season. Facing the Tuileries Gardens it takes in a whole square and is surrounded by the Rue Rivoli, Rue Castiglioni, Rue Cambon and the Rue St. Honore. It is one of the best and largest in Paris, a perfect palace in itself and is so complete in its appointments that a full description of it might seem almost fabulous. It contains 650 rooms, all sumptuously arranged and equipped for the comfort of guests. It is six stories high and each floor is furnished with all the modern improvements. The building is fire-proof, being constructed of iron and stone. The guests average 500 daily and there are accommodations for more than 800. As we were sitting at the table in the large dining room Mrs. Doyle called my attention to "Our Chauncey" Depew sitting at the next table. She had never seen him but suspected it was he from the many newspaper pictures of his unique profile. I confirmed her suppositions as I had met him in Syracuse. He hurriedly finished his dinner and rushed to a cab that was waiting at the door without waiting to chat with people wanting to speak to him. He must have been in a great hurry to catch his boat.

I met an Egyptian who is stopping at this hotel. He is an immense man about six feet six inches in height and speaks French fluently. He told me it was not a very rare sight to meet men in his country eight feet tall. Such men would make a good company for Major Auer's battery. The brother of the Khedive is here, and Counts

and Countesses are as plentiful as mushrooms in the fertile pastures of old Ireland.

UP IN A BALLOON

In order to have a good, general view of Paris before we saw it in detail, Mrs. Doyle and I went out to the Esplanade in the Place du Concord and arranged for a ride in a big balloon that was about to set sail for the upper regions. After being carefully stowed away in the car, or basket, we were ready to assume chances with four or five others who took passage with us. All being ready, the ropes were cut and away we went flying to the clouds. As we ascended, the sensation was not that of rising but of the earth receding from us. No sense of motion could be perceived and everything was ominously still, except the conversation of passengers who constantly expatiated on the novelty of the situation. We were soon looking down on Paris which seemed like a mammoth map unrolled for our inspection. We floated far above the Eiffel Tower, the church spires and the lofty, gold-plated dome of the Invalides, which brilliantly reflected the rays of the morning sun. In the streets below, the cars and carriages moving about, seemed like mere toys and persons walking along the boulevards appeared like tiny microbes. We noticed a race course in the suburbs on which the sports were holding high carnival. The fast running horses, which looked like mere cockroaches, appeared to move so slowly around that speed did not seem to be the object of their ambition.

After sailing around among the clouds for over an hour, with Paris many thousand feet below us, we de-



MICHAEL ANGELO'S FAMOUS STATUE OF MOSES
In the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome

cided to return to terra firma, as we saw a thunder cloud rapidly approaching us from the direction of Mount Valerian. The æronaut pulled the valve and we began to descend rapidly ; rather too much so, as the great velocity alarmed the timid portion of the party. We reached the earth none too soon, however, as a copious shower overtook and drenched us well as we stepped forth from the car.

TOMB OF NAPOLEON

The Hotel des Invalides is a home for old soldiers. It at one time contained as many as five thousand pensioners but at present only a few hundred are there. Attached to this is the church of St. Louis, a beautiful structure. Here lies entombed the body of Napoleon I. The sarcophagus, in which the remains of the illustrious general repose, is made of a single block of dark colored marble highly polished. It rests on an ornamental base in the center of a deep circular opening in the floor of the church. It is surrounded by flags, banners and other trophies captured by Napoleon in his various campaigns. The flags are tattered, torn and discolored, showing the results of war and the ravages of time. Old soldiers and pensioners fairly swarm around the place and annoy visitors with their repeated requests for money. Some of them are so persistent that they cannot be shaken off, except by acceding to their demands which are often accompanied by impudence.

THE PANTHEON

The church of St. Genevieve, now known as the Pantheon, a splendid specimen of architecture, with its great dome and monolithic columns, presents an imposing ap-

pearance. It has been used for civil, military and religious purposes in succession. I ascended to the top of its dome and obtained a magnificent view of the surroundings. By the way, this dome is so constructed that no wood or iron enters into its makeup. It is a complete shell of stone, the blocks being so closely joined that it appears as one homogeneous mass. In the crypt are to be seen the tombs of Soufflet, Rosseau, Voltaire and other world wide celebrities. As we were going through the basement our guide sang out in a loud tone to test its echoing properties which are very pronounced indeed, ten or twelve repetitions of his voice being heard as coming from different parts of the crypt. In the chapel, at the rear, is to be seen the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patroness of Paris. Mrs. Doyle and myself visited this shrine which is of magnificent proportions and is profusely ornamented with appropriate emblems and enriched with votive offerings of the faithful.

Versailles, a suburb of Paris, contains the palaces of the former Kings and Emperors of France. The gardens with their enormous fountains and beautiful statuary cannot be adequately described. They must be seen in order to fully appreciate their splendor. In company with Mr. Nickels and Mr. Peters we made a tour of the gardens and palaces through which we were conducted by an experienced guide.

A WONDERFUL YANKEE

While walking through one of the large picture galleries, know as the Hall of Battles, we noticed a fellow strutting about among the crowd with a small American flag pinned to the lapel of his coat. It was of silk and

about the size of a pocket handkerchief. He roughly pushed his way about and among the throngs of visitors, flaunting it in their faces and trying to make himself conspicuous. He had a far off look and defiant manner that reminded me of my school days, when some big, uncouth bully among the boys would march about with a chip on his shoulder as a challenge for a fight. What this fellow's object was I could not imagine, unless he was trying to personify America challenging France. No one seemed to pay any attention to him except to storm him with contemptuous looks and to regale his assinine ears with derisive remarks. I wonder some one did not trip him up or tweak his rubicund proboscis. If a Frenchman were to be seen marching through the Capitol halls at Washington flaunting his country's flag in the faces of our citizens, I am inclined to think that some lusty son of Uncle Sam might so far lose his temper as to make the fellow dance a Virginia reel. This incident is only a specimen of the many indiscretions we noticed among American tourists of the shoddy variety. Some cannot behave themselves even in the churches when Divine worship is being held but feel that they must make themselves ridiculously conspicuous, otherwise people might not be aware of their self constituted importance. What a contrast between this impudent flag-flaunter and Mr. Nickels, our companion. The former an impertinent bully, who, no doubt, would flee at the sound of a firecracker in the enemy's camp; the latter a veteran soldier of the German army and one of the victorious thousands who conquered the defenders of Paris. Our fellow townsman, crowned by faithful services for his country, walked through the throngs of the

vanquished, treating all with respect and even showing a reverence for the magnificent relics of bygone power and glory. N. G. Peters was delighted beyond measure, especially with the magnificent gardens and proved himself an able historian, frequently recounting remarkable incidents that took place in various parts of this celebrated locality. He with Mr. Nickels made good foregrounds for my photographs of the great fountains and monuments.

NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, the metropolitan church of Paris, is nowhere surpassed in architectural grandeur. Its interior decorations defy adequate description. Its grand nave and forest of marble columns, lit up by most elaborately stained windows, liken the whole vast interior to a veritable paradise. In the treasury of the church are kept the sacred vessels of past ages and relics of many a martyred saint and confessor. The blood-stained vestments of the archbishop of Paris, who was murdered by the commune in 1871, are also here. These sacred relics were shown us by the sacristan.

THE MADELEIN

The Madelein, where we attended High Mass last Sunday, appears more like a Greek temple than a Catholic church. It is rather plain on the exterior but is somewhat relieved by fluted columns which support the roof and surround the entire edifice. It is lighted only by large circular windows in the roof. The effect is grand, however, and I wonder more churches are not built like this.

From the sky pours down a flood of mellow light that,

to my mind, far surpasses the "dim religious light" we read about and which too frequently makes gloomy our churches in America.

A beautiful custom not observed in our churches prevails here. During the Mass, and just before the consecration, a procession of altar boys marches from the vestry into the sanctuary bearing on their shoulders beautifully ornamented frames, somewhat resembling that on which the sedia gestatoria of the Pope is carried. On these rest baskets containing tiny loaves of bread. They are blest by the celebrant and then passed around among the congregation. Each member takes one and consumes it as a solemn memorial of the real communion that is about to take place.

In this church the attendants or guards are dressed in the most magnificent military fashion; their uniforms surpassing in richness and elegance anything I have ever seen in America. Ladies pass down the aisles and take up the collections.

The relics of St. Mary Magdalen, which could be plainly seen from our seat, were exposed to view during the services. They consisted of some bones of the limbs and a portion of her hair, all in a good state of preservation.

The priests of Paris always wear their cassocks in the streets and with their broad-brimmed hats are frequently met hurrying along in the pursuit of their sacred calling. The reverence that is shown them is particularly noticeable, many people taking off their hats as they pass by.

Funerals are conducted here in a manner to call forth respect and veneration for the departed. Instead of a

hearse, so called, the casket is placed in a large conveyance resembling a chariot which is drawn by four black horses. It is ornamented in the most tasteful and appropriate manner and is nearly hidden from view with a profusion of wreaths of natural flowers. Relatives and friends follow it in mourning chariots also drawn by somber colored steeds. These are followed by a procession of immediate friends and neighbors on foot, the mourners bringing up the rear, riding in black funeral omnibuses. The hurrying vehicles of the street, trams, carriages, cabs, etc., halt until the solemn procession shall have passed. Every citizen in the vicinity stops and respectfully raises his hat.

I notice the Sisters of Charity go about on their daily missions unattended by children or even one of their order. They are held in such reverence that it would be a penal offence to show one of them the least impoliteness.

FROM A DROP OF OIL TO A TRAGEDY

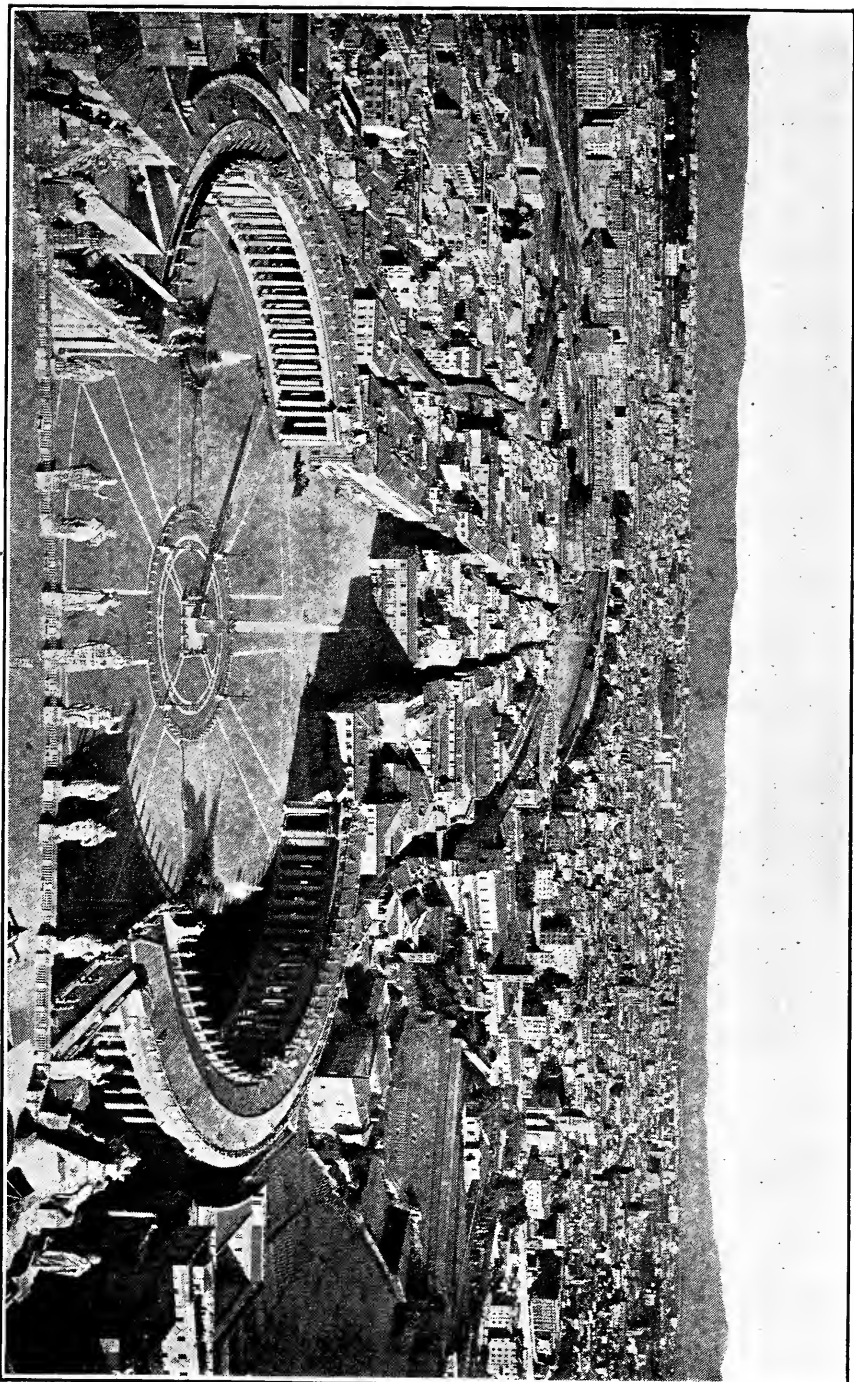
One pleasant afternoon I was taking dinner, or table d'hôte as they call it in French, at the Hotel des Empereurs in Paris when an interesting and unusual occurrence took place. A brisk walk through the Boulevard des Capuchins had accentuated my appetite, and that I might better enjoy a good meal, I began to prepare some salad. I poured out on my plate what I supposed was vinegar, but which proved to be the clearest of olive oil. Discovering my mistake, I called the steward to remove it. With a grand flourish, the garçon seized the plate, but it slipped from his nimble fingers, its contents landing on the gentleman sitting at my left. His head was gener-

ously anointed and his beautiful broadcloth suit was given a glittering gloss by the oleaginous fluid. The cyclonic waiter was profuse and earnest with his apologies. The victim of the "faux pas" would however accept no apology, and naturally became very angry and strongly protested, in vigorous language, against such inexcusable carelessness. He also demanded full payment for his ruined clothes. The excitement in the dining room, at this stage of the affair, became intense. Appetites were forgotten, many arose to their feet and loudly proclaimed their ideas in reference to the mishap, until the confusion became so uproarious that I began to fear for the consequences. Being the innocent cause of all the uproar I made a few timely remarks in my endeavor to quell the rising storm. Many supplementary explanations and promises were made by the crestfallen waiter, and all was once more peaceful on the banks of the classic Seine.

Many were the enquiries among the guests as to the cause of the commotion. A young man who had sat just beyond the anointed victim came over to me and, during a brief conversation, asked me if I were not a medical man. I was surprised at the question and enquired why he took me for a member of the profession, as I had in no way betrayed my calling by any remarks I might have made. I finally admitted that I was an humble disciple of Aesculapius. He thereupon told me he was a medical student from Edinburg and that his name was Donald Newkirk. He was in Paris on an extended visit and would like to cultivate my acquaintance as he wished to learn something of the profession in America. Just here visions of confidence men and bunco steerers loomed up before me. However, as I was alone in a strange

land, I felt that a good companion, who knew something of the great city, might be desirable. Taking the risk and pleased with the proffered friendship I accepted an invitation to his room which was in the same hotel. While there he told me he spent the preceding summer in Paris and had an enjoyable time. On the present occasion he was very glad to make my acquaintance. He told me of a trip down the Mediterranean, last year, with his old friend Captain Horton on the steamship Frathie. He expected to go again in a few days.

After telling me much of his experience during his former visit we went out to view the brilliantly lighted boulevards of gay Paris. After a pleasant stroll through the festive throngs of the French metropolis we returned to our hotel. At the door we met Captain Horton of whom my new-found friend had spoken. I was, of course, introduced, after which we adjourned to the smoking room. I found the captain a very pleasant gentleman and well up in his duties as a mariner and in his knowledge of the Mediterranean countries. He reminded Mr. Newkirk that they were to start on the morrow for their trip down the Mediterranean, and also asked if I would accompany them. We were to be his guests and we could visit the principal cities along the coast. He and Mr. Newkirk strongly insisted on my going with them. I thanked the captain for his generous offer, telling him nothing would give me more pleasure than to visit the far-famed cities of the Mediterranean, and that I would gratefully accept, were it not that I had already bought my tickets for Rome, which city I must certainly visit, as it was the Mecca of my present pilgrimage.



THE CITY OF ROME

As seen by the Author from the dome of St. Peter's. See page 42



When Mr. Newkirk saw that I could not go with them he also declined to go, telling the captain that he had become so much interested in and attached to his new-found American friend, and so much interested in his description of customs in the New World, that he preferred to remain in Paris during his visit. The captain was sorely disappointed by this unexpected announcement and having failed, after oft repeated coaxing and promises of great enjoyment, to induce his friend to accompany him, he left the room with an air of sadness and disappointment.

Mr. Newkirk and I spent two very pleasant weeks in Paris after the departure of the captain. We visited all the important points in the great city. By the way I found I had met a polished gentleman in my chance acquaintance and a man well posted not only in the history and topography of Paris, but also in the profession of medicine. I regretfully parted from him the morning I left for Rome.

After traveling through the principal countries of Europe I sailed for America on the steamship *City of Brussels*. On my arrival home, after fond greetings from my family and neighbors, my first duty was to look over my mail, which, during my three months' absence, had accumulated to immense proportions. A worn and well tied newspaper attracted my attention, and when opening it a premonition seemed to warn me that it contained important if not startling information. The open page revealed to me an article that told of a great storm on the Mediterranean and that the good ship *Fraithe*, with all on board, had gone to the bottom. Mr. Newkirk had sent me the paper from Edinburg.

I felt thankful that I had bought my tickets to Rome, and I am sure Donald Newkirk was more than pleased that I took oil instead of vinegar on my plate in the Hotel des Empereurs.

"A pebble in the streamlet scant
Hath turned the course of many a river
A dewdrop on the baby plant
Hath warped the giant oak forever."

TIPPED THE WRONG MAN

On the 6th day of August, 1889, we landed in Havre, after a pleasant voyage of eight days from New York, on the Steamship La Bretagne. Before saying any more of the voyage I must relate a circumstance that may be of some use to future travelers. Shortly after going on board we were assigned seats at the table and were soon called to dinner. When we were fairly seated a steward approached and very politely asked us what part of the menu we desired. Before making our selection we both concluded it would be the proper thing to hand him his expected tip, so that we might properly be cared for on the voyage. We each handed him a five dollar gold piece and felt secure as to farther annoyance on that score. At the next meal we found, to our surprise, that a different steward had been appointed for our table. We could not quite understand this proceeding until we landed at Havre when the new steward approached us on the dock and asked for another tip. We realized that we had done our duty in the beginning of the trip and therefore completely ignored his demands. The head steward had no doubt witnessed our giving a tip on the first day out, and made up his mind he could work us for an-

other, but he counted without his proper reckoning as we did not propose to be swindled into paying a second time. Moral: Never tip a steward in the beginning of a voyage if you wish good service. Delay that act of benevolence until the day before landing. My friend, Mr. Smith, was very much provoked at this gentle attempt at polite robbery and felt very sore over it for a long time. A peddler approached him on the dock and tried to sell him some Yankee notions, as we would call them in this country. After rattling off a string of voluble French in describing his wares, Mr. Smith, who was never accused of speaking that language, said in response: "Polly want a cracker?" The peddler merely scowled and gently ambled away to try his luck on some other "Yanks."

Among the many pleasant acquaintances we met on board *La Bretagne* was Haligalooly Hoola Goughly Kahn, private secretary to His Royal Highness, the Shah of Persia. He could speak but very little English so I tried him in Latin and found him well up in that language, which he could speak fluently. That ancient tongue seemed to form a bond of friendship between us and we spent much of our time in conversation. He told me of the customs in his country and compared them with what he saw in other lands. We afterwards met the Shah in Paris where he was highly feted. Among the other notables we met there were Buffalo Bill and Nate Salisbury who were giving an exhibition. The Shah attended and was highly delighted with the antics of the natives of the "Wild West."

THE FALL OF THE BASTILE

When the centennial of the fall of the Bastile occurred

we were in mid ocean, and La Bretagne, being a French vessel, was given up to celebrating the close of the revolution. All on board took part. The ship was decorated with the national colors. Cannon boomed, rockets flew and general good cheer among the passengers prevailed. A banquet was given in the evening to all on board.

After we landed in Havre we were delayed some four hours before proceeding to Paris. We availed ourselves of the opportunity to inspect the ancient town. The harbor is one of the best in the world, but the city itself looks very ancient and much neglected. If one were seeking antiquities he could find plenty of them there. Some of the buildings that have stood for centuries are far from being plumb and seem ready to topple over. Notwithstanding its ruins it is a handsome and interesting old town.

ON THE EIFFEL TOWER

Our feet had no sooner touched the pavements of Paris than we hied ourselves off to the Exposition Grounds. The great tower, of course, received our first attention. Its base covers an area of two acres and it is nearly a thousand feet high—the loftiest work ever constructed by man, not even excepting the tower of Babel, spoken of in the Bible. From the ground it looks like a huge monument of open crochet work, so artistically is the delicate looking steelwork interwoven. It is capable of holding ten thousand people on its different stages or landings. To ascend by the winding staircase would have given us an almost perpendicular walk of nearly two thousand feet. We therefore took the elevator and went flying to the top at a speed that made us imagine that if

we continued long at that rate we would soon reach the silvery lining of the clouds. At the upper landing we looked down on magnificent Paris a thousand feet below, with its beautiful boulevards, avenues, historical shrines and palaces—a sight never to be forgotten, and surpassing the most extravagant imaginations of the “Arabian Nights.”

The display in the exhibition building is most elaborate. A mere catalogue of the different articles would fill a book larger than King James’ Bible. I must mention a few however. The Gobelin tapestries surpass in brilliant beauty the finest paintings I ever saw. They lack that glossiness of surface that is so often detrimental to an oil painting. They are woven by artists in the exhibition buildings and, to give an idea of the labor expended upon them, it is considered a good day’s work when one person completes six square inches of space. Some of the pieces cost as high as \$10,000. A large diamond in the French jewelry exhibit attracted much attention. Its weight is 180 carats and is valued at \$1,200,000. I thought some of bringing it home with me and perhaps would have done so were it not for the very heavy custom duties.

A familiar sight that loomed up before us was an engine from the Straight Line Engine Company of Syracuse, N. Y. It was used in running Edison’s electric display. An immense phonograph repeated music for us that was played by a band in New Jersey last Spring. The American display is very fine, the newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding.

The habitations and modes of living of different nations are represented in real life, the natives going

through their daily vocations as if they were on their native heaths. The palace of the Trocadero is filled with antiquities—relics, models, etc. A subterranean aquarium in its grounds is one of the wonders of the world. It is an artificial cavern made to represent an immense grotto, about two acres in extent, with cragged columns, stalactites and all the accessories of Nature herself. In large recesses in the sides, lighted from above, are to be seen numberless varieties of the inhabitants of the sea from all parts of the world.

In the evening a grand illumination of the fountains took place. Tens of thousands were awaiting in breathless expectation for the great event. At precisely 9 P. M. the waters burst forth in a blaze of golden glory, the vast throng thundering forth in deafening huzzas which reverberated through the great plazas and up the river Seine. Imagine a shower of molten gold thrown up into the air 150 feet and every drop as bright as a diamond and you will have a faint idea of the magnificent spectacle. To vary the display, the colors of the illumination were made to alternately represent every hue of the rainbow. The Eiffel Tower was illuminated, from base to top, with thousands of incandescent globes and from its summit search lights lit up the grounds and various parts of the city.

IN THE BOIS DE BOLOUGNE

Last Sunday we visited the Bois de Bolougne, the great park of the city. It was here that Napoleon III. first met Eugenie and fell in love with her on sight. Paris has a great number of parks but that of Bolougne is the most extensive of all. It is more like a vast forest, kept in the

very best condition and ornamented with well paved roads, fountains, cascades, artificial lakes, etc. It contains a large zoological collection and the animals are as vigorous as if living in their native climes. A pond contained a number of huge seals which were as playful as kittens and would dart through the water and frequently climb rocks and leap a distance of twenty feet or more. An ostrich, harnessed to a wagon, drew people around the grounds. We hired one and rode about until we saw a pair of saddled camels when each of us took one and mounted it for a short ride. The swaying and awkward motion of the "ship of the desert" was very distressing to my spinal column and I hastily descended to earth. No more camel for my livery.

We ascended the Arc de Triomphe, the greatest triumphal arch in the world. It is 160 feet high and being on an eminence and at the convergence of twelve great avenues, commands the finest view of Paris.

The French people's proverbial kindness and politeness has been fully illustrated during our sojourn among them. They seem to think that there is something to live for besides the hoarding up of the mighty dollar. They are cheerful and certainly know how to enjoy themselves at proper times and in proper places. Here a man or woman will often go far out of the way to assist you in finding a street or place; quite a contrast to the Bowery boy in New York that replied to a gentleman who said he wished to go to Broadway: "Then why the deuce don't you go?"

The cleanliness of the streets is almost incredible to those who have not been there. The pavements of the principal boulevards and avenues are either of hard wood

or asphalt, the former largely predominating. The ponderous double-decked stages roll over them almost noiselessly. Great drays with wheels almost ten feet in diameter, drawn by six or eight horses, seem to make no impression on these well laid pavements.

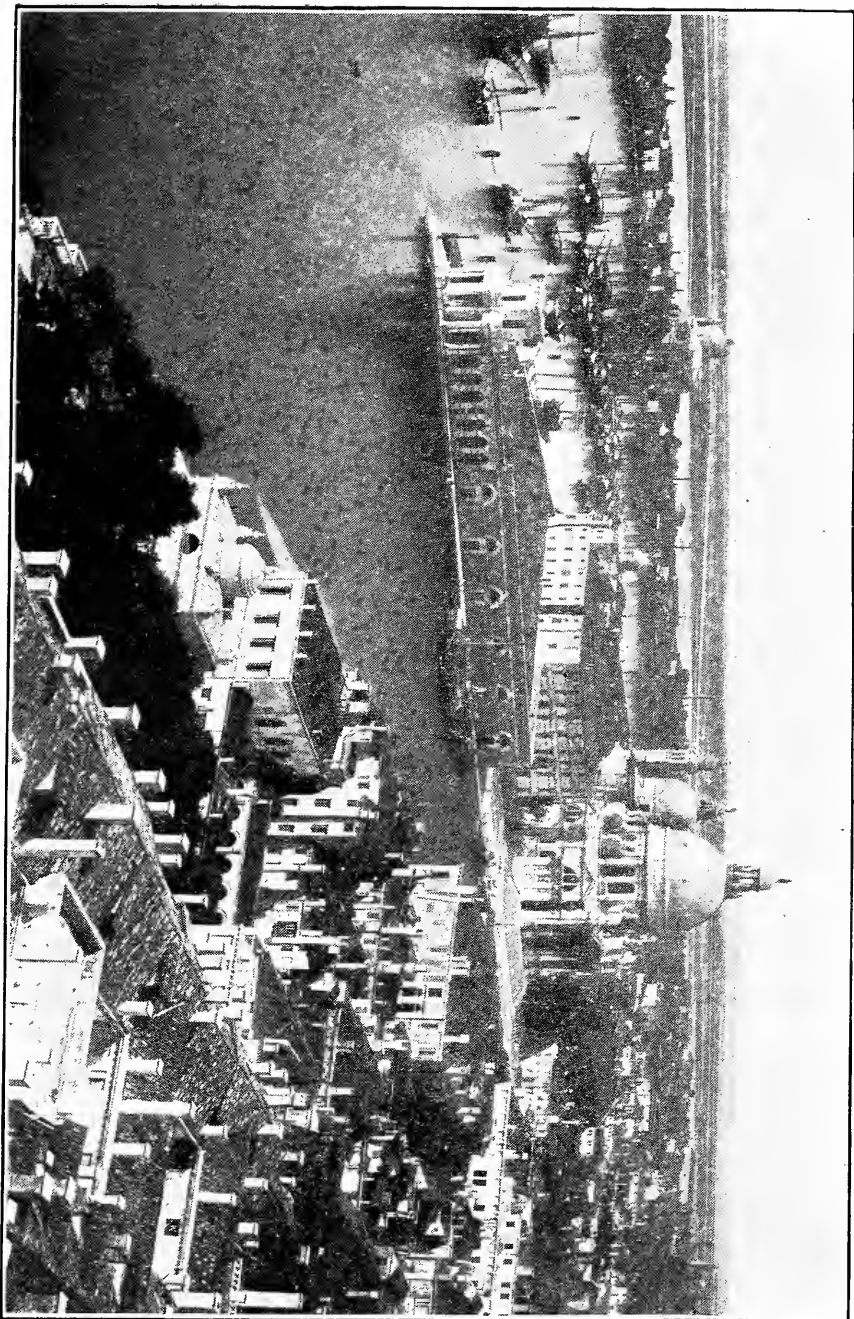
Young and bare-headed women sell papers in the streets and yell out their wares quite vigorously. One great awkward fellow bleated out his latest editions with a voice so much like a yearling calf that I imagined I was very near a New York cattle train. He attracted much attention and sold many papers on the length and breadth of his startling bovine accent.

King George of Greece is here and is receiving much attention. If we have time we will call upon him before leaving the city, because we understand he is very sensitive about being slighted.

A BULL FIGHT IN PARIS.

One bright morning while viewing the immense expanse of Parisian landscape from the top of the Eiffel Tower we noticed a large enclosure just outside the Exposition grounds that we had not before heard of, although we had been in the city several days. After some enquiries we learned it was the Plaza de Toros where Spanish bull fights were held. Being of an enquiring turn of mind and having heard so much of those unique exhibitions, we straightway set out for said Plaza and arrived just in time to secure good seats at the ring-side.

The great enclosure was crowded with a miscellaneous and expectant throng, representing many nations, Spain being of course most in evidence. While waiting for the



A VIEW IN VENICE



main event of the day we were entertained with dances given by Spanish Dons and Senoritas in true national style. The vim and natural grace with which they went through the various figures were truly inspiring. Dressed in their national costumes they represented a brilliant scene of Andalusian magnificence that surpassed anything of the kind ever witnessed before by us.

The immense circular building of wood and stone formed a large amphitheatre capable of holding many thousands. The seats were arranged in tiers rising to the top where the private boxes were located. The arena itself is about a hundred feet in diameter and is enclosed by a strong wooden barrier about six feet high with a footrail two feet from the ground. This is to assist the torreros, when too closely pursued by the bull, to escape by a leap over the barrier to the passageway that extends around the ring between the inner enclosure and another somewhat higher that protects the audience.

During one of the mad rushes of an enraged bull he leaped over the inner barrier and was making for the next one just in front of us. We also made a hurried scramble for the upper tiers, as we were sure that our time had come, and that a stunt not on the program, with us as the principals, was to be enacted.

Having reached a place of safety near the top we cautiously looked back to see where the bull had gone. The torreros had driven him around the ring until a door was reached where he was allowed an exit.

A bull fight is one of the most cruel and revolting spectacles I ever beheld. A harmless young animal fresh from the verdant pastures of his native heath is driven into an arena and surrounded by armed men ready

to torture him. He has no possible chance to successfully defend himself against overwhelming odds that face him. Prodded with spears, enraged by tantalizing toreros with no chance to prove his prowess, he goes down to an ignominious death.

The horses that bear the captains are also helpless, as they are blindfolded, which cuts off all chance of escape from the maddened bulls as they are ruthlessly ripped to pieces by the horns of the frenzied victims of the unholy "sport."

All in all it was the most brutal exhibition I ever beheld and when it was over I rebuked myself for having been a spectator. I would go into the details of this revolting spectacle were it not that I fear my readers would become as disgusted at the description as I was at the reality. No such acts of cruelty were ever before witnessed by me and I hope never again to even hear of them.

IV

STORY-TELLING ON BOARD SHIP

AMONG the passengers I met on board the steamship Hohenzollern was an old gentleman whose general appearance and conversation indicated a person of culture and prominence. He was tall, well built and vigorous for a man of his age, being along in the sixties. His silvery white hair and imposing mustache, which oramented his classic features, gave him a military air which well suited his general makeup. Accompanying him was his wife, a handsome lady, at least ten years his junior. As they walked to and fro on the promenade deck many were the compliments paid them by the passengers, some of whom almost seemed to envy their happiness. The lady was of that dignified type of matronly beauty that indicated a French ancestry and aristocratic lineage.

I resolved, if opportunity presented itself, that I would make the acquaintance of that dignified stranger, as I was sure, if I could meet him socially, I would find a fellow passenger who would enhance the pleasure of the voyage. The next day, as I was enjoying a postprandial cigar in the smoking room, who should enter, with many others, but the very same gentleman who had attracted my attention the day before. He sat down in a corner of the room and pulling out a large, black Havana leisurely lit it and, while smoking, read a magazine which seemed to interest him very much.

My long-wished-for opportunity had now come and, as soon as he finished his reading, I walked over to him and, to break the ice, made some enquiries as to the probable time of our arrival at Naples. He graciously gave me his estimate and at the same time asked my opinion on the same subject. Inviting me to be seated we soon found ourselves engaged in an interesting conversation on various subjects.

After we had, for some time, talked on several topics of interest, I noticed that he was of an enquiring turn of mind. He asked many questions as to my home, my destination and my future plans. I told him where I lived and where I was going. As to the future I could not definitely answer, only that I intended, on my return home, to absolutely retire from the practice of my profession and take life easy for the remainder of my days. He asked what my profession was. I told him I had been practicing medicine and surgery for a great many years and I thought it was about time that I should take a well earned rest. He fully agreed with me and volunteered the information that he was also a physician.

This announcement seemed to arouse a spirit of friendship and confidence, so characteristic of the better class of the medical profession. Just at this juncture the famous advice of Polonius to his son Laertes came to mind and, as I pondered it over, wondered if it were not prudence on my part to go slowly on a chance acquaintance with a perfect stranger, and mentally recalled these famous lines:

“Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.”

With all this Shakespearean advice before me I vent-

ured, step by step, to give him a brief outline of my career from boyhood days to the ending of my professional career. He listened to me with the most earnest attention, frequently asking for details, when he thought the narrative too general. At times I noticed he was profoundly impressed and even sad. I was convinced he was a man of deep thought and sincerity. Often he would give me an enquiring look with his piercing dark eyes which made me feel that there might possibly be something in common between us in the dispensations of Providence.

After I had briefly narrated the principal incidents of my professional career he was so interested that he volunteered to relate some experiences and difficulties encountered during his eventful life. He remarked before commencing his recital that as we had several days before us on the sea, we could not better or more interestingly pass the time than in comparing notes. I fully agreed with him and will now let him tell his story in his own words:

THE STORY OF THE STRANGER

"I was born in a distant land", said he, "and when very young, went to the United States with my parents. They were in moderate circumstances, my father having been deprived of an ample fortune by avaricious and scheming relatives. Nevertheless, with his young wife, who was said to be the handsomest woman in her village home, and me his only child, he set sail for the land of the West, the haven of the persecuted and the home of the exile, where he hoped to recommence the struggle of life. He was a man of fine physique and endowed with a splendid education. These qualifications were now his

main reliance and with a right good will did he make use of them. He was not long in the land of his adoption before he found himself engaged in a pleasant and profitable occupation. By industry and perseverance he was soon enabled to engage in business on his own account. In this he prospered sufficiently to support his family.

"After a few years seven children, of whom I was the eldest, claimed his paternal protection, and right here and now I affectionately claim that no better father and mother were ever blessed with the happy responsibilities of rearing a family.

"As I was the firstborn, my good mother, in the fullness of her religious enthusiasm, selected me as her gift to the Church she loved so well. I was therefore educated with a view of entering the ministry. As time went on, my preparatory studies had so far progressed that I was sent to college. Here I remained for nearly four years, going through the curriculum and keeping well to the front in my studies. Overstudy however soon began to tell on my health and I became so emaciated and anaemic that my friends began to fear consumption had claimed me. On the advice of my physician I was about to return home for a few weeks' rest and recuperation when a most distressing accident occurred to me by which I nearly lost the sight of both my eyes. I was standing on the Campus one thawing day in winter, talking to one of the professors who was watching the boys snowballing. Without warning I was struck full in the face by a solid, wet snowball, forcibly thrown by one of the careless students. The impact of the violent blow threw me to the ground and completely blinded me. I became helpless and suffered agonies indescribable. Nothing

could be done at the college to relieve my agony and I was immediately hurried off to a hospital in a nearby city. There it was thought that my sight was permanently destroyed. With skillful care on the part of the doctors, and good nursing by the devoted Sisters of Charity, I partially recovered, after many long and tedious months of suffering.

"After my return home from the hospital I was for a long time a helpless invalid and my poor dear mother wept many bitter tears for my misfortunes. Her hopes of my ever reaching the zenith of her highest ambitions were practically blotted out. Between my sufferings and sorrow for her, my young life was anything but pleasant for the two years I was forced to spend in comparative idleness. My eyes were so weak that I could not improve myself much by reading or any kind of study so I was obliged to succumb to the inevitable.

"Finally tiring of a life of idleness and dependence on my indulgent parents, I resolved to make an effort in the direction of self support. Consulting my physician, I was told that life in the ministry, on account of its demands as a preacher, writing sermons, etc., would never do for me in my weakened condition and that my eyes would not endure the strain. He was a friend of the family and, after deliberation with us, gave it as his opinion, if I wished to follow a profession, that of medicine would be the proper one for me, as it was less of a strain on the nerves and gave more insight to the ailments of the body, which I at that particular time was so much in need of. Moreover he said that as I was so well up in the classics it would be a pity to enter some calling which did not need such accomplishments.

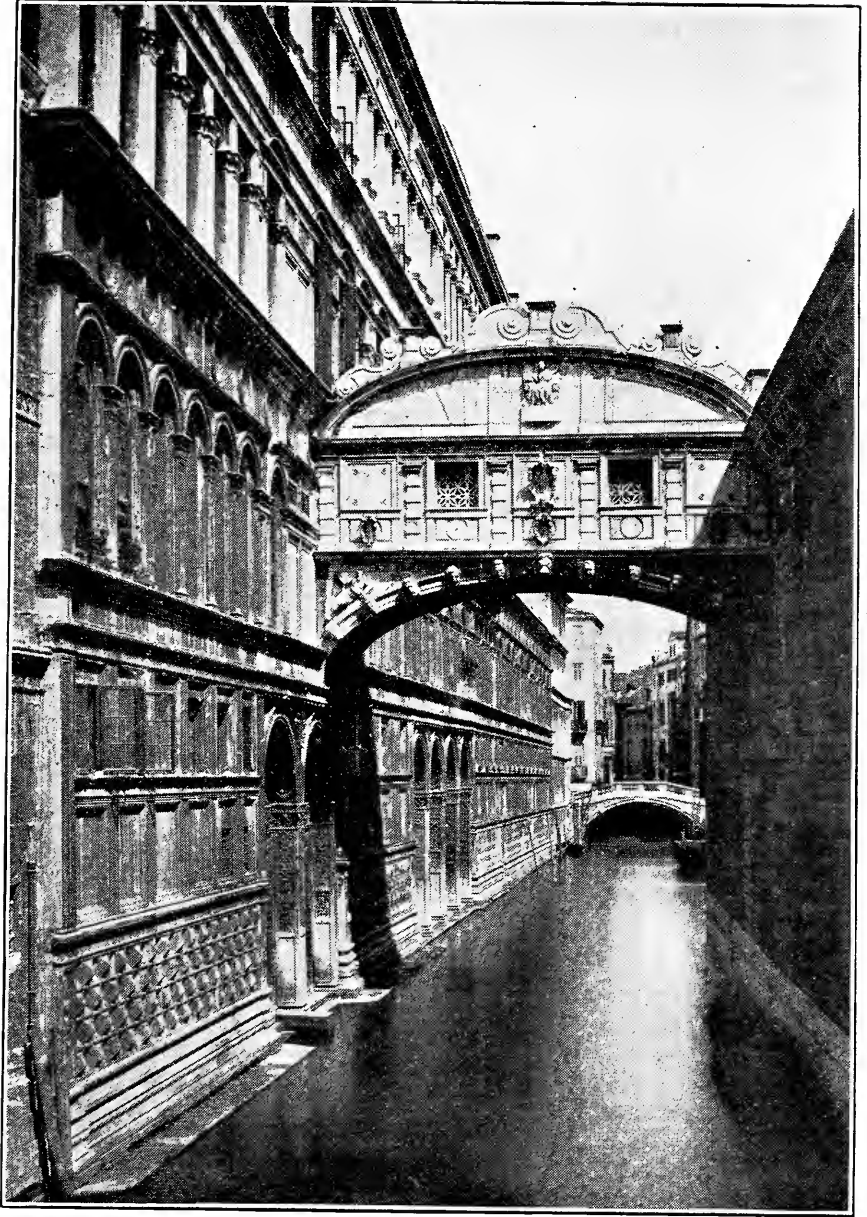
"I felt that now I was really obliged to commence the great struggle of life.

"With the disappointment of my parents weighing heavily on my mind, and a frail constitution, I fully realized that difficulties almost insurmountable, were before me. Being anxious to obtain a professional education, I entered the office of our old friend, the family physician. He was very kind and on account of my impaired health and the weakness of my eyes, often warned me not to devote too much time to close study, especially by artificial light, which by the way was very distressing to me. To supplement the knowledge that I might have obtained by more steady application to text books, he frequently took me with him on his daily rounds when making professional visits. Having a national reputation, he was often called far from home, and if the case were instructive and interesting would take me with him. It is needless to say that I did not go as a consultant for I had as yet to learn the rudiments of the profession.

"In this way I obtained a good deal of practical knowledge, even before I had fairly begun my studies. In his office he frequently gave practical instructions and demonstrated to me the most approved modes of treatment, when circumstances would permit.

A SEVERE INITIATION

"I remember one day when a man came in on crutches. He had suffered the loss of a leg. The doctor made an examination of the stump and found that one of the ligatures still remained, and made an effort to remove it, which caused the man so much pain that he writhed and screamed in agony. I was intently watching the pro-



BRIDGE OF SIGHS IN VENICE

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs, a Palace and a Prison
on either hand"



ceedings until I became nauseated and the room seemed to go round and take on a fuliginous appearance. The next thing I knew I found myself lying on the broad of my back on the doctor's sofa, feeling the back of my head which was very sore with a big excrescence on it about the size of a lump of chalk.

"It appears that I fainted away at the unusual sight and had fallen, violently striking the floor with the back of my head. The doctor tenderly raised me up and placed me on the sofa where I found myself on return to consciousness.

"My first expressions, when able to realize my surroundings, and the cause of my trouble were these: 'A fine candidate am I for the profession of surgery. This surely is a rough initiation. I think I had better look up some other business more suited to my frail condition and sympathetic nervous system.'

"It is unnecessary to state that the doctor was astonished at the early and sudden collapse of his protégé. With words of cheer and encouragement he told me to overlook and forget such a trivial mishap. I did not think it so trivial however as I nursed my sore head and rubbed down my aching joints. He told me a similar occurrence happened to him on his first entrance into the operating room of a London hospital. He swooned away at the sight of a patient bleeding freely from an ugly wound. As he was being carried out of the amphitheatre, he faintly heard uproarious cheers from the students, many of whom had gone through the same experience.

"With full assurance on his part that I would soon overcome my natural timidity, I consented to remain

with him and continue my studies. Time proved he was right, for many moons had not crossed the zenith before I was as brave and self confident as any old sawbones in the land, and could not only witness operations but soon became quite an adept as assistant in the most sanguinary cases.

A LIVELY INCIDENT

"While I was a student in his office, an incident occurred that may be well worth relating. Away back in the time of the civil war—I think it was in the summer of 1863 when recruiting for the army was going on very briskly—I was upstairs in our office when I heard a squad of soldiers marching along the street. When opposite us they suddenly stopped, which I knew without seeing them, as I heard the guns come down on the sidewalk with a quick, ominous rattle. I instantly surmised something was up. Throwing aside my book, I rushed down the stairs and saw the soldiers standing at rest. My curiosity led me to await developments. I was fully rewarded for remaining, as the sequel will show.

"A raw recruit, known as Bob Gleason the town bully, was sitting on the foot of the stairs when the recruiting squad came along picking up laggards. He was famous in those days as the terror of the town. About six feet in height, strong, muscular and quarrelsome, he was full of fight, and was always looking for trouble, especially with men he thought he could handle.

"He was commanded to fall in. Instead of doing so he met the order with very abusive language and claimed that no one could make him fall in unless he felt like it. With a swaggering gait he walked over to the captain, a little fellow about five feet six, and put his fist under

his nose. The captain, who was a Regular Army man, deliberately unbuckled the belt that held his sword and handed it to a man just behind him. The raw recruit squared off in true bucolic style and put up his "dukes." Quicker than the lightning kick of a vicious mule he got a stinging blow from the little captain's right, which landed him on his back in the gutter about fifteen feet away. True to his fighting instinct he picked himself up and returned to the fray, but after a few awkward lunges, on his part, he received a swinging blow on the jaw which 'put him to sleep' away out in the middle of the road. When he came to, his pals placed him on an old weather beaten shutter and lugged him off to the hospital where he remained about six weeks. After he had fully recovered from the results of the little captain's discipline he was ordered to the front. He was always a spectacular braggadocio, and when he went South he carried a rope with him to 'hang Jeff Davis.' In his very first engagement at Malvern Hill he was shot down, the bullet entering his forehead. Thus ends the tale of the town bully."

ADJOURNED FOR DINNER

"Well, my dear doctor, I am greatly interested in your well told story," said I, "and as the ship's bells are now calling us to dinner we will take an adjournment for the morrow, when I hope to have the pleasure of hearing a continuation of your narrative which interests me very much." When we went to the dining saloon I asked the steward to change my seat if possible, so that I could be nearer my new-found friend. After much diplomacy, an accommodating passenger who sat in the chair I was looking for, kindly offered to exchange with me. All

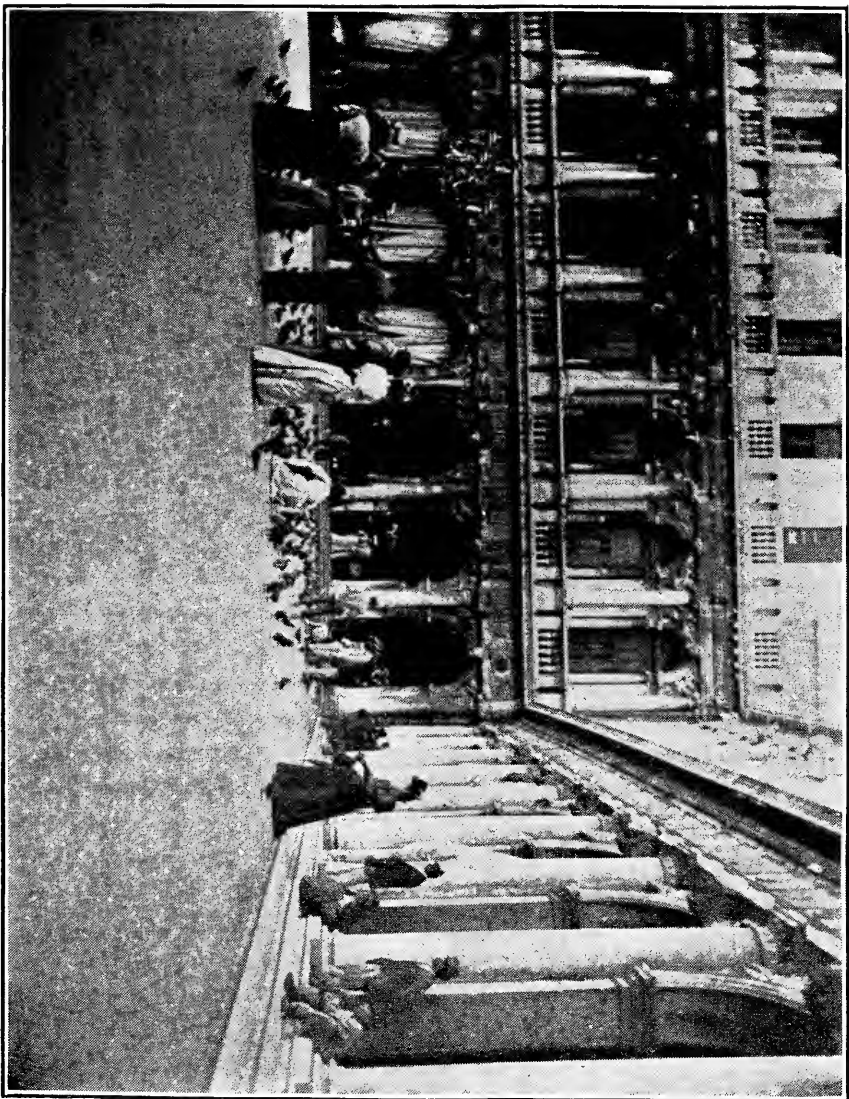
being now comfortably arranged, I was near enough to the doctor so that we could exchange ideas on various topics, but reserved all conversation relating to his remarkable career, for the smoking room.

A LIVELY DINING ROOM

When the dinner was about half over, a sudden and violent storm arose. The great ship began to roll and pitch, so much so that the stewards hastened to put on the tables the little fenders to prevent the dishes from sliding off. As the storm increased in fury the soup, coffee, vegetables, etc., began to leap into the laps and over the broadcloth of the diners until nearly all were decorated with viands that were really intended for nourishment. All was now in the utmost confusion and when the dishes went crashing to the floor most of the passengers became very sick and started on a run for their staterooms. My friend and his wife joined the flying crowd and the dining room soon became practically forsaken but for two ladies who sat opposite, and myself. For a short time they were having great sport laughing at the other passengers who were obliged to flee, until the ship gave one extra, violent lunge when they too were obliged to scamper down the aisle. I was never yet seasick although I have made ten voyages, but on this occasion I felt an indescribable stinging pain in the back of my head that nearly drove me mad. As soon as able, I too retired to my stateroom where I remained until the storm was over.

A HOWLING SWELL

The next morning after the storm, as I was strolling along the promenade deck, I met Dr. Woodbyrne, a



FEEDING THE DOVES IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE

Mrs. Doyle stands near the steps on the right, an interested spectator. See page 24

stranger no longer, who joined me. As we leisurely walked to and fro he told me more of his history and it became so interesting that I suggested we take seats. Finding a suitable place in a somewhat secluded corner, I discovered two chairs near together, one being occupied by a man whom I addressed, kindly asking if he would accommodate us by taking a chair a little farther on, as those seats were so conveniently placed that my friend and I could continue a quiet conversation that we had commenced on the promenade. He looked up at me with a scowl that I will never forget, and finally growled out that he would not do any such thing for our convenience or that of anyone else. I could not really blame him for refusing us, as of course he had a perfect right to his seat, but his manner and appearance attracted our attention so much that I shall never forget the circumstance, trivial though it be.

He was a short stocky man with a very red, pugnacious looking face that would do credit to a retired prizefighter. As he stolidly sat there pulling away on a short briar pipe, I could not help taking an inventory of his "loud togs." He was dressed in a stunning suit of large checks, resembling horse blanket material, a mixture of pale green, brown and lemon color. His large, soggy looking head was surmounted by a slouchy cap of the same material, and all in all he was what the Canadians would call a howling swell. I took him for a follower of the race tracks or perhaps a bunco steerer and was pretty well satisfied with my diagnosis.

AN ICEBERG

The doctor and I finally found more desirable seats

on another part of the deck, a comfortable distance from the "accommodating gentleman." We had just resumed our conversation when a mild commotion took place, and we noticed passengers running to the starboard. Of course we followed suit and found we were approaching an iceberg. Off to the right, about five miles distant, could be seen what appeared to be a great floating city with steeples, domes and minarets. As the melting surfaces glistened in the sun, all the hues of the rainbow could be seen dancing from peak to peak and from sea to summit. It was a glorious sight, in fact it looked like a vast fairyland with its myriads of fantastic forms.

When it is remembered that only about one seventh of floating ice shows above the surface, it can be readily imagined how great the entire mass below must have been. The icebergs that we generally meet are formed from immense glaciers that slide into the sea from the coast of Greenland and Labrador. Their edges are broken off by the action of the waves, float away in great masses into the sea and are carried off by the action of the tides into the North Atlantic.

If there be any one thing I greatly dread on an ocean voyage it is the possibility of coming in contact with an iceberg. So many vessels have been lost by striking those mammoth wanderers of the deep that one may well feel timid when he thinks of the danger, especially at night when a fog is on. I remember one time when our ship came to a full and sudden stop at the dead of night, and began to vigorously blow her fog horn. Many left their berths and went on deck to learn the cause of the unusual incident. They had to return however without getting any satisfaction from the reticent officers. I felt

pretty sure we were in the vicinity of an iceberg or perhaps another vessel. I learned afterwards that we came very near running into an old derelict that the dense fog had nearly hidden from view. That was a very close call for the twelve hundred souls on board. It was really a narrow escape from the fate of many a ship that has left port never to be heard from again.

A THEOLOGICAL SURPRISE

I did not meet Dr. Woodbyrne again until the next day which was Sunday. He asked me to go to the smoking room with him and have a cigar. After enjoying our Havanas for awhile, he resumed his narrative, when I gently interrupted, asking if he remembered the man we saw yesterday on deck, dressed in the loud horse-blanket checks, whom I thought was a prizefighter or something like it. He said, "Oh! yes, very decidedly. How could I forget that picturesque and gruff individual?" "Well!" said I, "You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you. To while away a pleasant and perhaps a profitable hour I went below to attend the regular Sunday services of the ship. Whom do you suppose I saw and heard unctuously preaching the gospel of the day, but the very fellow we met yesterday holding down the chair that he would not accommodate us with, in other words, the howling swell whom I thought was a pugilist."

"You don't really mean it," said he.

"I certainly do, but wouldn't have believed it had I not actually seen him."

"Well, how did he look and act?"

"He had a solemn visage, evidently made up for the

occasion and was dressed in the regulation clerical garb. In drawling monotones and with awkward gestures he perfunctorily went through the services and even attempted to dilate on brotherly love and the virtues of charity. I could hardly suppress a loud smile when I remembered his appearance and manners on the day before. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'If this isn't a ludicrous display of real hypocrisy I fail to understand the meaning of the word.' "

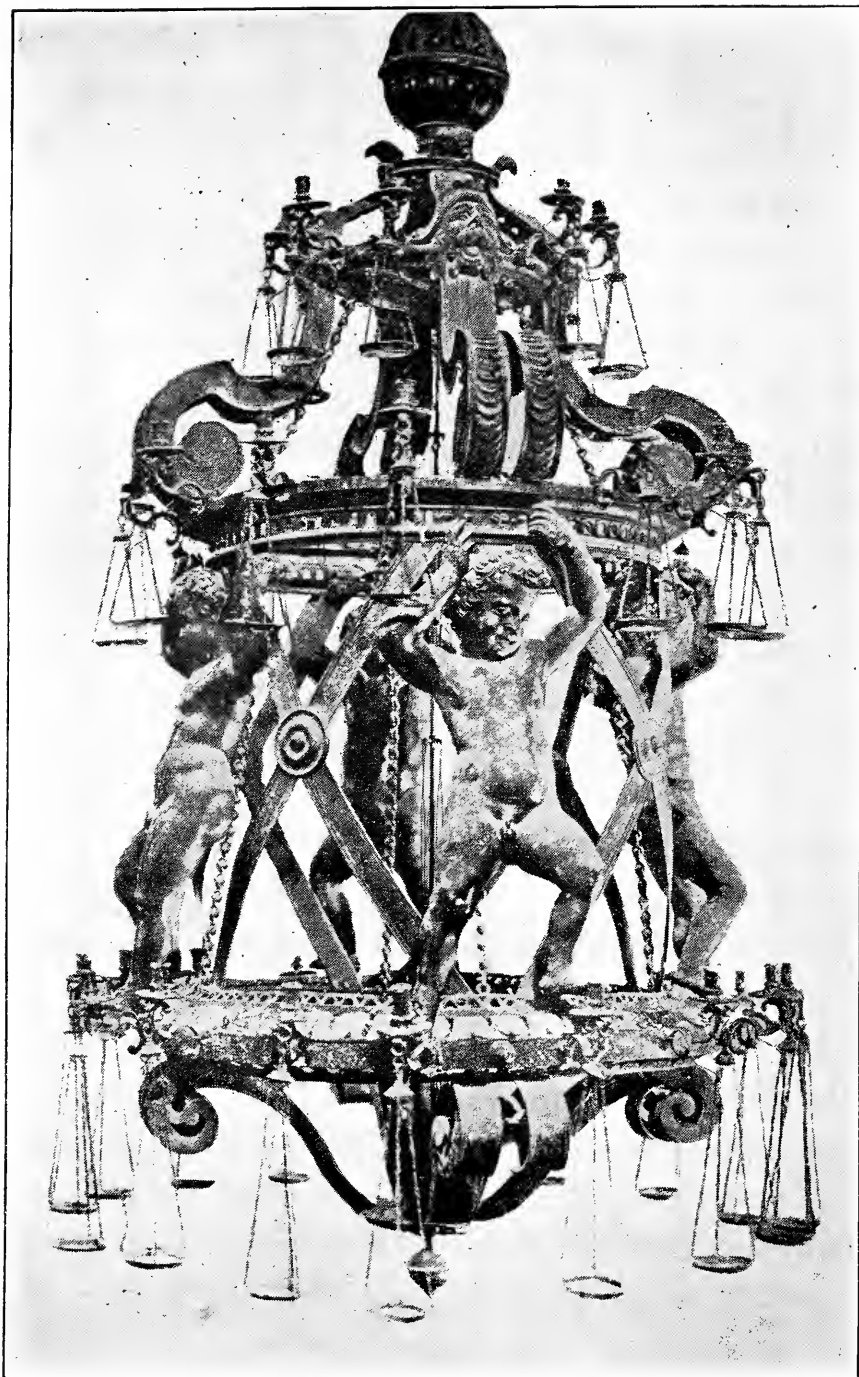
It seems he was the regular, hired chaplain of the vessel and was then and there simply earning his salary.

My friend was astounded and broke in by saying, "A fellow can't most always sometimes tell how far a cat can jump by the color of it." "Howly smoke! as Dennis said, when he saw the church burning!"

After Dr. Woodbyrne had listened to the above rather interesting incidents he resumed his narrative.

"I believe the last conversation we had in reference to my career," said he, "was about the time I fainted away in the doctor's office and became so discouraged that I was inclined to give up my studies, when the doctor persuaded me to continue.

"I remained in his office about a year, when I thought it was about time to enter a medical college. I will never forget the anxieties that loomed up before me at that particular juncture. My parents were poor and I did not know where the money was to come from to pay my expenses. My dear mother, who had by this time become reconciled to the fact that something besides the ministry was to be my lot, was willing that I should embrace any honorable calling that would save me from the necessity of manual labor, as she was fully aware



ANCIENT CHANDELIER IN THE CATHEDRAL AT PISA

Its swinging when the doors were opened gave Galileo his first idea
of the clock pendulum

that my frail constitution would not endure the requirements demanded by such a life.

"Her resourceful mind planned that I should borrow the funds necessary for a college education. Having a wealthy old bachelor cousin, she persuaded him to advance the necessary funds. He, for remuneration, was to become a member of the household and 'board it out.'

"All being now financially provided for, I entered a medical college in New York where I diligently pursued my studies until I was graduated with honors at the head of my class. This college was then (before the Civil War) the largest and most celebrated in the land. It was attended by students from all parts of the world. Many from the Southern States were among them. I there made many pleasant acquaintances which were appreciated.

A ROUGH RECEPTION

"Were I to relate many of the incidents occurring in student life I fear I might tire you."

"Oh! no, doctor, I am sure they would be very interesting."

"Well!" said he, "as we have plenty of time at our disposal, I will relate a few happenings."

"One fine afternoon two seedy looking tramps entered the college and were intently scanning the bulletin board in the lobby. Some students, three stories above, were looking over the stair railing. Far below and directly under them they spied, through the wellhole of the stairway, the unsuspecting hoboos. To make things interesting for the strangers, what do you suppose they did? Why they went back to the dissecting room and scooped up two pails of filthy water from the cleansing troughs,

and threw their contents on the unfortunates below. The impact was so great that they were hurled to the floor, but as soon as they got to their feet they made a frantic rush for the enemy. As there were two long flights to mount, the students had plenty of time to prepare for the attack. Rushing back again to the dissecting room they got two old wet carpets that were used for keeping bodies moist. Holding them spread out, they stood at the head of the stairs and when the tramps arrived they were suddenly enveloped in the clinging folds of the clammy fabrics which rendered them 'Hors de combat.' Before they could disentangle themselves the prankish students had made good their escape through the rear door of the college.

A DISASTROUS TUMBLE

"Another incident at the college was of a serio-comic nature. It was customary to have the dissecting rooms cleaned out every evening after the students had finished their work. Female convicts from Blackwell's Island were selected to perform these unpleasant duties. They generally were characters of the toughest and most hardened class and were, for the most part, well on in years.

"I was delayed at my work one evening somewhat longer than usual, and while looking up the 'Iter a tertio ad quartum ventriculum' in a brain, I heard a great racket and much screaming, which seemed to come from the region of the elevator. Dropping my scalpel, I rushed over to the vicinity of the trouble and sure enough the 'cage' had fallen with several women in it. I hurried down three flights of stairs to help the victims. When I arrived at the bottom I found four women prostrate on

the cellar floor and unconscious. With others I succeeded in untangling legs and arms which had been tossed about in the direst confusion. We sent them to the hospital across the way where they were found to be seriously injured.

“In the dissecting room were several jars of anatomical specimens preserved in alcohol. It seems those old rounders made it a practice of drinking the spirits and often drained the jars empty when no one was looking. After they had their fill they went to the elevator to sleep it off. Their combined weight caused the retaining latch to give way with the above results.

A CRUEL EXHIBITION

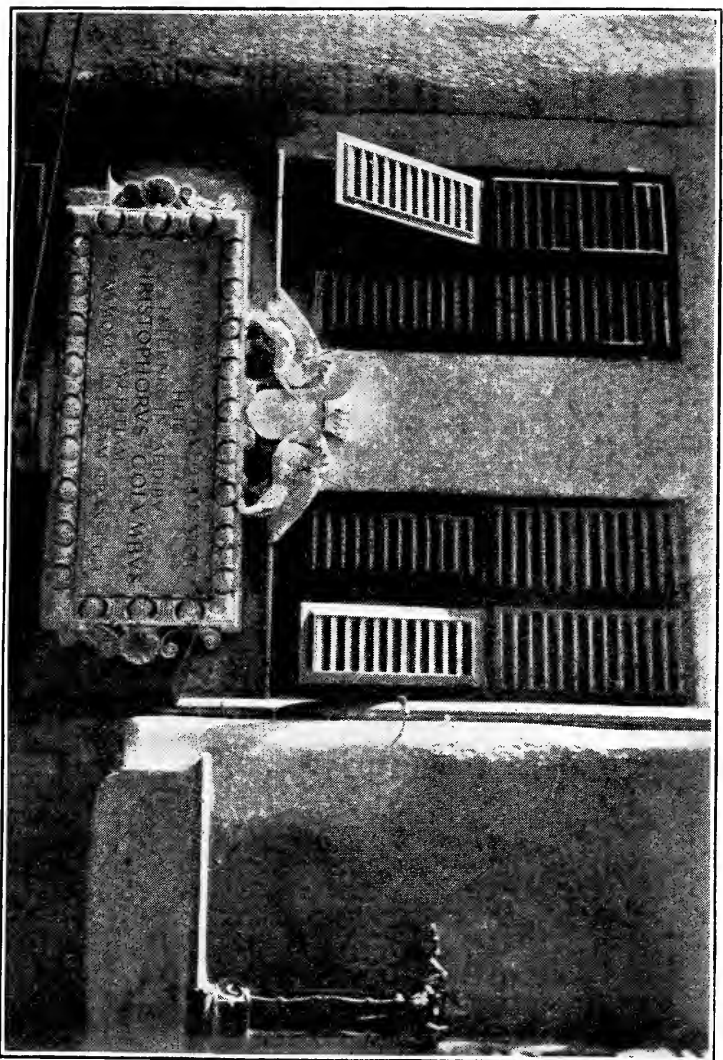
One pleasant day in the month of October the students, as was customary, were taken up to the great hospitals on Blackwell's Island to attend clinics and witness surgical operations. We generally went up twice a week. The three-mile ride on the river was always enjoyed by us. One of the young men who had been at a banquet the night before had not sufficiently recovered from the hilarity of the occasion and was quite eloquent in describing the beauties of the scenery we were passing. In a special burst of enthusiasm he declared that the shores were so beautiful that they reminded him of those on the old farm at home—in fact the scenery was absolutely ‘tooralooral’ (truly rural). So he went on until we reached the hospital dock, affording much amusement for his fellow students.

“As a sad contrast to that jollity I witnessed a scene when we arrived that I shall never forget. Just before the boat started for the Island the ‘Black Maria,’ as the

prison van was called, drove up and unloaded a miscellaneous lot of human derelicts who were driven like cattle down into the steerage or hold. When the convicts were being taken ashore I could not help noticing the brutal manners of the officers in charge. I remember one poor woman who did not come up from the steerage quickly enough to suit the driver. As she hobbled up nearly to the top of the stairs he reached down and grabbed her by the hair of the head and thus bodily dragged her up on the deck. As she lay there trembling like an aspen leaf, and almost helpless, the brute began to kick her about the head and body until the students interfered. It was only by the merest chance that he escaped being thrown overboard. The poor unfortunate creature, even in her frightful condition, showed evident traces of former beauty and refinement. She could not have been more than forty years of age. Her heavy brown hair hung about her face and over her shoulders in a disheveled and tangled mass. The death-like agony shown on her regular features and emaciated face was a sight never to be forgotten. I turned away from this exhibition of outrageous brutality, sick at heart and thought of man's inhumanity to his fellow beings. I was heartily sorry that the boys did not drown the inhuman wretch who thus maltreated a weak and inoffensive unfortunate.

"ONE OF THE FINEST"

"The police in New York in those days were remarkably uncouth and even brutal with strangers. They were not accommodating in the least and would give no information if they did not feel in the humor. They



Translation of Above Inscription:

"NO HOUSE HAS A MORE WORTHY TITLE THAN THIS, IN THIS FAMILY
HOME CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS PASSED HIS BOYHOOD
AND HIS EARLY MANHOOD"

strutted the streets with the air of a Crusoe who is said to have exclaimed, 'I am monarch of all I survey.'

"I remember one night when I was returning to my hotel at a late hour I passed a new building on Duane street which was boarded up in front. As I passed it I heard agonizing groans as if coming from someone in great distress, and thought some person might be dying there. I told the first policeman I met of what I heard and suspected. Did he go to the immediate relief of the sufferer? No, on the contrary he suddenly turned on me and shaking his club, told me, with a string of horrid oaths, to mind my own business and keep my information to myself; if I did not he would run me in. I thought that very strange for a 'guardian of the peace' and could not divine the reason, if he had any, for such boorish conduct. Perhaps he thought I had noticed his neglect of official duty and that he would hear from it if he did not try to frighten me into silence.

IN THE ROLE OF AN ARTIST

"I was attending a lecture one day in the amphitheatre of Bellevue Hospital when a patient, greatly deformed, was brought in for an operation. In the course of the lecture the surgeon said it was a very peculiar case and one which he hoped to completely relieve. He was therefore sorry that a photograph of that unusual deformity of the limbs had not been secured before he was brought to the hospital.

"At that time there were no such photographic conveniences as we have to-day. The operating surgeon therefore asked if there were any one in the audience who had a practical knowledge of drawing. For a long

time he received no response. Seeing that no one went forward I, with some trepidation, I'll confess, volunteered to make an attempt at sketching the patient, having had some experience in that line. As I went down the steps of the amphitheatre to the operating table, a rousing cheer went up from the five hundred students that gave me great courage.

"After I had finished the sketch I showed it to the surgeon who was so much pleased that he handed it around to the students who also approved of it with many expressions of satisfaction. As I returned to my seat in the upper row of the amphitheatre I was again the object of cheering demonstrations.

"A few days after I met this same surgeon on the boat enroute for the Island Hospital. He congratulated me on having secured for him an excellent drawing which he very much appreciated. During a pleasant and very interesting conversation I had with him, he invited me to visit his office on the following day. As I left him I felt somewhat curious to know why he wished me to call on him. In fact I could not imagine what his object could be in asking me, an almost total stranger, to his home.

"The next day I was very cordially received by the surgeon who extended to me the glad hand of a hearty welcome. After a little preliminary conversation he told me he was so well pleased with what I had done for him in the amphitheatre that he would like to have me enter his office as a student. It is needless to say that I was more than delighted to hear this unexpected invitation.

"I could now clearly see before me not only possibil-

ities but even the probabilities of ultimate success in my professional ambitions.

"I remained in his office three years, attending medical lectures at the University and assisting him in operations and office work. He appreciated my work so much that he made me a generous weekly allowance of money which came in very handy just at that time."

"Well, doctor," said I, "you surely struck luck. I can readily see that your knowledge of free hand drawing came in very good for you at that time and seemed to turn the scale in your favor."

"It certainly did," said he, "and what's more, I was afterwards chosen to illustrate a large work on surgery which he published while I was with him. This work is now a well-known text-book in the medical colleges."

"This surgeon, who was none other than the celebrated Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, was at that time Health officer of the City of New York. His duties were many and laborious and I was often called on to assist him in his municipal work. This afforded me many facilities for obtaining practical knowledge which served me well in after life.

THE DRAFT RIOTS

"During the great draft riots in 1863 he was the busiest and most active man I ever saw in the performance of his duties. The first one shot down at that time was a policeman. He was attended by Dr. Sayre who found him dangerously wounded. An operation, at which I assisted, was performed. The man made a speedy recovery and often boasted of how he was saved by the health officer."

"Doctor, you must have had lively times during those memorable riots."

"We certainly did, and I can assure you we had many close calls for our lives. I remember one day when we heard that the 7th Regiment was on a double quick up Third Avenue. I was in my boarding house at the time, and rushed down stairs to see them. Another student came running down behind me, violently pushed me aside and got ahead. As we both reached the sidewalk the regiment, which was fast approaching, fired a volley up the street, killing a great number, among whom was the young man who was so eager to pass me on the stairs. He fell right in front of me with a bullet in his brain. I ran back to my room as rapidly as possible, thanking God that the young man had succeeded in getting ahead of me."

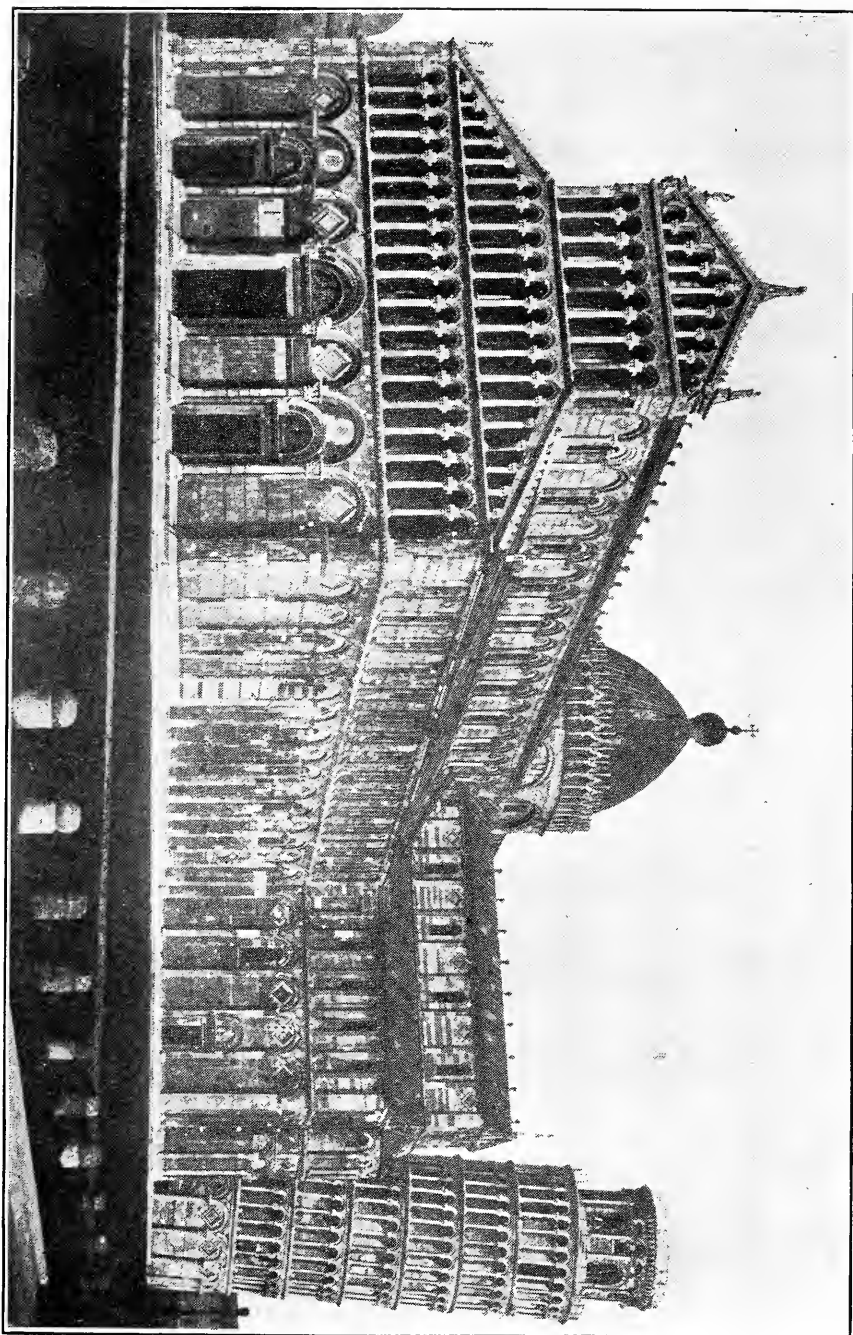
"Well, doctor, that was a very Providential escape for you."

"Yes, I can assure you it was, and I was so terror stricken that I immediately packed up my belongings and left New York for my own quiet home in the West as soon as the disturbed conditions would permit."

"So you did not see any more of the riots?"

"Oh! yes, the city was in an uproar at every point and it was with great difficulty that I reached the railroad station. On the way, I was brutally assaulted by roughs who sought to forcibly take away my luggage. Policemen saved me many times, after a hard struggle. When safely seated in the home-bound train I drew a long, deep breath of relief and firmly resolved to never return, under any circumstances."

"Dr. Woodbyrne, your story is very interesting and



CATHEDRAL AT PISA AND THE LEANING TOWER. See page 54



reminds me of some lively experiences I had at that time."

"You don't mean to say you were in New York during the draft riots of '63."

"I certainly was and if it would interest you I will relate some of my experiences on that memorable occasion. I remember well the month of July in that year, when the great city of New York was in the possession of a murderous mob. I was a student at the time, attending the Medical College, located on the very spot where Tammany Hall now stands. I was going to my preceptor's office one morning when the rioters on Second Avenue were shooting at every one in sight who did not seem to belong to them. I saw people falling on every side of me, either killed outright or badly wounded, and when I noticed them firing in my direction, I sought the protection of a small shade tree, it being the only shelter I could quickly reach. While many near me were hit, I escaped and ran rapidly down the street until I reached the Second Avenue Armory which was then burning like a huge furnace. Workmen, who were caught in the upper stories, sought to save themselves by jumping from the windows. Many poor fellows lay mangled on the ground where they struck, while others bounded back into the flames. It was the most horrible sight I ever beheld. I ran on farther down the avenue and saw much fighting, shooting and slaughter. At one point I counted sixteen dead bodies in a pile in the middle of the road. Col. O'Brien who, with a small detachment of troops, conquered a large force of rioters in another part of the city, was afterward taken unawares by them and killed on the spot.

To wreak their vengeance on him, the wretches dragged his dead body from place to place through the dirt of the street while shouting in ghoulish glee at their hellish deeds.

"That same evening about ten o'clock I was obliged to go over to First Avenue. On the way I was overtaken by a wild mob of several hundred, running up the street carrying all sorts of weapons, guns, clubs, carhooks, etc. As they overtook me I was, like many others, ordered to join their ranks. Knowing my life was endangered if I did not fall in, I joined the surging mob and ran along with them, planning all the while how I could escape their clutches. At last I spied a dark alley as we passed up the street. Into this I suddenly darted and rapidly ran a long way through it until I reached a large box in which I hid until the noise of the roisters died away in the distance, I then carefully reconnoitered the surroundings. Slowly and fearfully I made my way out to the street and finally reached home without encountering any more rioters.

"Those were fearful times in New York. Buildings were on fire in every part of the city. Stages and street cars were stopped and all places of business were closed. It really looked at one time as if the mob were in full possession. It was impossible for several days to leave the city, as all means of transportation were suspended and we were, for the time being, veritable prisoners on the Island of Manhattan."

During my description of the riots many passengers became very much interested and drew closely around, until my circle of auditors amounted to nearly a score. I was asked about several incidents that interested them

most, to which I responded often in the minutest detail, which seemed to fully satisfy them.

The company resolved that it was Dr. Woodbyrne's turn to entertain by a continuance of his reminiscences, some of which they had already heard.

"The last time we met," said he, "I was telling you of being safely seated in the train for home. I found many passengers there who had much the same experience as myself. They too were fleeing from the 'wrath to come'—from Sodom and Gomorrah, as it were.

"On my arrival home I was greeted by parents and friends who were very anxious for my safety during the riots, as they could not hear from me, all communications having been cut off for several days during the most exciting period.

AN AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING

"With great expectations of professional success I hung out my shingle in front of an unpretentious office and patiently waited for results. Days and even weeks rolled by before I was able to secure any paying patients. Of course my old friends and schoolmates obtained some gratuitous services, on account of early friendship and 'old times,' but I soon found that this kind of work would not buy bread or pay rent and finally did away with that sort of practice. For the really poor I worked as faithfully as if they were giving money to me. I found after a while, that the gratitude of some of them was a well earned asset, while others were as forgetful as the virgins of the Scriptures with their untrimmed and unlighted lamps.

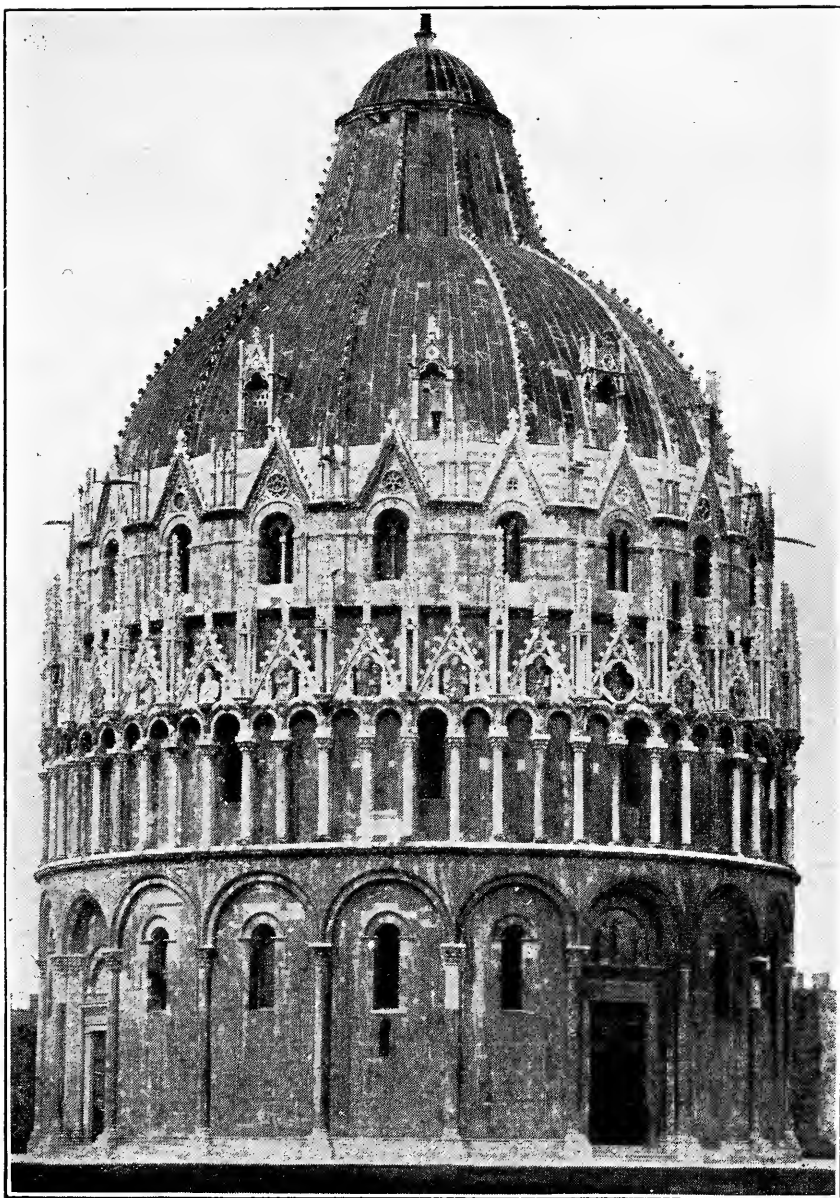
"After a few months of close attention to business and untiring perseverance, I succeeded in securing a good

paying practice. An encouraging feature of my early career in the profession was an appointment as physician to a young ladies' academy. While holding this position I became acquainted with the head music teacher, a young French lady of rare beauty and splendid accomplishments. Although a young bachelor at the time I had not the most remote idea of aspiring to her hand. However, as our acquaintance advanced I began to feel that if Fortune would favor me with such a companion for life I would be the happiest man on earth. Our acquaintance soon ripened into mutual affection which finally resulted in a happy marriage. The lady you saw me with on the promenade deck a few days ago was the young music teacher of long ago.

"The town I lived in had no hospital and being anxious to become connected with one, I removed to a city in the northern part of the state where I found one and became connected with it.

AN UNEXPECTED REBUFF

"Before settling down to general practice I called on a former old-country schoolmate of my father's. As I was a stranger in town I asked him if he would kindly make me acquainted with some desirable families. What was my astonishment when he straightened himself up and throwing out his chest like a pouter pigeon, very pompously declared he would not comply with my request, as it was not his custom to introduce strangers into the circle of his immediate friends. 'Well,' said I, 'you cannot look upon me as an absolute stranger, as you know my father so well, and moreover I have credentials of honor with me, if you wish to see them.' 'Well,



THE BAPTISTRY AT PISA

Built of Carrara marble. Noted for its wonderful pulpit. Echoes in this building rival those of the Pantheon in Paris

well, young man,' said he testily, 'I have no time to bother with you to-day, so will bid you good bye.' With that he abruptly turned away and left me.

"I left his inhospitable presence with a full determination to prove to him and his friends that my friendship would ere long be as desirable as any he could boast of.

"As the sequel will show I fully accomplished in time what I set out to do. This fellow, whose name was Murfett, was at that time a merchant doing a good business. His prosperity puffed him up to such a degree that he aimed to be very aristocratic, so much so that he would not condescend to associate with any one who was not in the realms of flunkeydom. It was excruciatingly funny to witness his attempts at putting on 'lugs.' Men who were once his friends but who had not accumulated much of this world's goods were not any longer recognized by him, as he passed them on the street with his chest thrown out and his pug nose elevated to an angle of forty-five degrees or more. He was never accused of being in the least bit educated in the common decencies of life and his awkward attempts at high English would provoke the risibilities of a mere boot-black.

"Shortly after I had the 'pleasure' of meeting him I heard he was determined to move to New York as he found that the people in his own town were not, in his estimation, quite up to his ideals of aristocracy. This move proved very disastrous for him, as he lost all he had in a business venture and was obliged to return to his old home a sadder, a humbler but not a wiser man, for he never seemed to possess much of the latter qualification.

"Being now entirely out of business and all broken up

he sought, as the last ditch, the humble employment of an itinerant insurance solicitor. In the meantime I had prospered in my profession, so much so that I was enabled to erect a rather pretentious home. As I was watching the builders one day, who should come shyly ambling up to me but the same 'gentleman' who so rudely repulsed me on my entrance in town a few short years before? I knew him the minute I cast my eyes on his shabby and shuffling form. It was none other than old Murfett himself. As he timidly approached me, he held in his trembling hand a little well worn blank book. After some fulsome praises for my new building, he suavely asked me if I would not do a favor by letting him write a little insurance on it. I looked at him with profound astonishment and could scarcely realize that he was the same fellow who, a short time before, had so rudely repulsed me when I asked him a favor. Suppressing my feelings as well as I could, I mildly asked him if he remembered the day we first met in his store on Commonwealth Avenue. He looked up at me rather sheepishly, with a tinge of disappointment, and pretended not to remember that occasion now so vivid in my own recollection. In a few carefully chosen words I briefly recalled the day of our first meeting. He diplomatically tried to laugh it off as a good joke. I could not see it in that light however and plainly told him so. I moreover said that from that time to this I frequently recalled the trite old saying, 'It's a long road that has no turn.' 'Yes, Mr. Murfett, we have reached the turn in that road, and for the good of your moral health I will now and here administer to you a dose of your own medicine, nauseous and bitter as it may be. In response to your

modest request I am obliged to give you a negative answer as cold and positive as your rebuke to me. I would not give you any insurance if it were to save you from the poorhouse. You do not deserve any kindness or consideration from me, for during your ephemeral reign of prosperity you completely ignored me with your inane pomposity. While I do not intend to imitate your abuse, I simply and positively say that your presence here is not wanted as I have no time to bother with you.' ”

While Dr. Woodbyrne was relating the above incidents in his career, he was very attentively listened to by a number of passengers who had dropped in during the recital.

A MAN FROM JAYVILLE

After an awkward silence for a few minutes a stranger stood up and asked the doctor if he might say a few words in reference to what he had just listened to.

“Certainly,” said the doctor, “that is what we are here for; to discuss entertaining subjects and relate our past experiences, as you know conversation shortens the journey.”

The stranger, who forgot to introduce himself, was an odd looking specimen of humanity. Evidently from the hills of old Vermont or the back woods of New Hampshire, his quaint dialect set off with a pronounced nasal twang was, to say the least, very entertaining.

In stature he was undersize—say about five feet five. Fat, rugged and good natured, he seemed to have thrived on the hot corn bread and fried pork of 'way down East. Clad in a new suit of homespun, he was certainly an interesting looking character.

“It appears to me, Doc,” said he,—here he was jerked

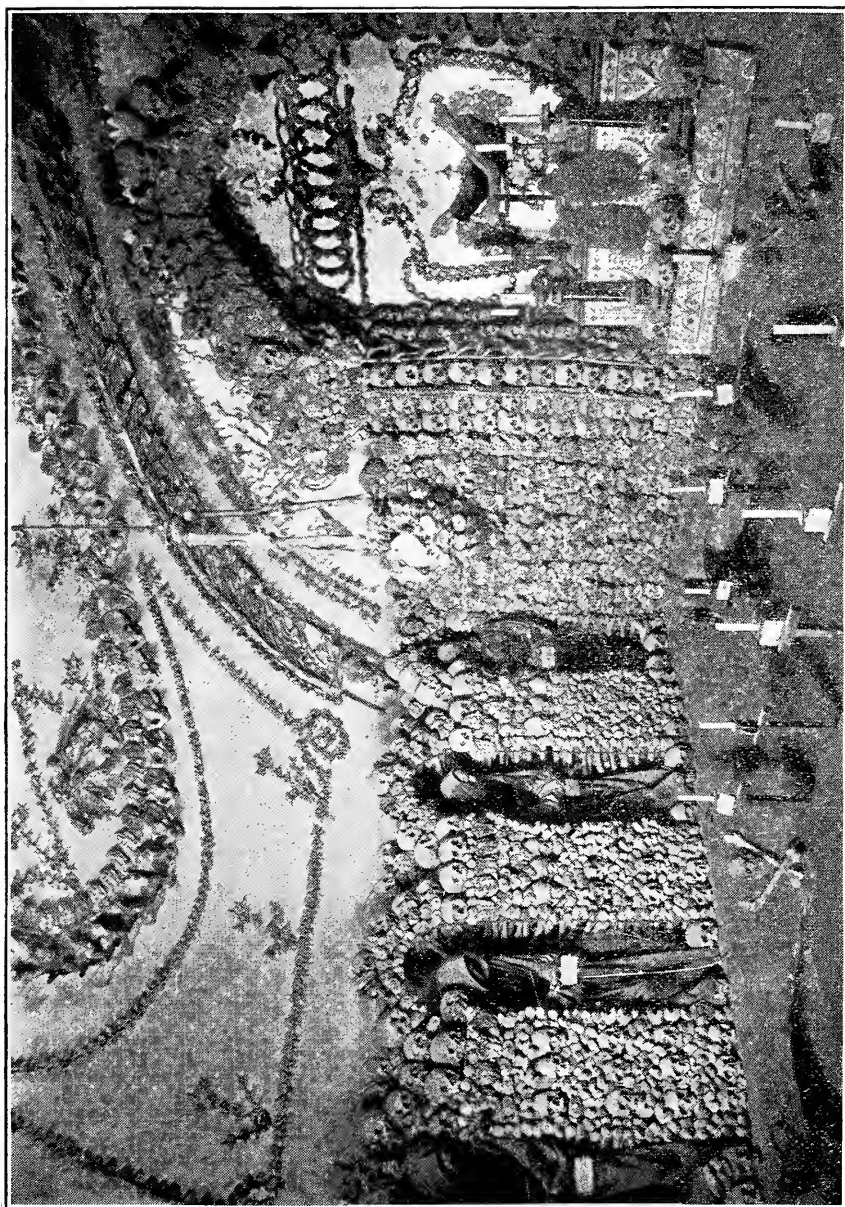
up with a lively jolt that nearly shivered his timbers, as a sailor would say, for Dr. Woodbyrne suddenly arose to his feet and with unmistakable evidence of injured feelings, sternly said: "Young man, whom do you address as 'Doc?' If you refer to me you will please recall that odious term as I do not recognize it. I consider it not far from a downright insult to be thus addressed. You know, or ought to know, it's only recognized by cheap drug clerks, farriers and downright quacks. If you wish to properly address me use the term Doctor or even my Christian name but never indulge in a term so despised by our profession."

"Well, Doctor,—I don't know your other name. I sartinly didn't mean no harm. I beg yer pardin. Up tu our village we always called our physician Doc. Wetherby."

"If he was satisfied with that, well and good, but no self-respecting physician would for a moment tolerate such a slangy appellation. I will forgive you this time, but if you know a physician for whom you have any respect never call him Doc."

"Well, I was going to say, I'm thinking ye used that feller ye was tellin' about ruther ruff, don't yew?" "Perhaps he didn't know any better'n that. Jes like's not he was a leetle high strung and felt his oats, specially on thet occasion."

"Felt his oats! I guess he did, for he acted like a jack-ass dressed in a lion's skin, and tried to personate the former owner of the tawny integument. Why, if you had seen him strutting around that store, stretched up to his full length with his thumbs stuck in the arm holes of his vest you'd think he was really 'some pumpkins.'"



THE CAPUCHIN CATACOMBS IN ROME

The walls and ceilings are covered with human bones artistically arranged. See page 37



"I wus goin ter say, Doctor, that mebby he wan't so all fired stuck up as yew thought fer."

"I saw enough of him in after life to convince me that he belonged to that class of parvenus who think that the possession of money and some cheap, ephemeral notoriety are the only requisites to boost them into the lime light of an unwarranted authority over their fellow men. They try to frown down talent, education and even good manners. Honesty, with such gilded cattle, is only a mark of softness in their estimation and should be sneered at. I am not sorry when a purse-proud biped meets misfortune, especially when he gets so puffed up as to ignore his old friends."

"Well, cum ter think of it, Doctor, I swan ef I don't think yer putty near kerrect. I remember old Si Wilkins up ter East Plainville, got so all fired stuck up 'n overbearin 'cause he struck a streak of bullhead luck thet he would'nt hev nothin tew do with his poor relations and useter not notis em even at prayer meetin. Bimeby, however, he made sum bad dickers and lost everything he had on airth; was clean scooped out. Then he was mity glad tew shine up tew sum of the old timers. Now it was their turn; they wouldn't hev nothin to do with him in no way, shape ner manner and he was obleeged tew leave the village, as it come ter be tew lunsom and chilly fer him. So I think yew give the old stuck-up merchant about what he earned after all."

"Well! my young bucolic friend," said Dr. Woodbyrne, still somewhat nettled by the stranger's mode of addressing him, "I am glad to perceive you are possessed of some elements of common sense, and I hope you will make use of them in future life. If Fortune smile on

you, never forget the friends of your early days, especially if they have failed to keep pace with you in the accumulation of worldly goods. It is unlucky to do so. How many times have we known people, once prosperous, proud and haughty, who have been tumbled to the dust by extravagance, negligence, dissipation or loss of health! We can never tell in what form bad luck may reach us. We should therefore always fortify ourselves with the good will of our friends, rich or poor, which may prove a tower of strength, if misfortune should at any time overtake us.

As the doctor concluded giving advice to the young man, I took out my watch and was astonished to find we had reached the hour of eleven P. M. I suggested, it was so late, we had better adjourn for the night. All agreed with the proposition and I was glad to get out of the stuffy smoking room into the fresh air.

A MIDNIGHT STROLL ON DECK

Before returning to my stateroom, late as it was, I resolved to take a few whiffs of the bracing atmosphere and walked briskly up and down the promenade several times. I met several on deck who preferred remaining there to going to their berths. By the way, it's quite a fashion with many people to rest all night, in pleasant weather, in their steamer chairs on deck. If you call it a fad it's a good sensible one, as it gives them full benefit of the pure sea air.

A gouty old gentleman of seventy or thereabouts, whom I often met on deck, was leisurely strolling up and down. He was evidently an Englishman of the old aristocratic type, full blooded and of ponderous form. His

glossy red face was ornamented with a huge proboscis which had blossomed out to the dimensions of a full blown cauliflower. Ornamented with scarlet-hued excrescences it trembled like a lump of glutinous jelly when he heavily walked to and fro. As he approached a pair of his friends, I heard him remark: "Well, boys, I'm feeling a bit fagged out and I guess I'll go down below, take my glass of grog and turn in."

THE RISING MOON

As the air proved very refreshing and bracing I resolved to remain on deck for some time, and therefore roamed about from one point to another, often having a chat with people I chanced to meet. At the stern of the vessel I noticed two men standing at the "gunnell" and intently watching the swirling waters of the agitated deep. They were holding an animated conversation on the luminous water in the wake of the vessel. From their accent, I judged they were German-Americans who were returning from Fatherland. They had the appearance of men who had prospered in America and were enjoying the fruits of honest toil and shrewd economy. They appeared about the same age—say 40 or 45. One was a large man of the typical blonde German type, while the other was a chubby, dark complexioned little chap who seemed to be the very personification of good nature. His features did not betray to any extent his Teutonic origin.

Referring to the great phosphorescent display on the water, the smaller of the two, who claimed to be well posted on maritime phenomena, remarked that the light was caused by little "crustys."

"Crusty what? You're thinkin of pretzels mine lieber frent," said the other. "Well, dot big white foam reminds me of goot olt Munchiner beer, ony way."

"Hans, I subbose you heardt already once sumpoddy tellin aboud croos-ta-ce-a. Dem's der little fellers what makes all dot lightnin peeshniss. Down in der wasser is mor'n several tousan uf dem leetle pugs, und when der wheels on der big steamer shakes dem oop, dey gets so mad like der very tuyvel und shows der teeth what shines like little Rhinestones, und der bein sooch a crowd uv dem, dey make mighty pig luminations by jiminy."

"I'm glat you compleetly oxblaned dot curiousness, Schneider, but vot is der plazes vay off in der end mit der sea?"

"Oh dots der moon risin."

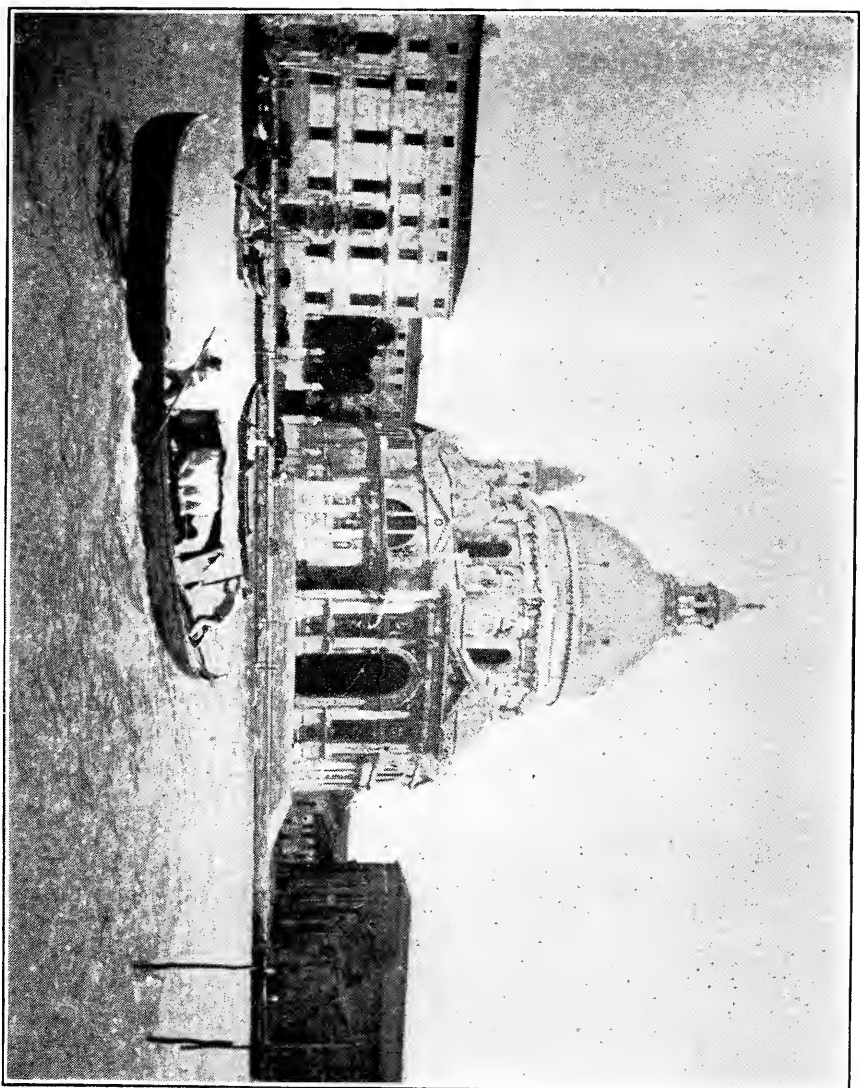
"Ach! mine frendt, vere haff you peen so long. You don't know der sun ven you see it once? It iss unpossible to be der moon for dots now too alt und don't shine mooch. It's in der horns und can't make mooch light. Uff you don't tell de sun when you see it, its petter as you go down to bed once, undt rest your swelldt headt. I neffer see der sun mit horns on it."

"Vell, uff I can't tell der sun from der moon I advise mineself to study some more ostronominny once."

As the sun rose majestically from the horizon, Schneider admitted that he was a little hazy on the subject, and felt somewhat crestfallen when his companion danced away with the tantalizing remark: "Goot mornin my dear olt moonatic."

A PLAGIARIZING INGRATE

Crossing over on the French Steamer La Touraine one



THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE

On the Grand Canal in Venice. View taken from his hotel window by the Author



summer, I became acquainted with a gentleman who, I afterward learned, was Dr. Josiah L. Montgomery of Lotos, Ohio. I found him very entertaining and full of reminiscences relating to his long professional career.

He said, "I have had all sorts of luck; good, bad and indifferent, during the past forty years. I have met with many friends, and, I am happy to say, but few enemies. The former encouraged and helped me in my struggles, stood by me in the days of adversity and rejoiced with me when success crowned my efforts."

"I'll acknowledge," said he, "I was always a little too altruistic, especially when I found young men encountering the same obstacles that marred my early days. I not only buoyed them up with encouragement but even extended a helping hand when necessary. One fellow, who vividly comes to mind just now, early sought my advice and asked many favors which I readily granted. Finding I was an 'easy mark,' as he afterward said, he lost no opportunity to lean on me when he needed moral, influential or substantial support.

"His preparatory studies being finished, he entered a small, struggling medical college which had just started up in our town. The educational advantages to be obtained there at that time were very meager. After he had spent three months in that embryo institution, I advised him to enter a larger and older college near New York, where, if he were diligent in his studies, he might possibly get through in the following spring. I heard from him frequently during his sojourn there. He was fearful that he could not pass the examinations when the time came. I gave him all the encouragement I could, and even left a busy practice and went down to his college,

many hundreds of miles away, a short time before graduation day. As I was then but a young practitioner myself with very limited means, I could ill afford the time or expense. However I went, and had a conversation with the Dean of the Faculty who said he felt rather doubtful about letting my friend graduate as he had passed a very poor examination. 'However,' said he, 'if you will see to it that he studies more and gets better posted, we will run the risk of giving him a diploma.' I promised I would do all I could for the young man, not only by instructing him but by obtaining for him such work as he might be fitted for.

"With that understanding the faculty consented to let him graduate. Not fully realizing the close call he had for being left with the derelicts, he had the presumption to try an examination for a position as an interne in the hospital. In this he completely 'flunked.' He then returned home to commence practice on his own hook.

"It is a well known fact that when a new doctor first arrives in a neighborhood he doesn't have to wait long for practice, such as it is. The deadbeats of the town, who have worn out the patience and credit of the resident practitioners, patronize him profusely and flatter him with fulsome praises as to his ability and their joy at now having a doctor who understands his business, as 'the old fogies don't know nothin!'

"Our young friend was so overwhelmed with this kind of flattery that he really thought he was one of the brightest lights that ever struck the town. He got trusted for a second hand rig and drove around the city like mad, whether he had a call or not, to make people believe he was doing a rushing business.

"I certainly did not envy him his apparent prosperity, as my former interest in him clearly proved. In fact, I was glad to see him so energetic and hoped he would soon get a paying practice.

"One evening I called on an old patient whose case was a tedious one and had demanded my closest attention for several weeks. Entering the house I met a very chilly reception and was received quite formally. I could not account for this sudden change in a family I had known so long and that always greeted my coming with smiles of welcome. I said to the wife, 'What's up now? Has anything gone wrong?' As I was speaking I noticed much subdued excitement and saw several members of the family vigorously gesticulating, whispering among themselves and casting reproachful glances in my direction.

"I asked one of the daughters the cause of this unusual state of affairs.

"'Oh nothing!' said she, 'only we've had a new doctor.'

"'A new doctor!' said I, 'What do you mean by that?'

"'Why, Mrs. Sloan, across the street, said that her doctor, a new man in town, was great on the 'yaller janders' and she advised us to try him.'

"'Well, you should have notified me that you were going to make a change. It would have been courtesy on your part to save me this unnecessary journey.'

"'I didn't know as you'd care, and, 'sides that, I was afraid to.'

"'You know as well as I can tell you, that your father has been improving under my care for the last two weeks and is now past all danger. His severe attack of gall duct obstruction is now completely relieved. The 'yaller

janders,' as you call it, is only a symptom caused by the extravasated bile coloring the skin. Now that the bile is flowing freely through its natural channels he will soon be well, with his skin as clear as ever. What did the new doctor say when he arrived?"

" 'Not much, only asked how long he had been sick. I told him about five weeks altogether.' "

" 'Did he ask what physician was attending him?' "

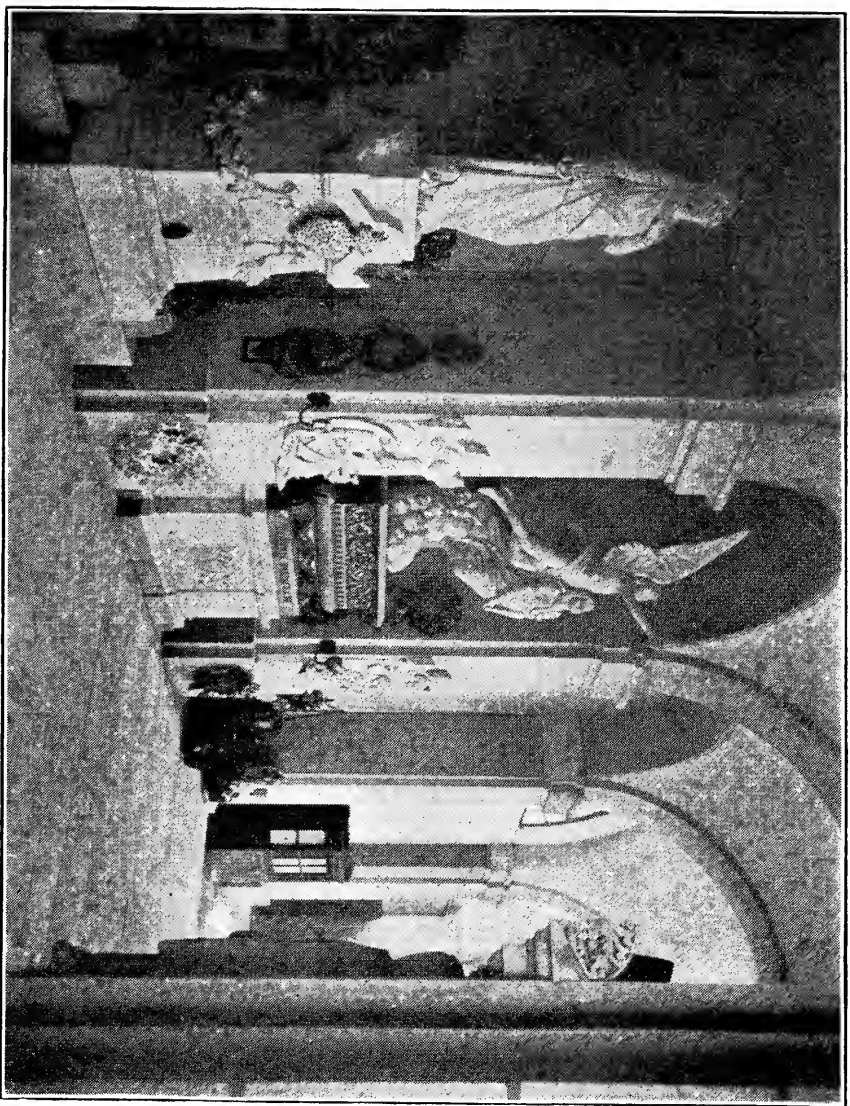
" 'Yes, I told him you'd been 'tending him for more than a month. He went over to pa, felt his pulse and tapped him on the chest with a little rubber mallet 'n then listened to his lungs with a small red trumpet. After that he looked around the room and asked to see the medicine. I showed it to him. He tasted it and smelled it, and making a very ugly face, he sat the bottle down with a whack and said there was enough pizen in it to kill a dozen men. 'Well, pa's been taking it more two weeks,' said I, 'and he didn't get no worse.' "

" 'I don't care a straw for that. It's not the proper way to treat him. You had better throw that stuff out the window. I'll give him something that Prof. Liptenstein always used in such cases.' "

" 'Dr. Montgomery!' " said I in profound astonishment, "you don't mean to tell me that the young man whom you so anxiously cared for and helped, suddenly turned on you?"

" 'I certainly do, and I never could learn his object in thus treating me unless it was that he had a silly notion that by injuring my practice he could build himself up on its ruins.' "

" 'I wonder why he selected you as a victim of his piracy.' "



TOMBS UNDER THE COLLONADE IN THE CAMPO SANTO

While photographing this scene the Author narrowly escaped a serious accident by falling from a high balustrade. See page 61



"I really never could understand that, unless it was that he knew me better than he did the other doctors, and relying on my good nature thought it safer to do so."

"Did you help him any more after you discovered his plan of campaign?"

"Most assuredly not. From that time on I allowed him to paddle his own canoe. When he did find that I really resented his interference and acted on the defensive, he began to add insult to injury by trying to hurt my character with malicious insinuations and downright slander, for you know slander is the solace of malignancy."

Dr. Montgomery at this point hurriedly drew out his watch and looking at it said, "By Jove! I had almost forgotten it. I had an engagement to meet a gentleman in the music room at three o'clock and now it's nearly four. You'll please excuse me for a few moments.

I remarked that time does fly rapidly when an interesting story is being told.

"Yes," he said, rather sadly, "it may be interesting to my hearers but I can assure you it is anything but pleasant for me to recall the treachery of that fellow who finally proved to be the real personification of ingratitude. When I return from the music room I'll tell you more about him."

"Thank you," said a gentleman who sat next me, "we'd be very glad to hear more about that egotistical chap as I have in mind a neighbor at home who is much the same kind of a creature."

During the absence of Dr. Montgomery we passed the time in commenting on what we had just heard.

One passenger remarked that the more you do for some

people the more they try to injure you. On the least pretext, and often on no pretext at all, they will show their malignancy.

At this point, Dr. Montgomery returned from the music room.

"As I was telling, this precocious chap rapidly developed into a full-fledged professional pirate. He ignored all ethics and fairly despised the Golden Rule. He insinuatingly wormed himself into the practice of other men when he could do so by plausible stories of his 'wonderful ability.' He was very suave to the wealthy and correspondingly domineering to the poorer classes of his former acquaintances. If he could touch elbows with the rich, his ambition was fully gratified.

"He had no scruples as to the means of placing himself in the lime-light of publicity and even went so far as to plagiarize a lecture written by a professor in a Western college. Claiming this as his own production, he pompously delivered it before a medical society in our town, and even went so far as to repeat it in several parts of the state, until his friends advised him to let up on it as the public were now pretty well informed as to who the real author was.

"He made no more breaks of that kind until a few months ago, when, thinking his former fiasco had been fully forgotten, he had the audacity to send to a local paper an article which he claimed as his own. It was a facetious account of a baseball game played between the doctors and lawyers of the town. The article was really written by S. Q. Lapius and was published in one of our morning papers July 12, 1877. In looking over a trunk in my stateroom this morning I fortunately

came across an old newspaper containing that very article. Do you care to hear it? It is silly stuff anyway but he thought it was great."

"Certainly, let's have it," cried several at once. "It may amuse us," said one, "as you know 'a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men.'"

A BASE BALL CHALLENGE

"Well, gentlemen, here goes!"

"Owing to a concatenation of fortuitous circumstances, superinduced by a succession of unparalleled coincidences, we the sons of Aesculapius have learned with unfeigned regret, of a fearful epidemic prevailing in our midst, the symptoms of which in the active stages are startling gyrations, fruitless attempts to strike at objects in the air, monomania for running at bags, acceleration of pulse, elevation of temperature, labored respiration, passive hyperaemia followed by profuse diaphoresis with direful hallucinations. The second day usually finds the sufferer not unlike one who has been fondling a twenty-horse power threshing machine. Not infrequently this stage is marked by opisthotnos, subsultus tendinum, ischialgia, graphospasmus, gastrodynia, cephalagia and insomnia. We are told the disciples of Blackstone now have the premonitory symptoms. We therefore solicit such to meet us at Lakeside park on any day they may designate, where we will make a careful diagnosis of their malady, give them heroic treatment on the ball field and prognosticate as to their ultimate recovery.'"

"There was nothing original about him but he was a faithful imitator. If he could surreptitiously appropriate

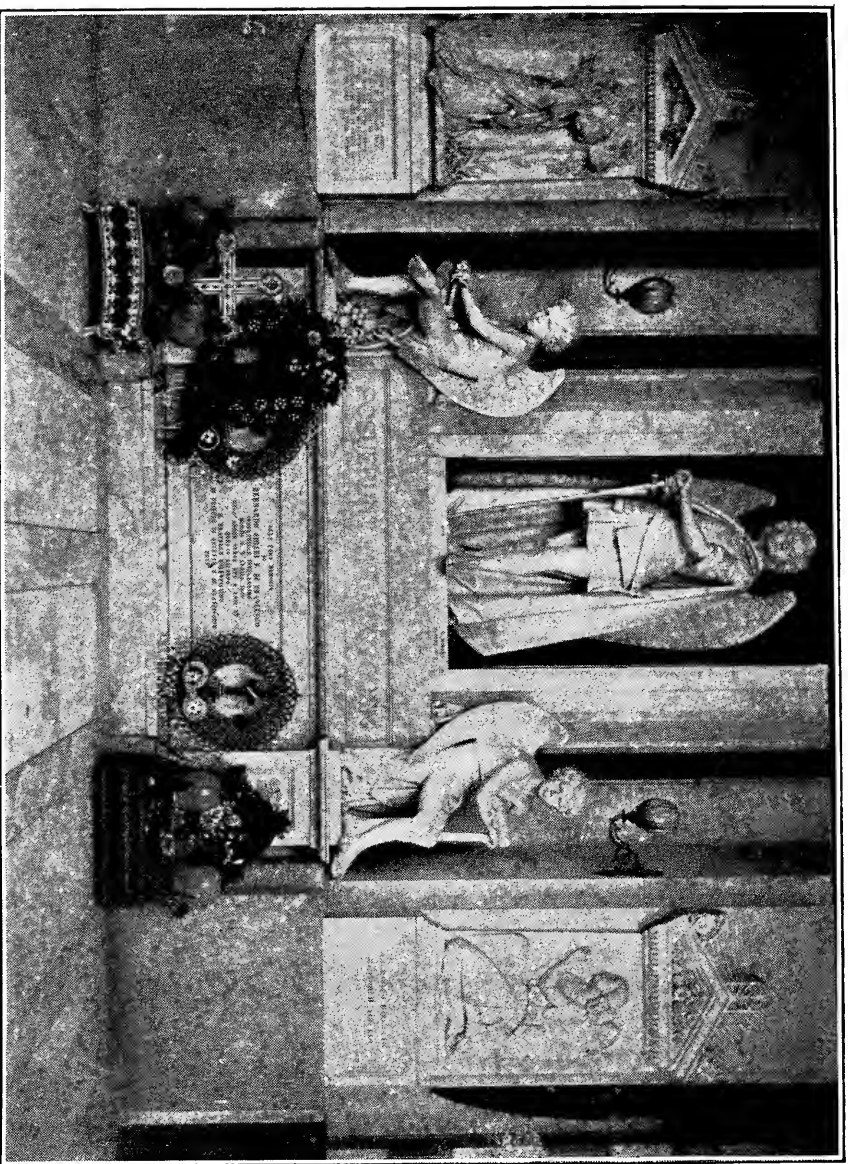
the products of his neighbor's talents he never hesitated to do so."

A TIME SERVING HYPOCRITE

When Dr. Montgomery had finished his story, an aged man who had been an earnest listener most of the time spoke up, saying it reminded him so much of a similar character in his town that he'd like to relate a little of his experience.

This gentleman was one of the real old stock, evidently from away down East somewhere. He was tall, lean and lank. With a long nose, sharp chin and bright, piercing eyes he reminded me of the redoubtable Uncle Sam. He spoke with a long, deliberate drawl so peculiar to the people of his section. With a pronounced nasal twang he indulged in the dialect acquired by constant association with people of his neighborhood. Evidently a man of culture and education, he preferred this easy style of conversation.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "bein's I'm a stranger to most of you I'll introduce myself before commencin'. My name is Stebbins. I'm known up our way as Dr. Silas Stebbins. We had a fellow out in our country that started in to practice medicine with a flourish that made the folks sit up an' take notice. The first thing he did after comin' to town was to get a stunnin' double rig and drive around like all possessed. Like the fakirs we read about, he did for certain stir up quite a business in a mighty short time. After a while he got into politics and had himself elected to a responsible position of public trust. Not willin' to keep in the 'straight and narrow path, as he could not make money fâst enough



A MARBLE TOMB IN CAMPO SANTO

The inscription says: "Posuerunt me custodem"—"They have placed me here on guard

that way, he went into several dubious schemes for getting rich quick. With many other things he was accused of asking for and receiving a bribe of several hundred dollars. The taxpayers got onto it and made a big fuss over it. The agitation got so fierce that he was hauled up and indicted. To keep him out of jail, until his trial came on, one of his friends put up a large bond.

"Knowin' the people felt so bitter agin him for his betrayal of their confidence, he was afraid to be tried in his own town, so he got a change of venue and was tried in another city where the real circumstances of the case were not so well known.

"He hired a famous criminal lawyer to defend him, went through the farce of trial, got out of the scrape and returned home.

"His lucky escape from State's prison seemed to harden his cheek to a greater extent, if possible, and he put on more 'lugs' than ever. To pull the wool over folks' eyes he worked the pious racket and would attend meetin' as regular as any old deekin. So that people'd know he was in the saint business, he'd get out in the middle aisle and go through all the pious motions he could think of.

"Some poor critters really thought he was right down in earnest, 'specially the old maids when they had the hysterics. He even got the ministers on his side to help him along in business.

"I never had much agin him, only that I didn't quite like the way he appreciated my kindness tew him when he first came to town. His wife got sick and when he thought he was goin' tew lose both her and her unborn child he sent for me in the middle of a cold, stormy night.

I got there in time to save them both. Her mother stood by with tears of gratitude in her eyes and thanked me over and over again for my skill in saving two lives, both mother and child.

"The doctor hung his head as if ashamed of his lack of ability in such an emergency and let me start for home without even thanking me. The green eyed monster Jealousy might have stung him so hard even then, that he forgot all about his benefactor. He asked me many more favors after that which I readily granted, as I hoped the excitement and worry of that eventful night was a sufficient excuse for his seeming lack of appreciation. However, I soon began to hear, through others, that he was trying to make inroads on my practice by sinister remarks and insinuations detrimental to my character. He even went so far as to announce, on one occasion, that old Stebbins had never done anything for him, and that he was under no obligations to him.

"After hearing that almost incredible story of downright treachery, I asked if I could give my opinion on that class of creatures as I had often been stung by them myself. Having obtained an audience (as all wanted to speak at once) I said, "I have with me a copy of an article I once wrote on the subject of ingratitude." I handed it out for each to read. One young man who seemed very much interested in it, asked if he might read it aloud for the company. Having my permission to do so, he proceeded as follows:

HIDEOUS INGRATITUDE

"Were it possible to correctly and fully describe ingratitude, the task would be so repulsive that the pen

of man might shrink from it. Of all the sins of human kind, ingratitude is the most despicable and cowardly. The man or woman afflicted with this most loathsome turpitude, I had almost said, is to be pitied, but no, for the disease springs from a vicious temperament, intense selfishness, uncontrollable avarice or insane jealousy. Weak ingrates have no control over these emotions and possibly, after all, a little leniency is due them, for the affliction clings to them like mortality to the deceased Ethiopian. The biped who must resort to this vile recreancy for gain, advancement or envy, is absolutely unfit for association with honest men.

"The ingrate is base enough to ask favors from well tried friends and to seek the first opportunity or pretext to injure his unsuspecting benefactors. His quondam friend is the altruistic unfortunate he is particularly after. If he can steal away *his* good name or otherwise injure him, his cup of grudge is more than full, his morbid anatomy fairly trembles with a satanic chuckle of hellish delight, and a grin of idiotic satisfaction glimmers on his simian phiz.

"The tramp asks favors of philanthropic strangers and, in pity, is sometimes even admitted to the family table, where he gorges himself with the best the house affords. In return, he steals if possible, his host's valuables and thereby proves himself a vile ingrate. The snake, a prototype of the ingrate, when frozen, was taken into the warm house and thawed out. No sooner was he capable, than he viciously implanted his venomous fangs into the very hand that saved him.

"The ingrate robs the dead, aye, even his dead benefactors of their good name. The old adage: 'Put a

beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil' was inspired when the ingrate, by a freak of fickle fortune, became possessed of a little means, and began to show his treachery to the very friend who assisted him.

"Volumes might be written on this unpleasant subject, but suffice it to say for the present, that all the effect it would have on the above mentioned nondescript would be to provoke a silly grin, whenever he held before him this veracious mirror, reflecting his true character.

"He might possibly find a warning in these famous lines of the immortal Scott:

"The wretch concentered all in self
Living, shall forfeit fair renown
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

"Base ingrate, reflect on the following golden words of Polonius when giving advice to his son Laertes:

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

This above all—to thine ownself be true. And it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

A TRIO OF APT APHORISMS

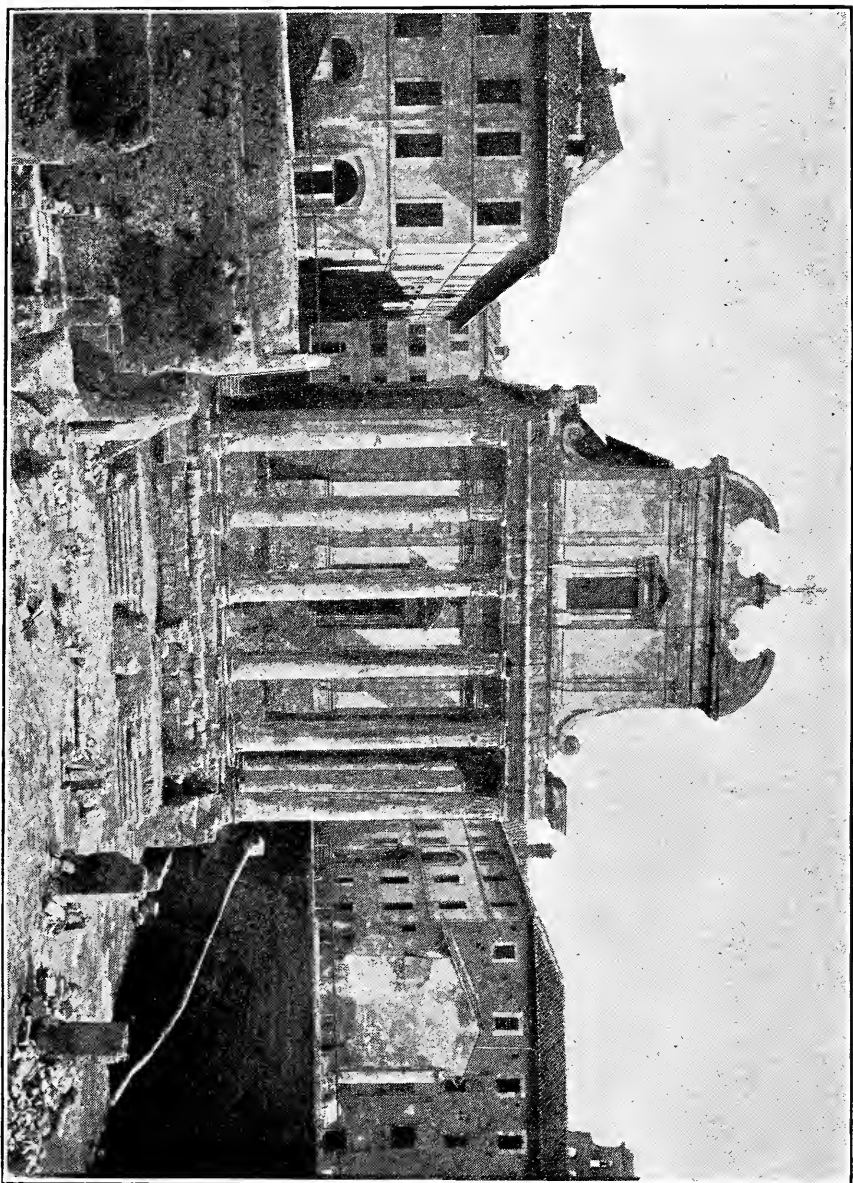
"Slander is the solace of malignity."

"Jealousy is the homage that inferiority pays to merit."

"A man's most bitter enemy is the 'friend' who can no longer keep silent."

AN UNWELCOME "COMPAGNON DE VOYAGE"

As I never played cards on shipboard, or anywhere else for that matter, I generally passed the time in either



THE OLDEST CHURCH EDIFICE IN ROME
Built in the second century

reading, walking on deck or listening to interesting stories told by passengers who frequently gathered in groups to while away the time in that manner. As my object in taking an ocean voyage was to obtain something as near absolute rest as possible, from the everlasting grind of professional work, I found that the conversational pastime appealed to me more than anything else. People from different parts of the world had various experiences which they, in many instances, were willing and even anxious to relate. You know if a person can make himself the hero of some remarkable adventure he is more than willing to have attentive listeners. That's human nature and it's all right.

Among the many stories told on the Steamer La Bretagne I will relate one I heard from a gentleman who had the misfortune to be afflicted with an undesirable "*compagnon de voyage*," as the French would say. As I could not remember all the details of that remarkable story I will quote from the paper of a stenographer who, unobserved, took notes and afterwards lent me a typewritten copy of them. There were some stenographers on the ship who made it a business of taking down interesting conversations, selling their products to their home paper or making them the basis of prospective novels.

The man who was entertaining the little circle was evidently an Irish-American. He had seen a good deal of the world and had met people of all kinds and classes. He was a man between fifty and fifty-five, well preserved and had a professional air that would indicate he was either a doctor or lawyer. I never ascertained which from anything he said, as he seemed to be rather unwilling to reveal his identity. After returning to my

stateroom I carefully copied the stenographer's transcript which I here give in full:

"In July 1901 I made up my mind to take a little relaxation from the cares of business and resolved to take a trip to Europe where I had been many times before. I had traveled single and double, as the horseman would say, and made up my mind from former experience, that I would go it alone this time.

"After carefully arranging my business affairs in such a manner that they would go on smoothly during my absence and also that if anything should happen to me, my estate would be left in a satisfactory condition, I started for New York, intending to sail the following day.

"On my arrival at the steamship dock, whom should I meet but an individual I never cared very much for. He rushed up to me with outstretched hand and a grin of delight, and gleefully informed me that he was to be my fellow passenger. He said that he heard, only yesterday, that I was going to Europe and knowing I had been there several times before and was an experienced traveler, he had made up his mind to go with me and secured, at the last moment, passage on the very boat I was to sail on and more than that he had even got a berth in the same stateroom with me.

"If a cyclone had struck me, I would not have been more disconcerted, as I had fully made up my mind to enjoy this particular trip in single blessedness so that I could go and come without consulting the wishes of a second party. I will admit, however, that a good, genial companion with whom you are well acquainted and has tastes in accordance with your own, is often a very desirable adjunct to a European trip, but, when a fellow,

whom you don't care for, forces his companionship on you, it is often a very serious matter and frequently mars the pleasures of the entire journey. So it was in this case.

"The fellow I'm to speak of was a six foot specimen of the rough and ready ignoramus who, because he had made a little money in the oil regions, felt his oats and even his slapjacks of former days and was ready at all times and on all occasions to 'rush in where angels fear to tread.'

"After boarding the ship he acted like a cat in a strange garret, rushing around from place to place; and reminded me of my boyhood days when the old circus clown used to run out of the ring and shake hands with everybody, without the formality of an introduction. A kid with his first pair of red topped boots could not have been more tickled than he was at the novelty of the surroundings. As to asking questions, he kept sailors and passengers busy answering all sorts of conundrums. I kept aloof from him as much as possible, for, the weather being very warm, it did not take much to make me 'fry with the shame.'

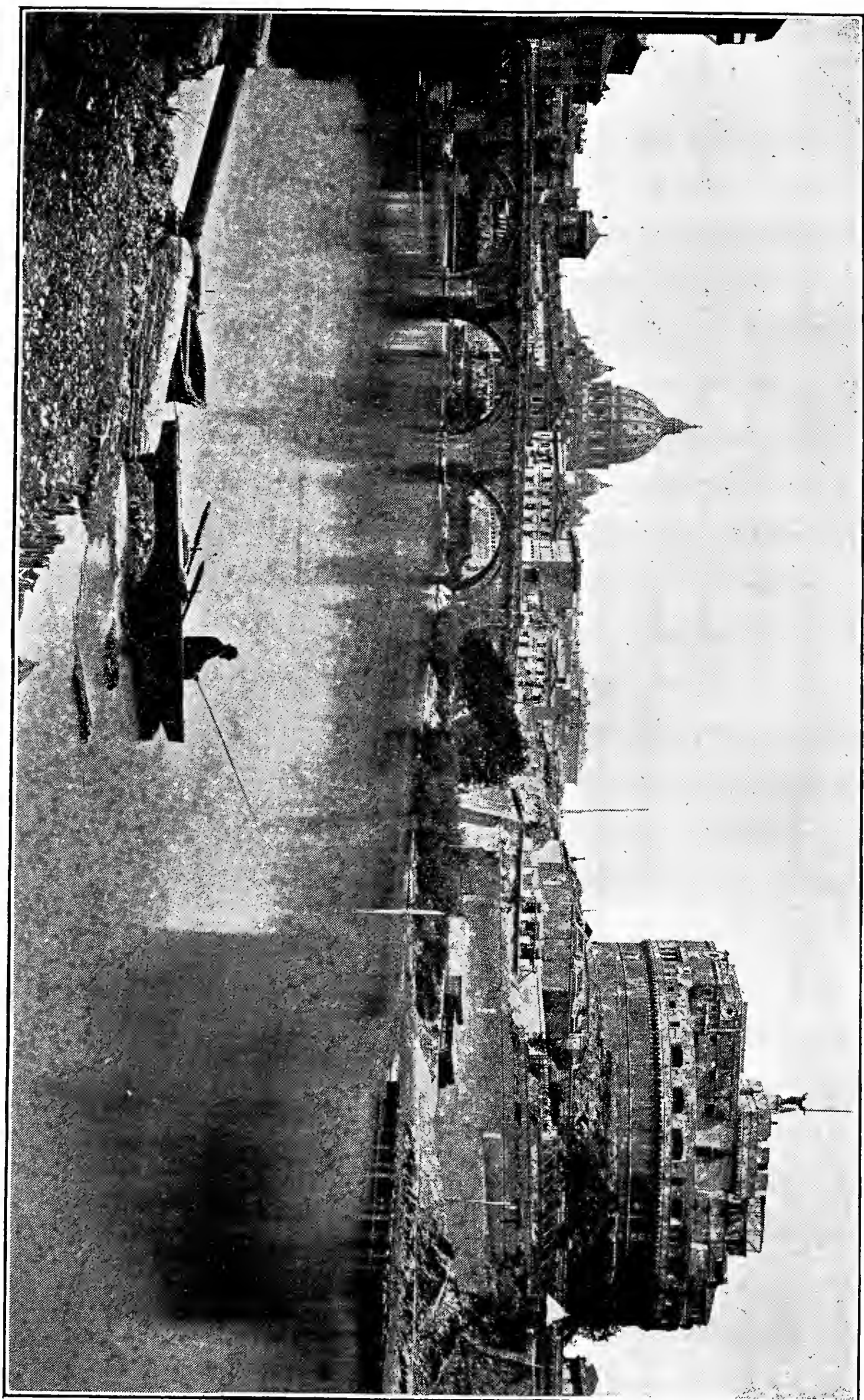
"When we landed on the other side he was at a complete loss as to procedure. Being perfectly innocent of the very rudiments of geography, he was ignorant of the relative positions of the different countries and cities we were to visit.

"One of the most unique and silly pieces of impudence I ever witnessed was exploited soon after Jim's arrival at the Imperial Hotel in Cork. With much attempted pomposity he strode awkwardly up to the manager's office and demanded paper, pen and ink. With these in

hand he hurriedly sat down at the nearest table and scribbled off a note to the mayor of the city, telling that he had just arrived from America and would like to have His Lordship call on him as soon as possible. With the air of a scion of the royal blood he ordered a messenger to take it as soon as possible to the mayor's office. About an hour afterwards a reply came from municipal headquarters containing expressions commenting on the presumption that I will charitably refrain from repeating.

"Under my careful chaperoning he got along fairly well. I tried, under the circumstances, to make everything as pleasant as possible for him and even went so far as to introduce him to my relatives and friends over there. On my account he was a welcome guest at their homes where we were wined and dined with profuse hospitality. I am sorry to say, in passing, that his manners at table were anything but creditable to the land he hailed from.

"On one occasion we were conducted through a large linen mill of Belfast by a gentleman whose affable and aristocratic manner would indicate, to the casual observer, a man of high position. He carefully explained the different processes by which the various fabrics were produced and patiently showed us through every part of the immense establishment. As we were about to depart, my bucolic friend took out his wallet and, with the lofty air of a reckless tipster, offered the gentleman a shilling for his trouble. The latter looked at him with an air of dignified astonishment saying: 'Sir, I am the proprietor of this establishment,' and suddenly walked off without the usual good bye. Here was another pen-



A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF THE BRIDGE AND TOWER OF ST. ANGELO
WITH ST. PETER'S AND THE TIBER. See page 29



alty I had to endure as the result of unwelcome company.

"At Glasgow we stopped at the Hotel St. Enoch. It is a custom there to announce by bulletin distinguished or titled guests on their arrival. As we came down stairs one morning I noticed my name among the notable arrivals. He scanned the board very anxiously but could not see his name there and seemed quite roiled at the omission. He excitedly ran over to one of the hall porters and asked why his name was not on the bulletin. He was told that no names appeared there except those of titled persons, professional men and others of note. 'O, well,' said he, 'my name's not up there because I'm only plain Jim Brown.'

"After Jim had become fairly well posted, by constant tutelage, he began to get restless and felt that now, as he knew the ropes pretty well, he would venture off alone where he could get a little more gay without being noticed.

"One fine morning he skipped away without as much as saying good bye. I didn't see any more of him until we met at the Southwestern Hotel in Liverpool. While there I asked him if he would like to see the famous docks. He had never heard of them before, but on my description of their magnitude and grandeur and the immense amount of shipping from all parts of the world, he consented to go.

"As it was his turn to pay the cab fare, I said to him: 'Jim, when you order a cab in Liverpool it is always prudent to make a hard and tight bargain with the driver before starting, and also to take note of his number for they are very quarrelsome chaps and will demand an additional fee on return. If this fellow tries that game, all

you have to say is: 'I've got your number' and he will immediately subside, being afraid of a complaint reaching headquarters, which means instant dismissal.'

"After we had visited the docks and the Steamship Oceanic which had just arrived from Belfast on her initial trip, we returned to the hotel. When Jim offered to pay the cabman, he insolently demanded more than was bargained for. Jim spoke up and said: 'I know your number, my man, and will report you if you make us any more trouble.' Cabby immediately surrendered and drove off without any more belligerent demonstrations.

'There! didn't I tell you, Jim,' said I, 'that you'd have no trouble if you told him you had his number?'

"Jim turned on me with a scowl and fiercely said, 'Huh! mebbby you learned me all I ever knew!' This outburst was a fair sample of all his pent up malignity.

"Ignoring this uncalled for insult, I arranged for his ticket, stateroom, seat at table and other details and even saw him safely aboard his ship. I did not have any conversation with him after that until I met him in the streets of our home city in the far West."

"This story is related to you," said the stranger, "for the purpose of illustrating the danger of allowing undesirable persons to join you in travel. You cannot be too careful in selecting your company for a journey which involves so much interdependence and necessarily requires great forbearance on many occasions. Tastes differ, so do tempers and it is sometimes very difficult to have them all run smoothly in the same groove. Never allow any undesirable person to travel with you, as it is inviting misery, disappointment and often disgust."

The above narrative is here recorded with the hope that some prospective tourist may profit thereby and learn from the experience of an unfortunate.

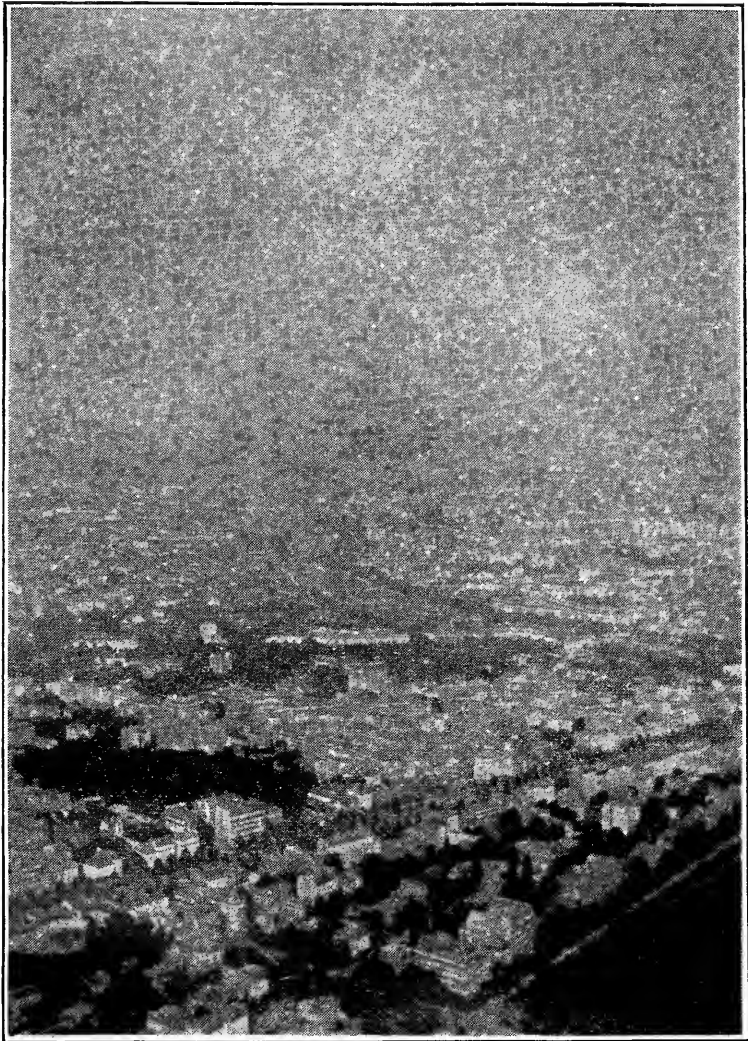
OLD FLAN, THE HANDY MAN

Among the many story tellers on the Steamship Campania was a young surgeon who related an experience he had a few years before.

"One stormy day in the month of November, 1898," said he, "I was hurriedly called to an accident that occurred at a place called Nenagh Hill, not very far from my home. As the messenger seemed to be in a desperate hurry and much excited, I went with him as soon as I could have my horse hitched and driven up to the door, although many patients were then in the office waiting to consult me. You know it is characteristic of the enthusiastic surgeon to let all else wait when an accident is on. After driving my horse for an hour or more over the rough country roads, we reached a little cabin at the edge of a dense pine wood. Around it was gathered a goodly portion of the neighborhood and all was excitement. To make my way to the bedside of the patient was almost impossible, as the little home was crowded to suffocation with sympathizing friends. Some were crying, some were giving orders, while others wildly gesticulated in their efforts to tell how the whole thing happened. With gentle diplomacy and pertinent questions patiently put, I succeeded in getting at the real nature of the accident and the cause of it.

"It appears that the widow Doheny, for that was her name, owned a fine brindle cow of which she was very proud. It had recently become the mother of a pretty

little calf. They were kept in an enclosure at the back of the house. Early that morning the widow went out with a generous warm bran mash to feed her proteges. The cow, very jealous of her offspring, seemed to think the widow's entrance into the pen an unwarranted intrusion and became much agitated. In her frenzy she made a mad rush at the frightened woman and tossed her high in the air and over the enclosure into the road. When picked up she was more dead than alive. Friends had carried her into the house and gently laid her on the bed before I reached there. After a careful examination I found she had sustained, among other injuries, a badly broken leg. In my hurried departure from home I failed to bring anything for such an emergency. This not being the first time I was caught that way, the want of regulation splints did not prevent my setting the leg, or reducing the fracture, as the surgeons would say, and giving it a temporary dressing. Looking about for proper material, I was informed that there was nothing suitable in the house. One Rodney Flanigan, who stood at my elbow, well known in that vicinity as a very handy man, kindly volunteered to get me anything I wanted for dressings. I asked him if he could procure a few pieces of lath or even some shingles. He ran off to a new building on the next block and brought back an armful of lath and shingles enough to cover a Chinese pagoda. I began immediately to prepare the splints, with some help and many suggestions from Flan, as they called him for short. All being ready, I proceeded to replace the bones which was accomplished without much pain to the patient but with many 'Oh! Ohs!' from the feminine portion of the bystanders.



A VIEW OF PARIS AS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A
BALLOON BY THE AUTHOR



"During the application of the splints, Flan stood at my side intently watching the proceedings. Becoming greatly interested, he ventured a few suggestions as to their proper adjustment. 'Don't you think, doctor,' said he, 'that bit of boord shud be put a little more to the back of the gam? Howld on a minute,' continued he, 'your stick on the ither side is a bit too short, I think.' I kept on at my work without seeming to appreciate his prolific and constant flow of wisdom. At last, however, getting out of patience with his annoyance but keeping my temper, I straightened up from the patient, over whom I was leaning, and said in as gentle a voice as I could, 'Flan, come this way a minute.' This sudden and unexpected invitation created much curiosity in the crowd. With an ominous hush and enquiring glances, they wondered what was coming next. I led him around to the opposite side of the bed, and gently raising the corner of the quilt to the knee, showed him the sound leg of the two and asked him what he thought of it. In astonishment he looked up at me, and holding his chin in his hand said: 'Sure, divil a thing's the matther wid that. It's as foine a limb as I ever see. God bless it!' 'Well!' said I, with all the solemnity I could muster, 'Flan, you will kindly take charge of this leg while I finish dressing the broken one.'

"Grief and condolences were for the time forgotten, and all broke out into a hearty laugh at Flan's discomfiture. To this day he frequently is reminded of his voluntary suggestions to the surgeon, during the dressing of the widow's broken leg on Nenagh Hill.

"Old Flan's good nature and timely assistance were fully appreciated, but when he assumed the responsible

position of consulting surgeon, I thought the limit was reached. He vividly brought to mind the Latin adage: 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam'—the shoemaker should stick to his last."

A PENALTY OF PATRIOTISM

Having enjoyed many stories from the passengers of the Campania, I at last felt that I should contribute my share to the favorite pastime. I therefore gave out the following narrative which appeared to entertain my hearers.

"The scene I am about to describe took place in my office about twenty-seven years ago. It was to me so unique that I told it to a Herald reporter who gave it to his paper. Exchanges reprinted it far and wide; even the monthly magazines gave it a prominent place in their pages.

"At the time of the incident I was living in Hudson street and had an office on the second floor of the Alpha Flats. One pleasant evening in July—in fact, it was the glorious Fourth—as I was sitting at my window admiring the patriotic efforts of the street gamins in their anxiety to properly celebrate Independence Day by firing off all kinds of blunderbusses and cannon crackers, producing general pandemonium, my amusement was somewhat rudely disturbed by a great commotion of many men with heavy boots scuffling up the stairway. Rushing through the door pell mell, a large and excited delegation of deck hands soon filled the room. I could not account for their sudden invasion, until the leader, a burly specimen of the Emerald Isle, tattered and torn, approached me with both hands holding fast to his chin. Acting as spokes-

man, he said in broken accents: 'Doctor, you'll excuse me appearance but, it bein' the Foorth, meself an' a few of the byes were having a little divarsion on the hill beyant whin one av them gav me a shlap av an owld shoe on the jah.' While relating the details of the scrimmage he rapidly walked to and fro and seemed to be in great pain. I tried to quiet him and told him to be seated that I might make an investigation. On a cursory examination I soon ascertained the extent of his injuries and said to him: 'Why man, your jaw is broken. How could the slap of an old shoe do so much damage?'

"'Ouch! howld on docther, aisy! Melia murther youre hurtin me. Moind you, there was a fut in that owld shoe, and a big wan too.'

"'Oh well!' said I, 'that readily accounts for the dilapidated condition of your nether masticator.'

"I set his jaw and wired the separated teeth together to make assurance of union doubly sure, and carefully swathed his head in snowy white bandages until he looked like a Hibernian Turk wearing a holiday turban.

"He and his companions, after many thanks, walked forth from the office with an ominous swagger that portended little good for 'the haythen that gev him a shlap av an owld shoe.'"

MUTUAL APPRECIATION

ONE evening we were sitting in the smoking room of the Steamship Hohenzollern listening to a violinist who seemed to be inspired by the rolling waves of old ocean or the winds whistling around us, for he played like one enchanted. After his generous number of choice selections was finished, a self-appointed master of ceremonies reminded me that I had not as yet contributed to the evening's entertainment by singing a song or telling a story. I told him I was never found guilty of even attempting to sing a song, as I had some regard for the feelings of my friends and neighbors. As to the story-telling, I would try to entertain them by relating a bit of history which was in such striking contrast to the harrowing tales of ingratitude I had heard the night before, that it would prove there is still some gratitude left in this selfish old world for kindness shown, especially when one meets real men.

"Away back in war times I was studying medicine in Binghamton under Dr. Brooks as my preceptor. He was then the most eminent practitioner in Southern New York. I found him a very pleasant gentleman and remained with him until I entered a medical college. During my stay there I often heard him speak of Dr. George K. Smith, at that time a professor in Long Island Medical College. He told me the doctor was once a student



PANTHEON AT PARIS AND SHRINE OF ST. GENEVIEVE,
PATRONESS OF THE CITY

in his office and spoke very highly of him as a physician and a man in the highest sense of the word. When I was about to go to New York he gave me a letter of introduction to Dr. Smith. This document proved of great service, as in the doctor I found a friend who was not only willing but eager to grant me any favor I might ask.

"In after years as I was one day standing in my office in Syracuse looking out the window, I noticed a young man entering a drugstore on the opposite corner. He was tall, straight and dignified in manner. As he was dressed in dark clothes and wore a long black coat and high silk hat, I took him for a minister or a professor in some university.

"While I was still standing there I noticed him coming out of the store and crossing the street in my direction. Soon a rap at the door told the arrival of the young man at my home. Entering the office he announced himself as a nephew of my old Brooklyn friend, Dr. George K. Smith. That was all the recommendation I needed, but to supplement this he produced a letter of introduction from his uncle which was very complimentary to the young man's past history, and concluded by hoping I would extend to him the right hand of fellowship as he had just graduated from the University of New York and intended to make Syracuse his future home.

"I was more than pleased to meet the young doctor and told him I would be only too glad to advance his interests in every way I could. He seemed very much gratified with his reception, and assured me he would fully appreciate anything I might do for him.

"After a very pleasant visit he informed me of his intention to locate in Syracuse. I encouraged him to do so, and advised him as to the best part of the city in which to begin his professional career. He did as I suggested and located in a busy manufacturing district. His decision proved a lucky one, for he was soon a hustling young practitioner with all he could comfortably attend to.

"As time went on his practice increased so much he was obliged to seek larger quarters and, to firmly establish himself, he purchased an elegant and commodious home. He was honored with many public offices. Among them were some of the highest positions in the gift of his city and state.

"His rapidly successful career soon aroused the envy and jealousy of some of the medical proletariat. Paying no attention to the carping of the Lilliputs, he steadily advanced in the estimation of the people until he now stands in the front ranks of the profession to which he is a credit.

"The gentleman to whom I refer is Dr. Frederick W. Smith of Syracuse, N. Y. He has lately published a work entitled 'Essentials of Practical Hygiene,' which is considered one of the best on that subject. Among the most entertaining and instructive portions of his book are the Chapters on Infancy, Adolescence, Maternity, Childhood, Moral Hygiene, School Hygiene and Municipal Hygiene. It is a work of nearly three hundred pages and does honor not only to Dr. Smith but to the city of Syracuse, his adopted home.

"When his book was issued from the press, he presented me with the first copy. On opening it I was

agreeably surprised to find the following on the first page:

‘TO MY DEAR FRIEND

DR. GREGORY DOYLE

OF SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

WHEN I BEGAN THE PRACTICE OF

MEDICINE IN SYRACUSE

IN 1881,

I WAS A STRANGER IN A STRANGE CITY.

I FORTUNATELY MET DR. DOYLE WHO EXTENDED TO ME

THE RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP

IN SUCH A MANNER

THAT I FEEL I OWE TO HIM AND

HIS LASTING FRIENDSHIP

AND PATERNAL ADVICE

MUCH OF MY PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS.’

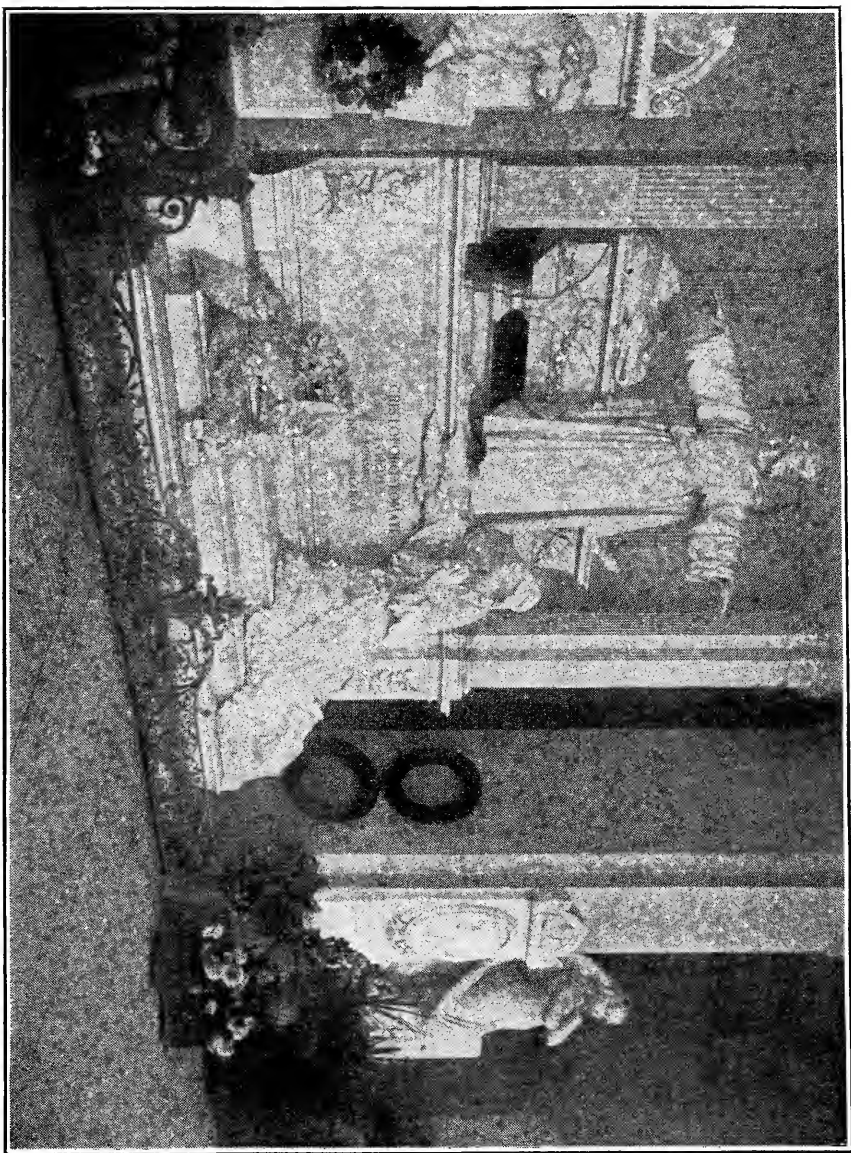
“Here is an act of gratitude from a man who honestly differs with me in religion and politics and whose birthplace is separated from mine by the broad Atlantic, but

“He was a man for a’ that.”

“Dr. Smith’s magnanimous recognition of my efforts in his behalf went a long way to heal a heart lacerated by the ingratitude, treachery and abuse of some of my countrymen and co-religionists who have often asked and received a helping hand and professional advice from me.

“Hoping, gentlemen of the Hohenzollern, that my re-

lation of this true story of my experience with professional brethren will be accepted as my contribution to the entertainment this evening, I will now retire to my state-room as we must have rest on sea as well as on shore. Hoping to see you all on deck in the morning, I will now say 'Au revoir.' "



A FAMILY TOMB IN THE CAMPO SANTO, GENOA



VI

GERMANY

IN September, 1889, Mr. Henry A. Smith and the author were on their homeward journey after making an extensive tour of Southern Europe. One pleasant evening we found ourselves in Frankfort-on-the-Main enroute for Mayence-on-the-Rhine.

A SERIO-COMIC INCIDENT

On our arrival at Frankfort we boarded a transit trolley car which, we were told, would take us to the Mayence station on the other side of the city. I seated myself in the car while Mr. Smith remained on the rear platform to be near the grips which we left there. Shortly after we started I heard a great commotion and, as the car suddenly stopped, went outside to investigate. I found my friend and the conductor out on the street in an excited and gesticulating Anglo-German verbal war. It appears that the conductor, without making an enquiry as to whom the grips belonged, unceremoniously and indignantly pitched them off the platform into the street. Of course my friend went off also to look after our property so rudely scattered. Not understanding one another, the American and the German made a comical attempt at convincing arguments, which Mr. Smith adroitly and quickly ended by handing the cantankerous little conductor a large silver piece. The argent remedy

acted like a charm and the stuffy little tyrant returned to his car with the strut of a conquering hero, while Mr. Smith and I replaced the grips.

It appears that no luggage is allowed on the German trolleys unless previously arranged for. When we told the conductor we wanted to be taken to the other station that we might continue our journey on to Mayence he carelessly answered "yaw yaw," and we resumed our seats.

This little fiasco being over, we continued our journey in peace, until we reached what, we supposed, was the neighborhood of the Mayence station. Instead of reaching the desired spot we were landed in the car barns at the edge of the woods, just outside of the city limits. That was the last car for the night. Here we were in a foreign land among strangers, not knowing what to do or where to go. After holding council and considering ways and means, we silently, and with humble resignation, clutched our ponderous grips and, in the atramental darkness, began our silent and weary journey for the city, whose glimmering lights we could discern afar off. After a long and weary tramp we reached a good looking hotel and were glad our toilsome journey was at an end, as we supposed, for the night, but disappointment was again our lot, for the clerk politely informed us that the hotel was filled and that we could not get a room there for love or money, as we had not telegraphed in advance for one. He directed us to another hotel and we trudged on with our heavy grips, only to again meet disappointment at the second place. We went to five or six hotels with the same result, and only stopped roaming around when we were informed by a considerate gentleman that

there was a large convention in the city and that all the hotel accommodations were spoken for, many days in advance. I got rather discouraged at this belated piece of information, and firmly resolved that I would go no farther that night, but would rest my weary limbs by sitting down on my grip and remaining on the street until morning. Mr. Smith, who is ever resourceful, was suddenly seized with a novel idea. He proposed that we hire a hack and ride about the city until broad daylight in the morning. I immediately and willingly assented. We hailed the first cabby that came along and made a bargain with him for a night's lodging. After being snugly ensconced in the ancient rig, the sleeper of the pair took a much needed snooze, while the other remained awake. When a half hour had elapsed he aroused his companion and took a nap himself. This continued performance was repeated every half hour until morning, when each resolved he had had a very good night's rest in the street. Welcome daylight having dawned, we found a restaurant where we had a substantial breakfast and after that succeeded in finding the Mayence station.

MAYENCE

Mayence, or Mainz, as they call it in Germany, is a fine old city on the Rhine with an antique air about it that at once enlists the attention of the tourist. Among the many notable buildings is the great cathedral with its six stately towers. The exterior of the edifice is of rather pleasing proportions; its interior however is gloomy and presents the appearance of a great mausoleum rather than that of a cheerful house of worship.

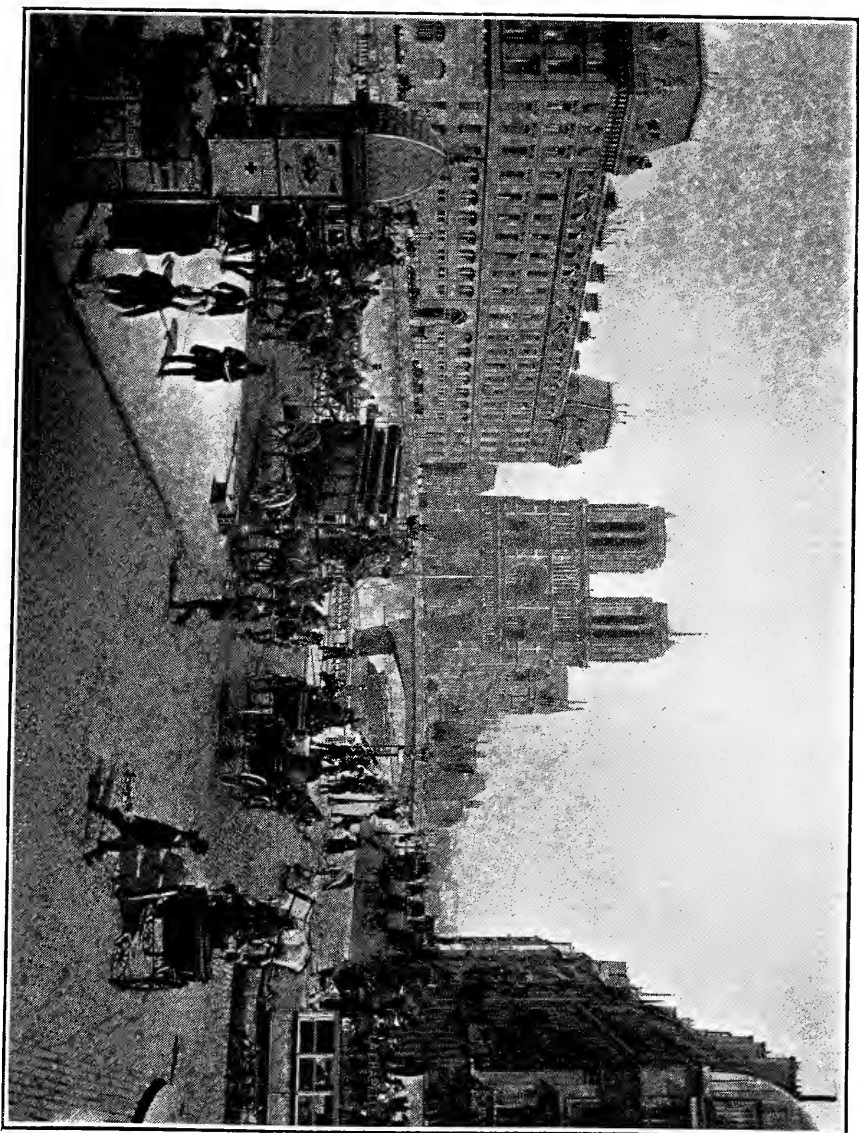
The walls are nearly hidden with a profusion of gloomy statues, blackened by age and fallen into partial decay through neglect. Its flooring is made up of well worn tiles of various colors, and a large number of marble slabs. For the most part the latter are covered with memorials of cardinals, bishops and other dignitaries who have long since been buried there. In this respect it reminded me very much of Westminster Abbey.

As every school boy knows, or ought to know, Mayence was the home of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing. For many years before his time impressions, with what is known as solid block letters, were made, but he was the inventor of the moveable or separate type, an achievement that was destined to dominate the world for all time to come.

As a becoming inauguration of so great an art he at once set about the task of printing a Latin Bible, and persevered in it against many obstacles placed in his way by poverty and inexperience, until he was able to give an anxiously waiting public the complete work in 1468.

Like many benefactors of mankind, poor Gutenberg was allowed by an ungrateful people to die in poverty, friendless and alone. His death took place in his native city Oct. 2, 1468. His marvelous achievement was of far greater benefit to mankind than the victories of armies or the discovery of the North Pole which has been just announced (Sept. 1, 1909).

There is a charm about those ancient German cities that is as unique as some of their old buildings and customs. The dress of the laboring classes seems more adapted to solid comfort than mere display. With their



A FINE VIEW OF THE GREAT CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME AND
HOTEL DIEU, PARIS



long pipes and heavy shoes, artisans and laborers leisurely wend their way to daily toil with an air of satisfaction that would make a bloated bond holder nervous with envy. The frauleins whom one meets on the street are pictures of neatness and frugality, as they flit by in their comfortable homespun gowns.

At our hotel near the river I met a gentleman who had some trouble in trying to open his trunk as he had lost his key. In his distress he asked if I would lend him my bunch to see if he could find one that would answer the purpose. I readily complied with his request. Having found a key that would do the work he returned them with many thanks. This little incident led to our forming an acquaintance which was found mutually agreeable. In the course of our conversation I learned that the gentleman was Mr. S. L. Mestrezat of Uniontown, Pa., a lawyer by profession. (I learn he has since been raised to a judgeship in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.)

DOWN THE RHINE

When we took the boat for a trip down the Rhine to Cologne Mr. Mestrezat went with us and proved to be a very pleasant "compagnon de voyage." His thorough knowledge of the country through which we were traveling and the entertaining manner in which he utilized it for the benefit of his hearers was very gratifying and highly appreciated.

As we proceeded down the famous river he pointed out many places of historical note and gave interesting descriptions of the various old castles and crumbling ruins that adorned its shore.

Our first stop was at "Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine," so famed in the song and story of our childhood days. As the sailors were having some difficulty in making a landing, the pompous little captain, who was giving orders from the deck, attracted our attention by his vociferous commands. When things went contrary to his ideas he would hop up and down a la jumping jack, whirl around like a top and fairly foam at the mouth, in his frantic efforts to get out an oath ponderous enough to suit the occasion. At last, when the boat was secured to the dock, he vigorously mopped his sweltering brow and strode the deck with the self-satisfied air of a successful commander.

The antics of the little captain made me think of Shakespeare's

"Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glossy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep."

Measure for Measure—Act II, Scene 2.

Just below Bingen is a little oblong island on which is a lonely looking tower where, according to tradition, an aged bishop, who had fled from his enemies for safety, was devoured by rats. It is known as the Mausethurm or Mouse Tower. Perhaps the story was the evolution of some disordered brain rather than a verified tradition of ancient times.

Across the river from Bingen is the great national monument known as the Guardian of the Rhine or the Wacht am Rhein, as the Germans affectionately and proudly call it.

On a high buff, far above the river, can be seen this grand structure. On a granite pedestal of mammoth proportions stands a classic figure of Germania holding aloft her right hand while her left rests on her sword of defence.

The vineyards that here drape the declivity, down to the water's edge, produce the richest wine grapes in the country. When at table on the steamer the steward will graciously call your attention to the various wine-growing sections along the river and at the same time bring forth a bottle which he says holds wine from the very vineyards you are passing. This announcement was of course a bid to purchase a souvenir bottle or two. We did not seem to catch on to the idea, however, but allowed him to think we believed every word he said.

When coming out of the salon or dining room the charges for meals were collected. It so happened that the very steward, who failed to sell us the wine, was the collector at the door. I handed him a large treasury note and when I counted my change I noticed it was about twenty Marks short. I called his attention to it. He appeared very indignant that I should doubt his ability or honesty, but when I told him I knew German money and could not be deceived in that way, he reluctantly handed me the proper change. This attempt to defraud me was, no doubt, an act of revenge on his part because I did not see fit to purchase his wine.

THE LORELEI

A little farther down the river is the famous rock of the Lorelei. It is said that the siren from her aerie would often lure wandering sailors to the dangerous

rocks beneath her, where many of them found a watery grave.

A German poet thus records the legend:

Lo, yonder sits a maiden
The fairest of the fair,
With gold her garments glittering
As she combs her wavy hair.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move,
He sees not the gulf before him
His gaze is fixed above.

I believe o'er boat and boatman,
In the end, the billows run,
And 'tis this that with her singing
By the Lorelei was done.

I was much amused one day when I happened to come across my friend, Mr. Smith, on the after deck, trying to hold conversation with a young German. Neither could speak the other's language and it was very entertaining, to say the least, to watch the working hands and shoulders and the grotesque mouthings they made in their almost frantic efforts to convey ideas to one another. This continuous performance was carried on with ridiculous variations until a large crowd of the passengers had been attracted to the unusual exhibition of linguistic calisthenics. It soon became evident, however, that an interchange of ideas between the representatives of America and Germany was bound to prove a failure and the crowd quietly and resignedly dispersed.

The Rhine is not as large a river as the Hudson but it is far more interesting to the tourist on account of its



THE GREAT STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC AT PARIS



many historical associations. I have often sailed down the magnificent American river and enjoyed its natural scenery. When old Father Time, with his history-making facilities, shall have done, in an artificial way, for the Hudson as much as he has for the Rhine, the former will surpass in every respect the beauties of the great German river.

COLOGNE

The most notable monument of all Germany is, of course, the great Cathedral of Cologne. In many respects it rivals the splendor of St. Peter's at Rome. Built in pure Gothic style, it displays a type of architecture that is strikingly grand. Once seen, the impression is firmly fixed on the mind. All descriptions, so far heard, give but a faint idea of its magnificence. It must be seen to be appreciated. When I first looked upon the great Dom, as they call it there, I stood transfixed in amazement, while I tried to realize its greatness. Its two towering spires, higher than the Washington Monument, piercing the very clouds, seemed to challenge the listless infidel, while they fortified the faith of the devout Christian.

A curious legend, handed down from the Middle Ages in reference to the plans for this great cathedral, is so unique that I will here relate an abridged version of it.

The story goes that the Archbishop of Cologne wished his architect to draw plans for a magnificent church; in fact, the grandest that had ever been constructed. He told him he had sufficient means for that purpose and wished him to spare no expense. To encourage him he spoke of the riches that were in store for him and how his name would go down in triumph to posterity. He

reminded him of the praises of his countrymen and how popular he would become for all time.

This little speech rather encouraged the architect to attempt the great undertaking and filled him with visions of future glory and renown. To the bishop he made answer and said, "My lord, your wishes will be fulfilled." He then went off to the shore of the classic Rhine where he sat down on the sands and became deeply absorbed in the great problem proposed by the bishop. He planned long and earnestly in every conceivable manner but never could arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to what the great edifice should look like or even how to commence its construction.

One bright morning, while in deep contemplation on the vexatious problem, he was approached from behind by an old man of swarthy mien, wrinkled and spare in form, who touched him on the shoulder with an outstretched bony hand. This act of unexpected familiarity caused the architect to start with a shudder and wonder whom the stranger might be. As he looked up at the old man's face he asked him his mission there. "I am here," he said, "to help you with the problem that so puzzles your mind and vexes your temper." With that he drew forth a wand with which he rapidly traced upon the sands the outlines of a magnificent cathedral, but as soon as the plans were drawn the waves of the Rhine swept them away. He renewed them again and again but as often as he did, they were obliterated by the oncoming waters.

The bewildered architect many times sought to retain, in his mind at least, the mysterious and fast fleeting plans but he was never able to do so. At last in despair he

asked the stranger if he would sell them to him. "I will pay you any price you ask," said he, "I will give you all I own." "I will give it to you," said the man, "your life will be considered most happy. Your desires will be fulfilled. However, in exchange for all this I will only want your soul."

At the last sentence the architect trembled; his very frame shook like an aspen leaf. He then realized the fact that the stranger was no less a personage than Satan himself.

Going back to his home the architect was stricken with a dangerous illness. He could not sleep, the wildest dreams racked his fevered brain. He was sorely tempted to sell his soul for the wonderful model, but he hesitated to surrender to the Evil One.

The next morning, after a restless night, the architect was found at his accustomed place on the shore of the Rhine trying to recall the wonderful plans traced by the stranger. He could not remember them; try as he might. The continued and mighty strain, the result of his futile efforts, caused him to go off into a deep swoon from which he did not recover for a long time. When he came to himself he found the tempter again at his side, when he said to him: "I will accept your conditions." "To-morrow, at midnight," said Satan, "meet me on these sands and I will give you the plan of the proposed cathedral, then you must sign it with your blood."

The architect, full of sorrow and greatly dismayed, returned to his humble home. His soul was fairly torn with remorse and the thoughts of eternal damnation. Not knowing what course to take he went to his con-

fessor to whom he confided all. "You will commit no sin," said the priest, "if you deceive old Satan himself. Meet him at the river, accept from him the plans for the cathedral, grasp them suddenly from his hand and at the same time flash this relic before his wicked eyes." The bewildered man carried out the priest's instructions and when Satan saw a portion of the sacred wood of the true cross, he cried out, "I am conquered," and instantly fled. As he disappeared, a weird wail came back from the retreating form which plainly said, "You'll not gain anything for your treachery. Your name will not go down to posterity."

Such is the legend that may gain some credence among the illiterate but which is looked upon by people in general as a very diaphanous bit of folk-lore.

My impression of the great Dom was that its chaste and stately outlines could have been traced only by a hand highly skilled in the science of an ecclesiastical architecture far in advance of any ever before conceived.

The interior of the church is grand beyond description and strictly in keeping with its Gothic exterior.

The numerous chapels are wondrous works of art.

At the rear of the main altar lie the remains of the Magi or Three Wise Men of the East, who visited the Infant Savior in the stable at Bethlehem. The casket itself is of gilded bronze, the front being of pure gold. It is opened on the feast of the Epiphany each year, when the three bodies can be seen lying side by side.

A recent discovery has brought to light the fact that the architect of the wondrous Dom was Gerard of St. Frond. A paper dated 1257 tells us that the Chapter of

the Cologne Cathedral gave a house to the architect Gerard to recompense him for his excellent work.

NUREMBERG

As I stood on the old stone bridge that spans the river Pegnitz, which divides Nuremberg into nearly two equal parts, I reflected on the antiquity of this ancient burg which has been in existence since the Eleventh Century. It was early a "City of the Empire" and is to-day one of the most important cities in Bavaria. Here the toys that delight the children of Christendom are made, and many other articles that reach the limits of civilization.

Among the most interesting sections of Nuremberg is that in which is located the King's Summer Castle, known as the Kaiserburg. The tourist, if he cares to, will be shown through its baronial halls by a polite attendant. We were much interested as we inspected the deserted apartments, formerly scenes of so much festal gaiety and royal splendor. Here Barbarossa prepared himself for the Holy Wars. Sigismond and Charles V. were also familiar with this regal home as were many Bavarian monarchs of old.

There is a lime tree in the court yard said to have been planted over eight hundred years ago by the Empress Kunigunde. We were shown a high wall over which a horseman leaped with his steed to the moat below, a distance of some eighty feet. Man and horse escaped injury and fled from pursuers who failed to overtake them.

Eppelein von Gailingen, for that was his name, a brigand, a freebooter, in fact a sort of a Bavarian Dick Turpin, was captured after many futile efforts by the

Nuremberg soldiers and confined in the prison near the Castle. One morning he was led out to execution and as the headsman was about to obey the order of the King, the captive asked one last favor which was a strange one for a man so near the confines of eternity. He spied his favorite horse standing with others in the prison yard and requested the privilege of bidding him a fond farewell. This was granted, as apparently no possible harm could come from it. The robber brigand, for such he really was, had no sooner placed his hands upon the horse's neck than he quickly swung himself into the saddle and made a dash for the ramparts, over which both safely went, to the utter astonishment of the soldiers and would-be executioner.

CHAMBER OF TORTURE

We visited the famous Chamber of Horrors which is also near the palace. It is surely well named, for I never could believe that such a collection of instruments of torture could be made or that the evil genius of man could invent such diabolical ways and means for inflicting agony on his fellow man.

Instruments of torture, peculiar to different ages and nations, civilized and savage, meet the eye on every hand. Many thousands are in the collection, no two of them being alike. The most conspicuous of them all is perhaps the Iron Virgin, an apparent personification of all deviltry. She stands in the center of a great room on the ground floor, a fit, ferruginous deity to preside over her companions in cruelty. On close inspection I found her but a hollow mockery after all. Her cloak of iron, being laid open, displayed a lining bristling with polished

spikes. When a victim was taken to her "heart" she relentlessly and firmly embraced him in such a manner that the spikes were driven into all parts of his body, even his very face and eyes. When the unfortunate had ceased to complain, the cloak was opened, and his lifeless body was allowed to drop into the river below, after being sliced by knives which it struck on its way down.

Long legged copper boots were shown which, having been heated nearly red hot, prisoners were forced to put on and run around in. The deadly Russian knout hung on the walls. It consisted of a short, stout handle to which were attached several strips of strong black leather. These were knotted in several places, each knot being supplemented with steel burrs wickedly pointed. When looking at it, I could not refrain from thinking of the many poor serfs who had succumbed to its cruel strokes, laid on by the sturdy hand of some cowardly servant of the Czar.

A cradle was there also. Yes, a genuine cradle, rockers and all. It was too large for a child and rather uncomfortable for an adult. About eight feet in length by three feet wide at the top, and narrowing to the bottom, it was built of heavy pine. Through its sides and bottom were driven sharp spikes about six inches in length, the points projecting into its cavity. When prisoners had committed some fault of discipline they were stripped, thrown naked into this cradle and rocked vigorously until the spikes had so mangled their flesh as to either cause lifelong deformity or a lingering and cruel death.

To describe the endless variety of instruments of tor-

ture displayed in that old museum would exhaust the reader's patience and perhaps provoke him to say some unpleasant things about the cruelty and cowardice of bygone days.

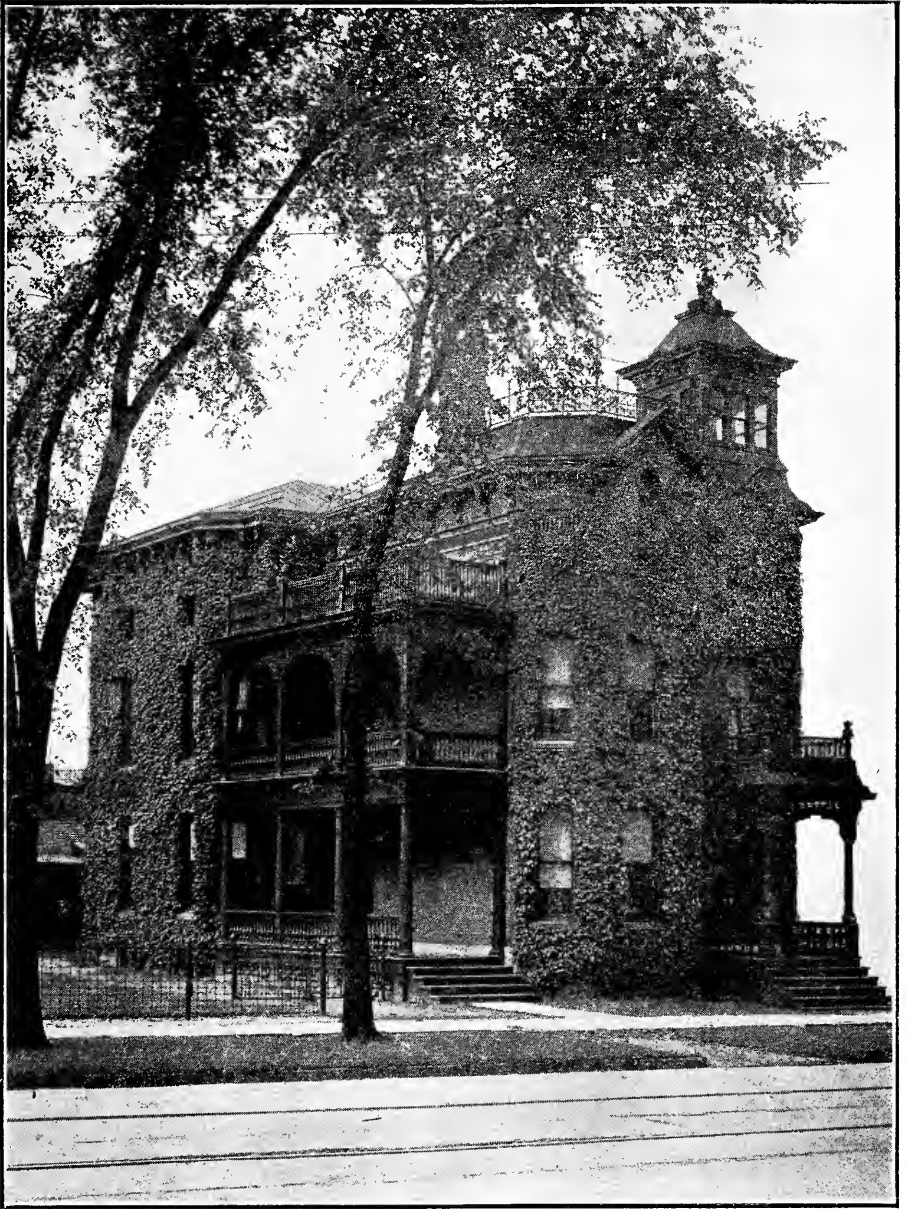
During our Columbian Exposition the Managers wished to show these instruments, but could not get the loan of even a small portion of the collection, as no company could be found willing to assume the risk of transportation.

In the prison yard is an old, deep well, the bottom of which is connected with a secret passage which leads to the lower part of the town. Many prisoners of the guard house, near by, have made their escape through it. In olden times it was used for strategic purposes.

Our hotel in Nuremberg was formerly a royal palace and is located on one of the main streets. Our room on the second floor was paved with vitrified brick of an odd design. The walls were thick and the windows narrow. In fact all its fixtures and furniture were very antique, forcibly reminding us that we were then in the oldest city of Bavaria and one of the most ancient in Germany.

AN ANTIQUE FIRE CO.

As we were sitting near the window one pleasant evening we heard a great racket down the street and, looking out, beheld a sight that would make the angels smile. It was nothing more nor less than a fire company running to some real or imaginary conflagration. Six men of uncertain ages were rushing down the street and yelling for all they were worth. Attached to them, by means of a long rope, was a large platform wagon which they



CASTLE GREGORY

A memorial to our only son who was but shown to Earth and taken away

were dragging along the street. On this odd looking vehicle was a tub which looked like the segment of a hogshead. This was furnished with a large hand pump which was to do duty at the fire. I was quite sure the flames would soon be squelched if yelling would do it. I had no serious idea that the exhibit was a sample of the fire department of Nuremberg but indulged in the thought that it might be a remnant of an ancient and honorable aggregation that existed in the days of yore.

VII

SWITZERLAND

AFTER a sojourn of two weeks in Paris we left that gay metropolis for Switzerland. A pleasant ride of twelve hours brought us to Geneva near the eastern boundary of France. This thriving little city is beautifully situated on a lake of the same name and sometimes known as Lake Lemain, at a point where the blue waters of the restless Rhone rush forth in a great torrent on their rapid course to the sea.

At Geneva commences the wild mountain scenery so much enjoyed by tourists going to Lucerne. As we passed along through deep gorges and over rocky cliffs, expressions of wonder and awe among the passengers were frequent, sudden and sometimes boisterous. You could not blame them, for the panorama passing before us fairly defied any attempt at truthful description. I often wondered where painters got their ideas of varied and rich coloring in mountain landscapes, but when I beheld the gorgeous hues—purple, blue, red, emerald and in fact all the shades of the rainbow—that lit up the craggy peaks of the towering Alps, I realized that Nature herself had taught them the lesson.

The ancient town is famous for telescopes, watches and Calvin himself, not forgetting Voltaire and Rosseau. Berne was our home for one brief night. This being the capital of Switzerland makes it a city of great importance to the natives. The bear being the national animal,

its effigy is to be seen on almost every corner, in the parks and even in the hallways of the hotels; and to make sure that bruin is not forgotten he is kept in luxurious style on the banks of the Aare, a river that flows through the city with the velocity of a mountain torrent.

Interlaken, our next rest, is the Saratoga of Switzerland. In summer it is thronged with people from all parts of the world. Being a health resort, at this time of the year, many invalids take advantage of the refreshing climate. Here the famous Jungfrau raises its peak nearly 14,000 feet. On a bright day its top, covered with a mantle of eternal snow, can be seen from a great distance. But two or three people have ever succeeded in reaching its summit on foot. Several have been maimed or killed in the attempt.

Wood and ivory carving are the main industries of Interlaken and here can be found the finest work of this kind.

Allowing Interlaken to remain nestled between its mountain lakes, we started for Lucerne, the pride of all Switzerland. On our way we crossed the Alps by the famous Brunig Pass, our engine crawling up the precipitous mountain side by means of cog and pinion. All along, even to the summit, are little tents or cabins, presumably shepherds' homes, built here and there on ledges of rock that would seemingly defy the climbing of a Rocky Mountain goat.

Everybody visits the Rigi, or ought to, so we made the pilgrimage. It can be plainly seen from the city of Lucerne, as it is only fifteen miles away. Arriving at its base after a pleasant ride on the lake, we boarded the waiting train and were pushed by the engine to the summit along

a cogged railway that rises one foot in every four. We feared at times that our car would stand on end, so steep were some of the grades. Once on the top, we exclaimed in the words of the inevitable small boy, "How's that for high?" We were nearly six thousand feet up. Disappointment met us here, as we could hardly see one another in the nebulous atmosphere. However, we consoled ourselves by humming the old refrain, "Wait till the clouds roll by." Presently an accommodating zephyr from the direction of old Pilatus swept away the unwelcome clouds, and behold, down in the far-off valley of Lucerne, lay the beautiful azure lake, dotted with busy craft. Around it arose, in all their majestic glory, the snow clad Alps with the purple skies beyond—a scene never to be forgotten.

RIDING THROUGH THE ALPS

As we could not always enjoy this beautiful region we journeyed on to Milan where we arrived in the evening. This last stage of our route was the most interesting and remarkable of all. Taking the St. Gothard train we traversed the Alps and shooting through scores of tunnels we rattled on until we reached the famous St. Gothard. This is nine and one quarter miles long and half an hour was consumed in passing through it. The noise of the train and the echoes, as we rushed along in the darkness, reminded us of a terrific hailstorm with every stone as big as a butternut rattling on the roof of our car. The heat, gases and fuliginous vapors were very oppressive. Just before reaching this great tunnel the railroad makes six complete circles, winding around and going through the mountains. We noticed one little white church far

up in the Alps that we passed three times while we were going along. The first time we passed it, it was far above us, the next time it was some distance below and the third time we passed, it was still farther below us. This circumstance fairly illustrates the winding way of our course. Emerging from the upper tunnel we could see far beneath the tracks we had traversed a few minutes before. Instead of making direct headway we followed the work of the most stupendous railway engineering ever before accomplished.

TOMB OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO

Coming from under the mountains we passed along the beautiful Italian lakes and finally reached the great city of Milan. Here, of course, we visited the famous cathedral. Its magnificence I will not attempt to describe, as it has so often been written of. We ascended to the roof where we could admire its unique and unrivaled architecture and from which we obtained a comprehensive view of the historic city. Before leaving the noble edifice we traversed its spacious isles. Among the many objects of interest we were shown was one of the nails which, it is said, fastened Christ to the cross. Descending into the crypt we saw the sepulchral chapel of St. Charles Borromeo. It is octagonal in form, the walls being covered with heavy plating of solid silver which is ornamented with high reliefs and is fairly hidden from view by a large number of rich, votive offerings of the admirers of the saint. This chapel is said to have cost over \$800,000. The attendant lets down the front of the outer covering and there, inclosed in an inner casket of rock crystal and gold, can be seen the body of the saint,

clothed in his pontifical robes with face uncovered. The body was successfully embalmed, as the features, although darkened with age, remind one of a person in a deep, and peaceful sleep. On his finger is still the episcopal ring and by his side lies his golden pastoral staff or crosier, ornamented with a profusion of precious stones.

On the wall just above the casket is to be seen a portrait which was painted during his life. In the features of the remains, even at this day, can be distinguished a complete likeness of that depicted above.

St. Charles was born October 5, 1538, in the castle of Arona upon the borders of Lake Major, fourteen miles from Milan. He was the son of Gilbert Borromeo, Count of Arona and Margaret of Medicis. The family of Borromeo is one of the most ancient in Lombardy. St. Charles died November 4, 1584. He has therefore been dead about 324 years, and his body is to-day in a good state of preservation; so much so, as I have stated above, that the features are readily recognizable, a very remarkable circumstance when we consider how rapidly a body decays after the spirit has left it.

As St. Charles was one of the most remarkable men of his time or, in fact, of any age, I feel it will interest my readers if history be briefly repeated. On account of his extraordinary talents and studious application he rapidly advanced in learning and wisdom and soon reached the goal of his most ardent desire—the priesthood. He advanced from one dignity to another until he was made Cardinal Archbishop of Milan. So pure was his life and so strict, he was called the model for pastors and the reformer of ecclesiastical discipline. As good as he was, he was often maltreated by his inferiors

and those who were jealous of the esteem in which he was held. He always bore those insults and attacks with wonderful humility and fortitude. Instead of seeking revenge, he pleaded for the pardon of his enemies and even went so far as to do them a kindness when possible. On the 26th of November, 1569, a villian posted himself at the door of the chapel in the archbishop's palace whilst the prelate and his family were at their devotions. The assassin, who was about five or six paces away, discharged at him a blunderbuss loaded with a large bullet and small shot. At the report, every one stood up in the utmost confusion and consternation, but the saint, without stirring from his place, made them a sign to kneel down again, and finished his prayer with the same tranquility as if nothing had happened. Imagining himself mortally wounded, he lifted up his hands and eyes to God and offered his life to him. But after the prayer was finished, rising up, he found that the large ball had only struck upon his cassock near the dorsal vertebrae or the small of the back, without penetrating the clothing. Some of the small shot had pierced his clothes, but stopped at the skin and left small swellings and discolorations which remained to the time of his death. St. Charles earnestly pleaded for the life of the assassin but the government ordered him beheaded.

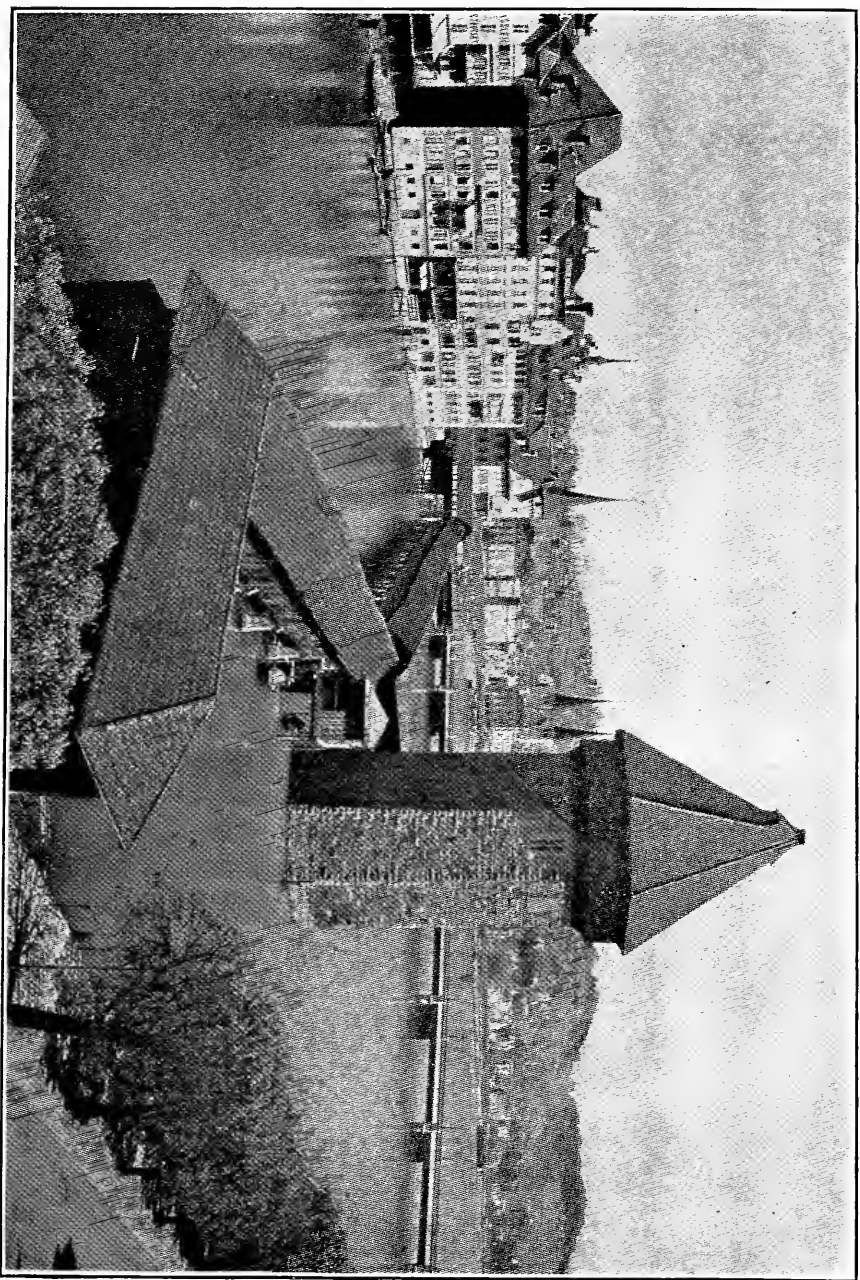
St. Charles ate very sparingly and only the coarsest food when on his mission through the villages of Levantine, Bregno and Riparie, subject to the Swiss cantons of Uri, Switz and Undrewald; for the see of Milan is extended in the Alps as far as Mount St. Gothard. The saint traveled through snows and torrents and over rocks which were almost inaccessible, having iron spikes on his shoes

to climb them; suffering with cold, hunger and continual weariness. Large legacies which were left to him he gave over to the church or to the deserving poor.

What a contrast is the life of St. Charles Borromeo to some of the so-called dignitaries of the present day. A man of royal blood, high position and transcending talents, he was humble, charitable and magnanimous to the highest degree. He was ever anxious for the welfare of his diocese and for all under his jurisdiction; rich, poor or unfortunate. He had no cronies and associated with no cliques. All were equally welcome to his friendship and paternal advice. He sought no trivial amusements, nor did he leave his people for his own pleasure under the pretext of a "much needed rest." The Lenten days ever found him at his post of duty, encouraging the devotions of that holy season. He would listen to no idle stories detrimental to members of his flock. If such tales were brought him he would demand that the accused be heard before he would render a decision. His love for God's lowliest creatures proved him an ideal Christian. He would not allow a bird or the smallest quadruped to be wilfully harmed by hunters seeking cruel sport. Would that many of his like governed the church militant of our day and generation.

THE LAST SUPPER

After leisurely viewing the great Cathedral and its many priceless treasures, Mrs. Doyle and I went over to see the famous fresco of the Last Supper, the creation of Leonardo da Vinci. This truly great man was born in 1452 at Vinci, a fortified village in the Florentine territory near Empoli, from which his father's family derived



CHAPEL BRIDGE AND THE ANCIENT LIGHTHOUSE AT LUCERN

This old tower gives the city its name



its name. He died in 1519. Like Michael Angelo he was a man of wonderful and diversified talents. Considering the range of his speculative as well as that of his practical powers, he seems certainly the man whose genius has the best right to be called universal of any who ever lived. In the fine arts he was the most accomplished painter of his generation and one of the most brilliant scholars that the world has ever produced. He was also a distinguished sculptor, architect and musician.

The famous fresco of the Last Supper was painted on the refectory wall of the convent of Santa Maria della Grazie which is but a few steps from the great cathedral. Leonardo consumed ten years at this work. The picture is now but a ruin of what it was. The combined destruction of time and dampness has since been accelerated by the vandalism of men, until the original has almost disappeared, especially as to the colors. The outlines, however, are sufficiently plain to emphasize the former magnificence of the great work. Many artists from different parts of the world were there making copies of the fresco and some of their work showed great artistic skill. We were importuned by the painters to buy, but the price being as high as the pictures were grand, we deferred negotiations until a future visit.

BEAUTIFUL LUCERNE

In the midst of "war and rumors of war" it is oft a consoling change to reflect on peaceful portions of the world, countries not harassed by contending foes or threatened by death-dealing armies. Such a place, just now, is Switzerland, the home of the happy mountaineer and the contented law-abiding Tyrolese.*

* Written during our war with Spain.

The most interesting city in this delightful portion of the globe is Lucerne, the queen of the Alpine lakes. No European visitor should consider his tour complete without a sojourn in this ancient and beautiful city. It had its origin in the 14th century, and was then surrounded by walls and battlements, most of which still remain in a fair state of preservation. Quaint old bridges, built hundreds of years ago, are still in use. Many ancient structures of odd architectural design form a pleasing contrast with the more modern buildings.

In the middle of the River Reuss, the outlet of Lake Lucerne, on which the city is situated, is an old octagonal lighthouse which, in ancient times, displayed from its pinnacle a lantern or "lucerna." That gave to the city its name. This lighthouse or tower is now used as a shop where souvenirs and curios are sold. It is approached from the mainland by an old covered chapel bridge, the interior of which is decorated with mythological frescoes of most weird and fantastic designs.

This city is well supplied with hotels for the accommodation of summer visitors. Although but 20,000 inhabitants make it their permanent home, it has over fifty hotels and "pensions" or inns.

Across the lake from the city looms up the great Mount Pilatus. It was thus named from an ancient tradition which relates that after Pilate had allowed the crucifixion of Christ, he fled in remorse to this lofty mountain where he remained for some time and afterwards smothered his grief in the crystal depths of Lake Lucerne.

The Glacier Mills, the wonder and pride of geologists, are shown to the visitor in the suburbs of the city. In

ages long gone, immense boulders were carried down the mountain's side by the glaciers and, when they reached the plains, were whirled around so long and continuously that great holes were worn in the hard bed rock. Some of these bowl-shaped cavities are over 30 feet in depth and about 20 feet in diameter. The great boulders, rounded to complete spheres some ten or twelve feet in diameter, are to be seen in the bottom of the cavities worn by them.

The great Lion of Lucerne, fully as famous as the Lion of St. Mark's in Venice, is one of the wonders of the city. It is near the garden of the Glacier Mills. Carved from the rock, high up in the mountain's side, the magnificent form reposes with all the dignity inherent to the king of beasts. It was designed by Thorwaldsen the famous Danish artist, and executed in mammoth proportions by skilled workmen. It represents a wounded lion protecting the emblem of Switzerland, and commemorates the men of the Swiss Guard who were slain while defending the Tuileries in Paris on the tenth day of August, 1792.

The ancient twin-tower church of St. Leodegar is located on rising ground near the shore of the lake, and possesses a fine organ and a magnificent chime of bells. The music of the latter rivals in sweetness the famous bells of Shandon on which I had the honor of intoning, "Home, Sweet Home."

The cemetery surrounding this church is renowned for its beauty. It is a veritable garden in itself, adorned with white gravel walks, garnished with well-trimmed boxwood and rare plants. Numerous magnificent mausoleums greatly contribute to the solemn grandeur of this

silent city of the dead. No one seems to have been forgotten, no matter how long buried. Every grave is as carefully looked after as if made but yesterday. The taste here displayed in cemetery ornamentation, might be well imitated in our own land.

I found the Swiss a most hospitable people and, after having sojourned in Lucerne for a fortnight, I was loth to leave it. The people are industrious and thrifty. There are no paupers or millionaires in Lucerne. The prosperous help the struggling and no cases of indigence are beheld as in other countries.

All children must receive an education. Parents neglecting or refusing to send them to school are fined, and if the parent persist in his refusal, he is punished by imprisonment. If such laws were in force in Syracuse, it would keep our Board of Education pretty busy; in fact, there would be no time for politics.

FIN AND FEATHER BATTLE

In Lucerne we stopped at a hotel called the Waage or the Balances. I suppose the latter name was given it for the reason that a large market is situated just beneath it, and the weighing scales used there may have suggested the name. It is a very fine up-to-date hotel and kept in the best manner. While here we were much amused by a novel exhibition. The river Reuss, an outlet of Lake Lucerne, flows directly past the rear of the Waage. In the afternoons we frequently fed the wild ducks and fishes with which the river abounds. It was very interesting and exciting to witness the strife between the feathered and finny tribes to capture the fragments of bread thrown to them. The river here is

about twenty feet deep and the water is so clear that the gravelly bottom can be plainly seen. This favorable condition rendered it very easy to note every movement of the fish in their battle with the ducks. Sometimes a large fish would catch a duck by the foot and try to drag it under the water, but the duck, by spreading out its wings, deftly outwitted the fish. When the fish were not too large the ducks would try to capture them for a feast.

My friend, Nicholas G. Peters, who enjoyed the sport with me, also proved himself an adept at mountain climbing and a scientific mariner on the lakes. He was so continually on the go that I was almost forced to believe he was about to solve the vexatious problem of perpetual motion.

AN INCIDENT AT THE WAAGE

In this hotel the dining room is very large. During mealtime the guests are entertained by an excellent orchestra which adds another item of cheerfulness to the pleasant surroundings. An apparently trivial, but, to me, a significant incident took place which charmingly illustrated the well known cordiality of the Swiss. A few years ago, during a visit to Lucerne, I met Adolph Aueron, Professor of Languages. He invited me to his home and introduced me to his interesting little family, with whom I spent a very pleasant evening. On my last visit I called on the family but the professor was absent. Disappointed at not meeting him, I returned to my hotel, where I arrived just in time for dinner. When the meal was about half over I was summoned to the door where a young, fair-haired lass of some fifteen summers

was waiting with a large bouquet of roses. She said her father had sent them with his compliments and regretted very much that he was absent when I called. I immediately led the young lady to our table at the farther end of the room, told her to place the flowers in the center of the table and invited her to join us at dinner. Our party of eight, which occupied a large table, complimented her on the beautiful gift and when I told them the occasion of it, the social customs of her native land formed the subject of a very pleasant conversation around the festive board. Not to be outdone by the chivalry of the Swiss mountaineers, I gallantly escorted the young miss across the ancient bridge that spans the rapid waters of the Alpine Reuss, and left her safe at her father's door.

I have visited Lucerne four different times, (in 1882, 1889, 1893 and 1903) and on each occasion I found it the most delightful resting place in my whole European tour. The lofty Alps, perennially snowcapped, standing guard as it were, around the bright blue waters of the mountain lakes and holding eternal vigil over the ancient little city that so cozily nestles at their feet, profoundly impress the beholder with the strange sublimity and awful grandeur of the scene.

As a pleasure resort, Lucerne is not surpassed by any in the world. People from all countries make it the Mecca of their summer tours. To behold the gay equipages and superb costumes of the pleasure-seeking throngs one would think, for the time being at least, that life was really and truly worth living, especially amid such pleasures and in such charming surroundings.

No tourist, however hurried, should fail to visit lovely

lakeside Lucerne, the gem of the Alps. I was so well pleased with my visits there that I photographed many points of interest.

VIII

IRELAND

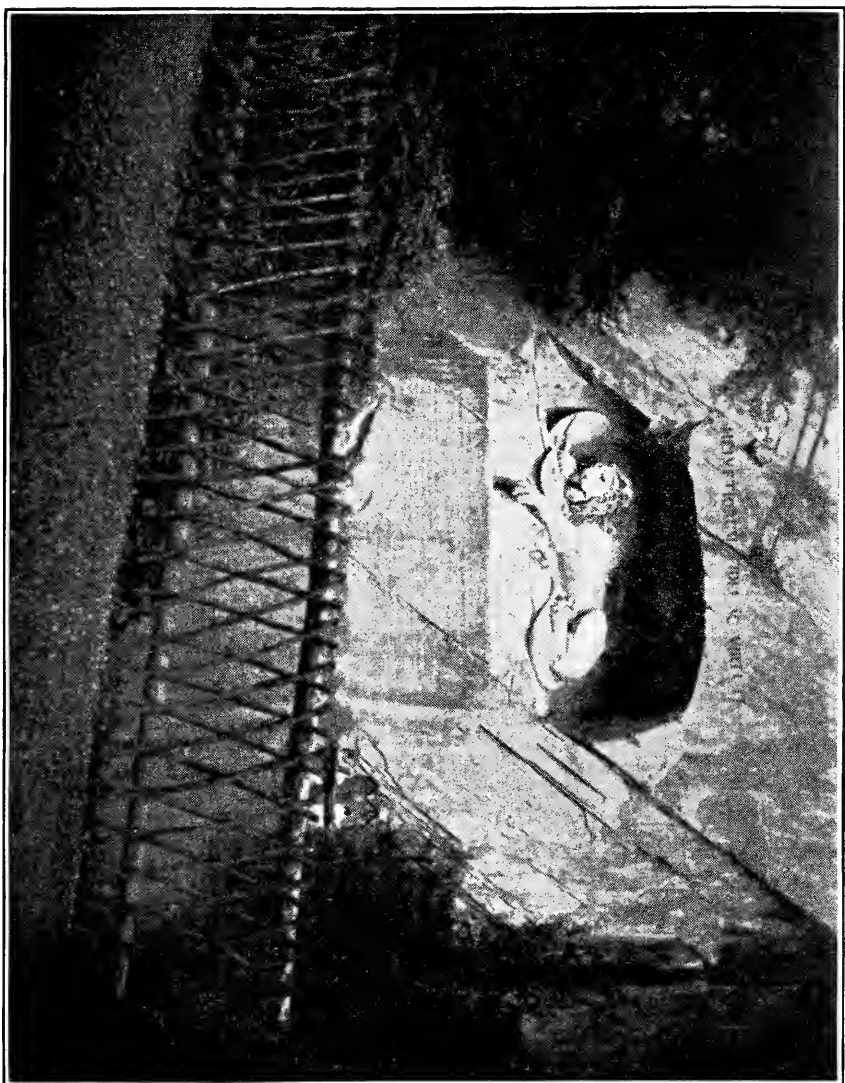
APPROACHING Ireland, the voyager is profoundly impressed with the grandeur of her emerald mountains, skirted with plains of richest verdure. Encircled with lofty, gray and purple cliffs, garnished with foamy crests of old ocean's stormy waters, she certainly deserves the title: "Gem of the Sea."

Queenstown harbor, which was formerly known as the Cove of Cork, is the largest in the world. The combined fleets of all nations could there meet and be well cared for during any tempest that might occur. The City of Cork, which is at the head of navigation on the river Lee, is active, enterprising and up to the times in modern improvements. As we approached the city

"The Bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee,"

were pouring forth their sweet melodies across the silvery waters of the silent river. The ancient city wore an air of contentment, quite at variance with most of our American towns.

The streets of Cork are very irregular and innocent of geometrical precision. St. Patrick's Street, the main thoroughfare, is wide but very crooked. It must have developed from the aimless trail of prehistoric fauna. It



THE GREAT LION OF LUCERN

This figure, seventeen feet in length, is cut from solid rock in the side of the mountain.
A creation of Thorwaldsen, the Danish artist

is, however, now lined with magnificent stores, hotels and busy marts. A fine statue of the famous temperance apostle, Father Mathew, stands in an enclosure in the middle of the street, near the handsome bridge that crosses the river Lee.

I found the people of Cork very polite and hospitable. Their manner of doing business in the stores, however, strikes the average American as somewhat strange. When one enters a business establishment to make a purchase he looks about in vain for some one to come forward and inquire as to his wants. He would be left standing in the middle of the floor for an indefinite time if he waited for the proprietor or a clerk to approach him. When he wishes to buy, he must hunt up a clerk and having found him, the latter personage, in a very formal manner, graciously condescends to answer his questions and possibly to wait on him. I found this condition of affairs in nearly every store I entered in the British Isles. The knights of the yardstick really seem to think it a condescension, on their part, to wait on a customer. How different it is in America, where a clerk or the gentlemanly floor walker, meets you at the door and kindly asks of what service he can be to you. Often, in appreciation of his politeness, you are induced to buy merchandise that you are not actually in need of. I remember being in Dublin one day when I wanted some slight repairs made for the only eye glasses I had with me. I called on an optician, he looked the glasses over ceremoniously and politely informed me that he could not fix them until the following day. As I could not get along without glasses for that length of time, I walked away with an unfavorable

opinion of his procrastinating style of doing business, and purchased a new pair at a rival shop across the street. I purposely relate the above incidents to illustrate the difference between our folks and those across the water, in the manner of doing business.

THE TIPPING NUISANCE

As Cork was the first city where I made a sojourn after landing, it was also the first place where I had an opportunity to experience the disagreeable features of the tipping nuisance in all its "glory." It was tip to the right of you, tip to the left of you, and tips all around, until you began to wonder if you would be obliged to tip the very atmosphere that gave you life. I asked a little urchin in the street where the postoffice was. "Well, sorr," said he, "if you'll give me tuppence I'll tell ye." Ignoring his intended benevolence, I walked on a few steps, when the post-office loomed up just around the corner.

In the hotels and railroad stations and, in fact, everywhere, the tipping fever rages like a plague, as everyone knows who has been abroad. It is one of the customs that tends to mar the pleasure of the tourist, and is very annoying to any one going there to seek rest from cares of business or to improve his health. It often makes one irritable and disgusted with a certain stratum of humanity. Sensible Americans are more than willing to pay for all services properly rendered, but they do not liked to be imposed upon, and the tipping system is certainly an outrageous imposition.

When an American goes into a hotel, he expects and is willing to pay all legitimate bills presented. He is

willing to reward an attendant for any extra services, but does not wish to be frowned upon if he should forget to pay the expected toll. The custom of tipping was probably inaugurated by royalty in the days of long ago, and is now kept up mostly by sychophants who wish to imitate the lords of the manor. The shoddy aristocracy, who have more money than brains, are extremely anxious to exploit their wealth on the least pretext. They have trained the dependents to expect a tip for every accommodation rendered, be it ever so trivial.

I stopped at the Hotel Havana on my first visit to Liverpool, and remained there about a week. At the end of my sojourn I paid my bill and therefore supposed I was free from all further obligations. What was my surprise on leaving the hotel to find that the main hall of exit was lined up on both sides with servants, male and female, with outstretched hands appealing for tips. Of course I had to "come down" or suffer the consequences which would be a jeering chorus and a volley of uncomplimentary epithets. It is not very likely that a tourist would visit such a hotel the second time or recommend it to his friends.

The Great Northwestern Hotel in Liverpool, where I stopped on my last visit to that city, does not allow tipping. Signs are there displayed announcing the fact. The consequence is that this hotel is largely patronized by, and is a favorite resort for, many Americans.

Hotel and restaurant proprietors make a great mistake in allowing their help to become beggars. If they would pay them sufficient wages it might somewhat abate the tipping nuisance and elevate the tone of their house. One very tantalizing feature about this custom

is that the tourist does not know how much he is expected to give. If his tip is too little, he is looked upon as a tightwad and is probably more neglected than if he had given nothing. If the tip is very ample, he is often called an "easy mark," and so it goes. I am told that tips are now regulated on a percentage plan by an association of waiters, but that does not ameliorate the nuisance.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

A man who loves not his native land is a social outcast, fit only for treason and tribulation. His name should be Anathema, and his fate that of the traitor. Even if his unfortunate country is throttled to earth by the ruthless invader, he should not basely turn his back upon her any more than he would on a friend in distress. I am sorry to say that in America and even in Ireland, we find men so unpatriotic as to aid and uphold the very rulers who try to belittle them. What other nation on earth can produce men who will even glory in the discomfiture of their native land! An indifference to patriotism and a difference in religion has much to do with it. The immortal lines of Scott should waken them up to a sense of patriotic duty:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,—
This is my own, my native land!"

A trip through Ireland has a fascination for every true and filial son of that historic land. I assure you that it has charms for me that can never be effaced. Although less than a year old when my parents brought me to

America, I still revere my native soil—the home of my ancestors.

For the benefit of those young Irishmen and sons of Irishmen who, through ignorance or something worse, seem to evade their nationality whenever opportunity presents, I make the following quotations. When they shall have read them I hope they will develop a patriotic pride which is the shining characteristic of all truly great men.

From an article in the New York Sun of June 24, 1908,
by J. F. Healy:

“Ireland was the teacher of the proudest nations of Europe from the fifth to the tenth century and laid the foundation of modern civilization. The annals of Central and Western Europe, the monastic chronicles, the churches, the lives of medieval saints, the martyrologies, inscriptions and local traditions still bear witness that a flood of Irish teachers penetrated all parts of Europe and were actively engaged in the work of teaching, from the fifth to the tenth century. They were on the Rhine, the Danube and the Main, on the Swiss lakes, on the sides of the Alps and Appenines, in Gaul, Spain, Belgium, Bavaria, Holland, on the plains of Lombardy, in Southern Italy, in the islands of the Northern seas. Five centuries of noble teaching on the continent stands to Ireland’s credit. The memory of their works is still preserved through the length and breadth of Europe. The schools of Lindisfarne in England, and Bobbio in Italy, Verdun in France, Vienna, Ratisbon, Wurzburg, Cologne, Erfurt in Germany were founded by Irishmen.

“The renowned monastic school on the Rhine, Saeckingen, was founded by St. Fridolin. St. Colomba taught

in the schools of Zurich and Constant, Sigisbert in the school of Dissentis and at Walsort. Wursburg was made celebrated by Kilian, and Salsburg by St. Virgilius. The renowned schools of Liege and Malines in Belgium were founded by Irish teachers.

"John Scotus Erigena, who was born in Ireland and trained in its schools was the head master of the schools of the French King, Charles the Bald.

"IRISH PHILOSOPHERS"

"The Frankish annals of the eighth and ninth centuries attest that the court of the King of the Franks was filled with Irish philosophers, such as Virgilius, Clement and Dicuil.

"Henrico of Auxerre tells us that these teachers came over in flocks from Ireland to France at the time that they were at the court of Louis II in Germany, where the Irishman Manno drew about him the most learned of the Franks. But for the untiring activity of these noble teachers, we would not have the Scriptures to-day. The Irish monks preserved them, copied them unceasingly and carried them in their book satchels all over Europe. The oldest book of the New Testament, the Muratorian Canon, comes down to us from Irish monks of Bobbio in Italy who transcribed it 1,200 years ago, although it was then 500 years old.

"It is well known that the Latin Vulgate played an important part in the development of Medieval Europe. It formed the literary taste and was the instrument of philosophical and theological expression.

"The Greek and Latin Classics were preserved and interpreted by Irish teachers. The literary culture of

Europe is due in a great degree to the conscientious, painstaking labor of these zealous custodians of the classics. Among the oldest Latin and Greek grammars and dictionaries of our possession are those produced by Irish authors.

"Some ancient treatises on surveying, geometry, natural sciences and medicine are preserved, owing to the labors of these great men.

"The best classical libraries in Europe in the Middle Ages were in the Irish monasteries of Bobbio in Italy and St. Gall in Switzerland. The Irish monks were the most renowned philosophers of the eighth and ninth centuries. They were versed in Plato, Aristotle and Boethius, the philosophy of the Scriptures and the history of the world.

"ARTISTIC CULTURE"

"The literature of the monks shows a high degree of artistic culture and a broad knowledge of the fine arts. In elegance, purity of style and rare value, their work is unequalled. Elegant traces of skill in sculpture can be found to-day in the monasteries of Bangor, Armagh, Lismore and Clinasnoise.

"To the Irish teachers was accorded the superiority in music, even by Anglo-Norman writers as late as the twelfth century. The greatest school of music in the ninth century was at St. Gall in Switzerland, presided over by Marcellus, the most accomplished man of the century. His disciples Notker and Tuotillo were famous musicians, and Tuotillo was moreover a painter and sculptor; the Michael Angelo of his day. The Irish developed a national music which is regarded as unsur-

passed. Some of the great operas are taken from the collection of Irish music of the Middle Ages.

"The culture of modern Europe is due in great measure to the indefatigable activity of these Irish monks who were pioneers and blazed the way through the pathless wilderness. They opened the first schools for the Barbarians of Central Europe. They taught the elements of Latin, reading, writing, history, logic, arithmetic, the church psalms and essentials of education.

"They were a noble race of teachers who exiled themselves from a charming country and traveled over Europe, became the very pariahs of the world in order to teach the people of the Continent who were just emerging from barbarism. The history of their work for culture and Christian civilization is one of the most instructive and inspiring in the annals of human history."

IRISHMEN IN HISTORY

The following from a learned and eloquent lecture, delivered by Hon. Edmund F. Dunne, formerly Chief Justice of Arizona, should be committed to memory by every Irishman and proudly related to his children:

"Nine hundred years before Columbus pointed his caravels westward, the Irish sailor St. Brendan, had reported his discovery of a great land across the Atlantic. The Norsemen knew it and called it 'Irland it Mikla,' the greater Ireland. The Italian geographers knew of it and Toscanelli, on the map that was expressly prepared for the first voyage of Columbus, marked it 'Terra di San Borondon,' St. Brendan's Land; and it is recorded that the first of Columbus' sailors who set foot upon the new world was named Patrick McGuire. More Irish-

men followed. In 1649, 45,000 came; driven out of Ireland by Cromwellian persecutions. In 1689 an Irish colony came to Maryland, among them the Carrol family which gave the celebrated signer of the declaration of American Independence, Charles Carroll of Carrollton. In 1689 they colonized North Carolina and in seven years after, one of their number, Mr. James Moore, led the people in revolt against the oppressions of the proprietary government, establishing their independence and was honored by the people in being elected governor; the first people's governor of North Carolina.

"In 1699 a large Irish emigration came to Pennsylvania which gave the American army many of the leaders in the movement for American Independence. In 1710 they came to Virginia and established there the McDonells, Breckenridges, McDuffies, Macgruders and McKennas of that state.

"In 1729, at Philadelphia, the Irish arrivals outnumbered ten to one all others from Europe combined. In 1729 they came also to Cape Cod; with them Charles Clinton and family from whence came DeWitt Clinton of New York.

"In 1737 they colonized South Carolina and gave this country Rutledge, Calhoun and later Andrew Jackson. One of the early South Carolina historians said that 'Of all other countries none has furnished the province with so many inhabitants as Ireland.'

"In 1746 they went in great numbers with Boone and settled in Kentucky and one of the most popular soldiers in that land in the early days was Major Hugh McGrady.

"From the earliest days they had been settling in all

the other states. Victims, all of them in a strictly personal sense, of English injustice, you may imagine they were foremost and loudest in the call for American Independence. It is admitted that the Irish John Rutledge 'was the man whose eloquence roused South Carolina to the level of resistance.' When the stamp act was passed, Dr. Franklin, communicating from London with Charles Thompson, one of the Irish settlers in Pennsylvania, afterwards secretary of the Continental Congress, wrote: 'The sun of liberty is set. The Americans must now light the lamps of industry and economy.' But Thompson like a genuine Celt sent back the ringing answer: 'Be assured that we will light torches of quite a different sort.' John Hancock, whose magnificent autograph marshals the signature to the declaration like a standard bearer at the head of a column, was the son of Honora O'Flaherty, and his people were lords in Galway for centuries before their advent in America.

"Ireland was well represented in the Continental Congress, and among the signers of the Declaration of Independence as well as the constitution of the United States.

"One-sixth of the signers of the declaration and one-sixth of the signers of the Constitution that we know of were Irishmen.

"Of the Continental army which achieved independence for the United States one-third of the active officers and one-half of the rank and file were of Irish birth or immediate Irish decent.

"The first secretary of war was General Henry Knox, an Irishman. One of the first Brigadier Generals of the Continental army was General Sullivan, a son of an Irish

schoolmaster in Limerick. Another was Richard Montgomery of New York, an Irishman. The celebrated Mad Anthony Wayne, so famous as the Murat of the American Army, was the son of an Irishman. The man, who answering the anxious enquiry as to whether it was possible to capture a certain fort, said: 'I'll take it to-night or Molly Stark will be a widow in the morning.' was Major General John Stark, an Irishman from Londonderry.

"Ireland was represented in the navy too. The first naval capture, made in the name of the United States, was by O'Brien from Cork. Fennimore Cooper, in his history of the navy, calls it, 'The Lexington of the seas.' The first blow on the water after the war of the Revolution had actually commenced.

"The first commodore of the American Navy was John Barry from Wexford, where he lived almost to manhood before he came to America. One of Barry's proteges in the navy was an Irishman who afterwards became Admiral Stewart, whose grandson, Stewart Parnell, is not unknown to you.

"Washington not only understood the composition of his army but fully appreciated the loyalty of his Irish troops. When that terrible night came on, when everything depended on the fidelity of his sentries, he issued this celebrated order, 'Put none but Irish or Americans on guard to-night.' And he put the Irish first, where they are generally found when there is to be any fighting done. Some so-called historians have been base enough to drop the word 'Irish,' when quoting this order, but the original is still preserved in Washington, and stands there

as one of the grandest compliments paid to the Irish race."

In addition to the above I might add that the following were all Irishmen or the sons of Irishmen, except our immortal Washington who was Irish only by adoption: Berkely, the philosopher; Curran, the inimitable orator and wit; Duns Scotus, the most subtle of the Middle Ages; Charles Gavan Duffy; Sullivan, the most extensive farmer in the west; Donnegan, editor of the most comprehensive Greek dictionary; Dr. Kane and Hayes, the Artic explorers; Marshall Neil, by decent; Captain Blake, the explorer of the continent of Australia; Ossian, the last of the bards of the heroic ages; Charles O'Connor, the head of the American bar; Sarsfield, Marshall of France and the hero of Fontenoy; Kavanagh and Prince Nugent, Marshals of Austria; Patrick Lawless, Ambassador from Spain to France; Dominic O'Daly, Ambassador from Portugal to France; Nugent, Minister from Austria to the Court of Berlin; Barry, the great personator of "Othello;" Patrick Cleborune, the "Stone-wall Jackson" of the South-west; Quinn, the great personator of "Falstaff;" Sutton, Count of Clonard, Governor of the Dauphin in France.

The New York World of September 24, 1909, says: "Robert Fulton was the son of a Protestant Irishman, but when he was perfecting his steamboat he went to France, made the acquaintance of Thomas Addis Emmet and Dr. McNevin and tried to induce them to use his invention to free Ireland from English rule, saying he would be glad to contribute the use of his device for that purpose."

The following names also grace the Irish roll of honor :

Robert Bonner, Publisher and Proprietor of the New York Ledger; Rev. Abram J. Ryan, the poet priest of the South, (The writer was his pupil at Niagara University); Patrick Farrelly, Superintendent of the American News Company; Edmund Burke, the greatest statesman that ever stood in the British Houses of Parliament; John C. Calhoun, the father of States Rights, by descent; Bishop England and Dr. Baker, the most illustrious pulpit orators of the South; McCormack, the inventor of the steam reaper; Marshall McMahan, formerly head of the French Army; Tom Moore, the poet of all circles; Marshall O'Donnell, Prime Minister of Spain and at one time dictator; Clarke, French Minister of War under Napoleon the Great, and Military Governor of Berlin and Vienna; O'Connell, the Hercules of moral-force agitators; Matthew Carey, the first of American writers on Political Economy and of whom Horace Greely was a disciple; General Shields, the bullet proof hero of Mexico, the victor of Winchester, the only man who won a victory over "Stonewall Jackson"; John Dunlap, who published the first daily paper in this country, Pennsylvania Packet, 1771; Virgilius, a bishop who flourished in the eighth century and who was the first to discover the sphericity of the earth; John Hughes, first Archbishop of New York, a valiant defender of the Union, (The writer had the honor of hearing him make his last great public speech in New York in 1863, which was a strong appeal to the turbulent throng to obey the laws and defend the Union); Phil Sheridan, Lieutenant General of the United States Army—Confessedly the best fighting soldier in the Civil War; O'Higgins, late Captain General of Chili, and O'Donnell, late Captain

General of Cuba; Macklin, the great actor. It was of his impersonation of "Shylock" that Pope wrote,

"This the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

Grattan—"Ever Glorious Grattan"—

"With more than Demosthenes wanted, endured, and his rival or victor in all he possessed,"

as Byron says; M. B. Brady, the world-famed photographer; John Carroll, the first Archbishop of America; John Lovell, the most enterprising and the most extensive publisher in Canada; Roger B. Taney, former Chief Justice of the United States; Mathew Thornton, the first secretary to the first Congress of the United States, and the first man to read the Declaration of American Independence in public; Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance who administered the total-abstinence pledge to over five million people; Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, of Jubilee fame, the originator and manager of the most gigantic musical enterprise, (A personal friend of the writer); Horace Greely, the great journalist, statesman and sociologist, by descent; William McKinley, the beloved Martyr President, by descent; William H. Seward, the ablest Secretary of State that America ever had, was Irish by descent; Sheridan, the author. "Whatever Sheridan has done," says Lord Byron, "or chosen to do, has always been the best of its kind." He has written the best comedy (School for Scandal), the best opera (The Duenna), the best farce (The Art Critic), and to crown all, delivered the very best oration, (the famous Reform Speech), ever heard or conceived in England.

Rev. Thomas Burke, the most eloquent orator of the renowned order of preachers, (The writer had the pleasure of hearing one of his eloquent lectures in the old Wieting Opera House many years ago); Augustus St. Gaudens, the famous sculptor.

George Washington, when he was enrolled among and assumed the badge of "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," became an Irishman by adoption. This society originated September 17, 1771, when seventeen persons, nearly all of them among the merchants of Philadelphia, all belonging to the Hibernian Fire Bucket Brigade, and all of them Irishmen or sons of Irishmen, met in Burns' Tavern in that city and formed the organization now so famous. The object was friendly and social intercourse.

From the inception in 1771 its roll comprised 100 members, viz: One adopted member, General George Washington; sixteen honorary members and eighty-three members. No equal number in the thirteen colonies contributed more to the success of the American Revolution than did the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. Nearly every man was engaged in the strife for independence at one time or another on land or sea.

Charles Thompson, secretary of the Continental Congress, a member, wrote the first copy of the Declaration of Independence from the draft received from Jefferson. Colonel John Nixon, a member, was the first to read it to the people from the second story central window of Independence Hall. John Dunlap, a member and publisher of the first daily newspaper in the colonies, was the first to print and publish it.

The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick gave twelve generals to the Army of the Revolution besides numerous officers

of lower rank. The most conspicuous members were: General Stephen Moylan, General Walter Stewart, General William Thompson, General William Irvine, General Anthony Wayne, General Thomas Robinson, General John Shea, General Edward Hand and General Henry Knox, afterward Secretary of war when Washington became President. Among its honorary members were: General Cadwalader, Robert Morris, Commodore John Barry, Father of the American Navy, Colonel Ephraim Blaine (grandfather of James G. Blaine), and Colonel George Meade (grandfather of General Meade of Gettysburg fame).

In the terrible winter of 1777, when the American Army lay starving and freezing at Valley Forge, Robert Morris, an honorary member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, started a subscription to raise money sufficient to save the army, heading it with his own subscription of ten thousand pounds sterling, which was followed by Blair McClenachan for a like amount and in a few hours there was subscribed, among that small body of men (at that time not exceeding over fifty members), the sum of one hundred and three thousand, five hundred pounds sterling (\$517,500).

GEORGE WASHINGTON A MEMBER OF THE FRIENDLY SONS
OF ST. PATRICK

On December 18, 1781, the society adopted General Washington as a member. He was the only adopted member. On being notified he wrote as follows:

"To George Campbell, Esq., president of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of Philadelphia:

"SIR: I accept with singular pleasure, the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick in this city—a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked. Give me leave to assure you, sir, that I shall never cast my eyes upon the badge with which I am honored, but with grateful remembrance of the polite and affectionate manner in which it was presented. I am with respect and esteem, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The records and the original signatures of its membership are preserved in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Its members were composed of Quakers, Catholics, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, the only qualification being fidelity to the American cause.

IRISHMEN RULE

The following article entitled "Irishmen Now Rule the British Empire," was taken from a London paper of July 28, 1904:

"There are less than 5,000,000 people in Ireland, against 40,000,000 in England, Wales and Scotland, and 12,000 white citizens of the British empire in other parts of the world.

"In spite of their numerical inferiority, Irishmen, however, practically run the British Empire. The heads of the army and the legal profession are Irishmen. England's most trusted diplomatists abroad are Irish born and bred,

and in literature, art and music, the Irish enjoy a predominance which is hard to explain.

"Another strange fact is that the majority of Ireland's most distinguished sons come from Waterford and Roscommon. The County of Waterford appears to be favorable to fostering the genius for war; Roscommon and Dublin, literature; Cork and Limerick, music.

"England's leading admiral, the man who in the event of a great naval war would be intrusted with the command of her fleet, Lord Charles Beresford, comes of an old Waterford family.

"Earl Roberts, or "Bobs," the commander-in-chief of the British army, although born at Cawnpore, India, comes on his father's side from a Waterford family and on his mother's from 'magnificent Tipperary.' Viscount Wolseley, 'Bob's' predecessor as commander-in-chief, is a Dublin man. General French, the only general who did not meet with defeat in South Africa, hails from Roscommon. He first came into prominence in Canada during the Red River expedition in 1874. He has a sister who is a leading light in the English journalistic movement. Lord Kelly-Kenny is another of England's famous soldiers who is Irish born.

"The late Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, was, as all the world knows, an Irishman. His son, the Hon. Charles Russell, who actively pulled the strings to secure a pardon for Mrs. Maybrick and who is rivaling Sir George Lewis's claim to be the foremost solicitor in England, takes a prominent part in the revival of the Gaelic movement.

"The solicitor general, Sir Edward Carson, won his

spurs at the Irish bar through his prosecution of the murderers of Lord Edward Cavendish and Mr. Burke. He is the greatest lawyer in the empire and used to make \$100,000 per annum in fees.

"T. C. Gill, K. C., another Irishman, runs him very close at the bar, however. At one time he was Lord Russell of Killowen's great rival.

"Belfast congratulates itself in having given birth to the most distinguished scientist in the world in the person of Lord Kelvin. Sir Thomas Ball, the ex-president of the Royal Astronomical Society, is a Dublin man. No one has done so much to popularize astronomy amongst the masses as Sir Thomas who still speaks with a brouge.

"The chief secretary for Ireland, George Wyndham, is the great-grandson of the famous Irish rebel, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who died of wounds received while resisting arrest in 1798.

"The British Ambassador at Vienna, who holds one of the most influential positions in the diplomatic world, the Rt. Hon. Sir F. Plunkett, is another Waterford man. He was the secretary to the legation at Washington in the early '70s, where he married May, the daughter of C. W. Morgan of Philadelphia.

"H. I. Thaddeus, R. B. A., the artist who holds the world's record for painting royalties and society leaders, is a Cork man. He has had commissions from Pope Leo XIII, and Pope Pius X., the Czar, the King of Wirtemberg, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the late Duke and Dutchess of Kent, Lady Howard de Walden, the Grand Duke of Macklenburg-Schwerin, Lady Clifford, the Duke of Newcastle and most of the nobility of England. A number of his paintings were at the St. Louis

exposition, and several, unfortunately, were damaged by fire."

Our outward voyage on the Campania was very pleasant, the sea being as calm as one could wish. We met a great number of agreeable and pleasant travelers. After the social chilliness of the first day, incidental to total strangers, we became gradually thawed out until all became more or less acquainted and friendly. In fact, before we reached mid-ocean, we were as one great family, each one looking out for the other's pleasure and interest.

Among the many little incidents on board was one that I can never forget, as it was so ridiculous. When walking the promenade deck one pleasant afternoon, I noticed a nurse, with a very sickly looking child in her arms. She was giving it some odd looking fluid from a bottle. I ventured to ask her what she was feeding the infant. She promptly and decidedly answered she was feeding it "mortified milk." As soon as I could recover from the shock her answer gave me, I humbly remarked that I was not surprised the child looked so cadaverous. I suppose she meant "modified milk."

A THRILLING RIDE

I had a rather exciting experience in Cork. Dr. Corby, Professor in the Queen's College, called at the Imperial Hotel, and invited me to take a ride in his new automobile. After he had shown me the most important places in and around the city, the doctor had occasion to step into a store, leaving me sole occupant of the auto. When he came out he began to arrange some machinery in the rear of the vehicle before he got in. By some hook or crook, the "moby" started off with me at a rapid rate.

To say I was surprised would be putting it mildly. Away down St. Patrick's street we flew like the wind. I did not dare to touch any of the numerous levers, fearing that I might accelerate its speed instead of stopping the "critter." So there I was, a stranger in Cork, at the mercy of an unknown and new fangled engine of destruction. I just then felt a good deal as the old darkie did when he lost his oars in a storm on the Mississippi. In his distress he cried out: "O Lawd ef yuse ebber gwine to help dise yere ole sinner now is the mos acceptable time." Every moment I expected to be hurled against some ancient landmark or thrown out on the ground among the many frightened horses that were prancing and snorting with fright around me. At the supreme moment, when I expected to be demolished, an agile son of Erin caught up with me in my wild flight, clambered aboard, touched the right lever and saved me and the machine from almost certain destruction. While the excitement was going on, the dignified but sprightly professor, with hat in hand and his venerable locks wildly floating in the wind, was sprinting down the street at a two-forty clip trying to keep up with the runaway. After I was safely landed on terra firma, I politely thanked the good doctor for my unexpected recreation, but declined to ride any farther, until I knew something about the mechanism of the new contrivance.

MISTAKEN FOR ORANGEMEN

At New Ross, in the County Wexford, Brewster and I made arrangements to take a train for Enniscorthy. As we had some spare time, before the starting of the train, we walked up and down the spacious platform tak-

ing observations of our surroundings. As is well known, most of the cars over there are divided into compartments, which to us looked like box stalls. Every car is set off into three divisions, each of which will hold about eight persons, who can sit four on a side facing each other and grin, laugh or stare at their opposite neighbors as fancy may direct. It is certainly often very embarrassing to thus be obliged to ride with a box full of strangers and to be locked in like a lot of domestic chattels.

As the train was about to start, I hurriedly looked into several compartments, to select the most desirable. Finding one with but a single passenger, and he being a clergyman, judging from his garb, I beckoned Brewster to come with me into that one. As we were about to enter, grips in hand, his Reverence "sized us up" and, with a startled expression, hastily seized his luggage and made a rush for the platform and entered another car. After disposing of our grips by stowing them away on the rickety shelves above our heads, I went across the platform to make some inquiries. Whom should I meet there but the very clergyman who, a few moments before, had escaped from our car. I wished to calm his fears, but the crowd around the ticket window was so dense that I could not say just what I wished to in the vernacular. I therefore addressed him in Latin, saying: "*Tu sacerdos es, nos Catholici et Hibernici sumus. Non nos timere debes.*" Which in English is: "You are a priest, we are Catholics and Irishmen. You need not fear us." A radiant smile lit up his rather stern but classic features as he extended his hand in friendship, telling me in the same grand old tongue, that our appearance certainly contradicted the reality. I thought no more of the cir-

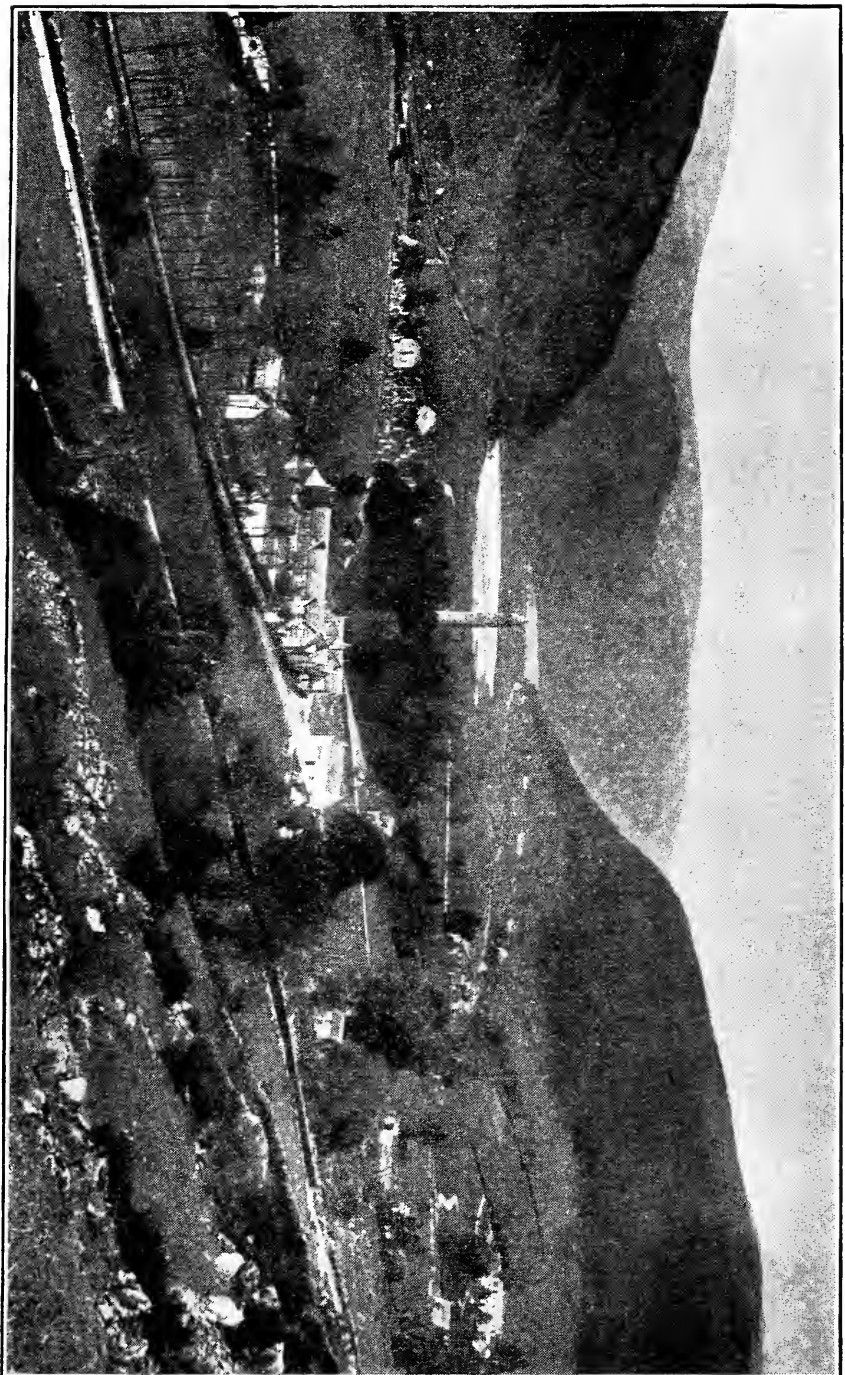
cumstance until we had for some time occupied our seats in the compartment. When the cars were about to start, who should come rushing in but the very gentleman we had but a few moments before frightened away. His manner was entirely changed and he became quite sociable. He began his conversation by telling us how glad he was to meet us and the reason he so precipitately fled on our approach was that he mistook us for a pair of Orangemen. As we rode along for a short distance we entered a dark tunnel, nearly a half mile in length. We then fully appreciated the real cause of the gentleman's fear. He did not wish to be alone in that subterranean passage with two suspicious looking strangers. Under the circumstances, who could blame him? Our conversation became more friendly and interesting as we approached Enniscorthy, his home. He invited us to dine with him at the parochial residence, for which we thanked him and compromised by saying that after we had rested a while at the hotel and taken our evening meal, we would call on him. About seven P. M. the gentlemanly proprietor of Bennett's Hotel sent his little son with us to point out the priest's house. Arriving at what we supposed the parochial residence, I rapped at the outer gate which was more like a door. A young girl cautiously opened it—just a wee bit—and inquiringly peered out at the strangers. In an assumed deep basso profundo, I loudly announced that two strange Orangemen were anxiously waiting to see Father Fitzhenry. With a terrified look, the poor girl shut the door so suddenly that she came very near pinching the top of her little nose. After she had collected her startled senses, she again peered through a small opening and said, "Father Fitz-

henry lives over beyant, ferninst the park." We went "beyant" and sure enough the good priest met us at the threshold with both hands extended in welcome. During the two pleasant hours we spent in his company we were greatly edified by his manner and conversation. We found him an elegant gentleman, highly educated and zealously earnest in the duties of his sacred calling. He is about thirty-five years of age and has already accomplished a vast amount of good in his parish and even beyond. He is looked upon as the Father Mathew of that part of Ireland, and is very enthusiastic in correcting the evils of intemperance wherever he meets them.

Father Fitzhenry paid a visit to this country last year. During his short sojourn in Syracuse I had the honor of entertaining him. He seemed very much pleased with America and its people. He spoke of the business activity and prosperity to be seen on every side and the generally contented and happy condition of its people. He moreover remarked that if he should fully describe to his people the advantages to be obtained in this country, he feared he would soon be without any parishioners.

BELFAST

Belfast is a handsome city, full of activity and business enterprise. The great shipyards of the White Star Line are here and give employment to thousands of artisans who swarm the place like an immense colony of industrious bees. The day before we arrived there the Steamship Oceanic was launched and lay at the wharf, ready for the finishing touches. It was then the largest vessel afloat and the surprise and talk of the civilized world.



●
GLENDALOUGH, VALLEY OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES,
COUNTY WICKLOW, IRELAND. See page 213



Since that time the Mauretania of the Cunard line has been built and far surpasses the former vessel in size and modern improvements. I understand that one is now (1910) building that will be far larger than the Mauretania. If this increase in size continue, there is no knowing where the competition will end. Docks will have to be lengthened and harbors deepened if the growth of floating palaces continue. Soon, no doubt, we will have air ships that will compete with the great ocean liners for travel and commerce. No sea sickness will trouble their passengers and many will cross the great Atlantic who are now afraid to do so, fearing a possible attack of the dreaded mal de mer.

Brewster and I visited a theatre in the evening where we witnessed a very creditable entertainment of the vaudeville variety. Among the acts was one which we considered really marvelous. Two men dressed in ordinary evening costume, boots and all, performed on a tight wire stretched high above the stage. They both played violins during the act and frequently threw backward summersaults without missing a note. That they could leap into the air in this manner and safely land on the wire seemed almost impossible. I frequently feared that I was about to witness involuntary suicide but they went through their acts fearlessly, skillfully and even cheerfully. By the way, I noticed that all performances in first class theatres in Ireland were of the most finished and complete order. Nothing mediocre was allowed. An incompetent actor would be immediately hissed from the stage. The audiences, which are very exacting, will not put up with anything but the very best.

We stopped at a hotel in Belfast which was called first

class. I told the clerk I wanted a good room, not too high up as I was always afraid of fire. In the evening I was escorted upstairs by a senile maid of forbidding features and uncertain age who led me to the fourth story and piloted me through a labyrinth of dark and dingy halls until we reached the room assigned to me. It contained some well worn and antique furniture that would do fair credit to a second hand auction store. The bed was about seven feet wide and eight feet long. It was damp, flat and hard. In fact it was much like many other hotel beds I saw in that part of the country.

After calmly and sorrowfully surveying the dismal surroundings, I looked out of the ancient window and peered down through the dark area to the almost invisible ground below and then looked about me for a fire escape or something like it, but they were conspicuous by their absence. I then asked my old pilot what I should do in case of fire. She immediately offered doubtful consolation by telling me I should only do the very best I could. I didn't sleep very well that night as I constantly thought of the dangerous alternative of trying to find my way out through smoky halls or of jumping to the ground fifty feet below.

While Brewster and I were standing in the lobby of the hotel next morning we were approached by a stranger who asked our names and where we came from. I was somewhat astonished at the fellow's assurance and politely informed him we were from America, hoping that would satisfy his curiosity. Nothing daunted, he wanted to know what part we came from and in what city we lived. He said he saw on the books that Syracuse was given as our residence. We owned up to the

mild insinuation and in turn asked him why he was so much interested in us. He said he was formerly in that city and in fact married a lady from there. He told us he was a doctor and had made several inventions which he was exploiting throughout the country. One was a life saving apparatus which he was then showing the citizens of Belfast and the other was a lemon squeezer of peculiar construction from which he hoped to make a large and rapid fortune.

THE BLARNEY STONE

Among the many legends concerning the Blarney Stone, I quote the following: "There are many famous stones in the world but perhaps the one that is most celebrated is the Blarney Stone of Ireland. According to tradition this stone was in the possession of the Carthaginians and, perhaps before their day, of the Syrians or Phoenicians who settled the African city. The kissing of it is said to have made the Syrians double tongued, and the expressive Runic faith is credited to its qualities. Becoming enamored of the stone, some adventurous Argonauts stole it and set sail for Cyprus, but with adverse winds were carried past the Pillars of Hercules and finally, in a storm, made the coast of Ireland, near Cork, where the stone was carried ashore. There it remained, the legend says, until the fifteenth century when Blarney Castle was erected and the stone placed in its donjon tower, where it is shown to visitors to this day, the kissing of it giving one freedom of speech and the quality called 'blarneying.'

"In many Italian cities there formerly existed what was called 'pietra d'infamie,' or a stone of infamy for the

punishment of bankrupts. In Venice one stands near the church of St. Mark and in Verona and Florence they are near the old markets. On a day in carnival week, the old time custom was to have all traders, who had become bankrupt in the preceding twelve months, led to the stone and one by one each stood on its center to hear the reading of a report of his business failures and to endure the reproaches heaped upon him by his creditors. At the end of a certain time each bankrupt was partly undressed and three officers took hold of his shoulders and three others of his knees and raising him as high as they could, bumped him on the stone deliberately twelve times 'in honor of the twelve apostles,' the creditors crowing like cocks while the bumping proceeded."

THEIR "LORDSHIPS."

I was taking a walk one day from Killena to Ardamine in Wexford with a couple of farmers whom I overtook on the road. We were having a very pleasant stroll, enlivened by an interesting conversation on the beauties of the surrounding landscape, when a couple of the "gentry" loomed up in the distance. I noticed my friends taking off their caps and placing them tightly under their left arms while preparing to salute their "Lordships." With profound bows almost amounting to salaams, they began to kick backwards and throw gravel with their brogans far behind them, as belligerent bulls do when facing one another in deadly combat. After they had passed on, I asked the reason for all those vigorous gymnastics. They said it was the custom of the country to pay their respects in this manner to their "lordships" whenever they met them on the high-

way. In bucolic wonder they asked me why I didn't do likewise. I told them I came from America, where one man is as good as another, as long as he behaves himself, and that we do not recognize caste of any kind or degree.

These incidents forcibly illustrate the "pleasure of living in a country ruled by the 'snobocracy.'"

A DUBLIN CABBY

In Dublin I took a cab one day to go from Four Courts to Linen Hall Street. I made a bargain with the cabby as to the price of transportation. He told me he knew the point I wished to reach, perfectly well. After we had gone several blocks he seemed to have lost his way and asked me further about the street in question. As I also was ignorant of the location, I told him to stop and I would make inquiries. Without leaving the cab I shouted to a man on the sidewalk who gave us the desired information. On arrival at my uncle's home where I was bound for, I offered the cabby the price agreed upon, which he would not accept, but demanded that I double it as the 'journey was broken' when we stopped to make inquiries. I paid his exorbitant demands under protest but kept up a vigorous thinking about the tyranny of the very fellows themselves who complain of injustice and are always snivelling about hard times.

VALLEY OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES

At Castletown in the County of Wexford, Ireland, I spent a few days with my cousin, Mrs. Ellen Redmond Bowes, who, with her husband, conducted a National

School there. As it was vacation time, they suggested an excursion of the Valley of the Seven Churches known, also as Glendalough, or the Glen of the Lakes.

The next day we started out and, when we reached the town of Arklow, we met an association of school teachers who were en route for the same place. We joined the party which was found very congenial and interesting. At Dundrum we met another party that had just arrived from Dublin, the members of which joined us and completely filled the train that was bound for Glendalough.

This interesting little hamlet is in the townland of Ballinacor in the County of Wicklow. It is one of the most famous places in all Ireland. Situated in a valley it impresses the tourist, who first beholds it from the mountain side, with feelings of admiration and sorrow—the first for its wonderful history, the latter for its mass of desolate ruins. Long before powerful nations of the present day had their existence, this was a seat of learning that sent out teachers and savants to many lands. History is filled with pages of the teachings of its learned scholars who, as linguists, translators, copyists, etc., were successful in preserving the knowledge of early times and transmitting it to natives and foreigners who flocked to this famous valley for instruction.

St. Kevin, who lived in the sixth century as a hermit on the shore of the upper lake, is said to have been the founder of the Seven Churches whose ruins are still to be seen there. In the midst of all stands a lofty Round Tower that has not as yet succumbed to the ravages of time but is in a state of preservation that would lead one to imagine it might have been built

within the last decade. This is perhaps the most perfect specimen of those mystic towers that are the wonder and puzzle of antiquarians and archaeologists. It is 110 feet in height and 51 feet in circumference at the base from which it gracefully tapers to a summit covered with a conical roof.

It was the first tower of the kind I had ever seen and to make sure that I saw it and even felt it, I walked clear around it with one hand on its wall. It looks almost as clean and perfect as if the masons had just finished it, taken down their scaffolds and gone home to an early dinner.

When it is remembered that this tower is perhaps as old, if not older, than the Pyramids of Egypt, it will seem almost incredible that it could remain in such a state of preservation as we find it to-day. The late Henry O'Brien in his exhaustive treatise on the "Round Towers of Ireland," after citing many authorities and comparing different sources of information, comes to the conclusion that they had their origin with a sect of Buddhists that flourished in ancient Persia, and emigrated to Ireland in prehistoric times, where they built those towers as monuments to the deity they worshipped.

Walking through the ruins of the Seven Churches which surround this tower are to be seen the remains of St. Kevin's Church, the Cathedral, the Lady Chapel, Trinity Church, St. Saviour's Abbey, said to contain the tomb of St. Kevin, and the Refectory or Cemetery Church. The remains of the seventh are now barely visible. These ruins still show some rare examples of artistic workmanship, so characteristic of ancient Hibernia. In the cemetery and through the valley are to be seen many stone

crosses and monuments of beautiful and unique design. The Cave known as St. Kevin's Bed seems to be a natural cavity in the rock. It is situated on the shore of the upper lake and is about twenty-five feet above the water. The access to it is very difficult and even dangerous. Why the saint selected such an inconvenient locality for his lodgings I am at a loss to say. If he wished to leave the world behind, he certainly could not have found a more retiring place, for it's nearly worth one's life to climb the steep and treacherous rocks to reach it. Many of our party explored the innermost recesses of this little cave which is almost as famous as Blarney Castle.

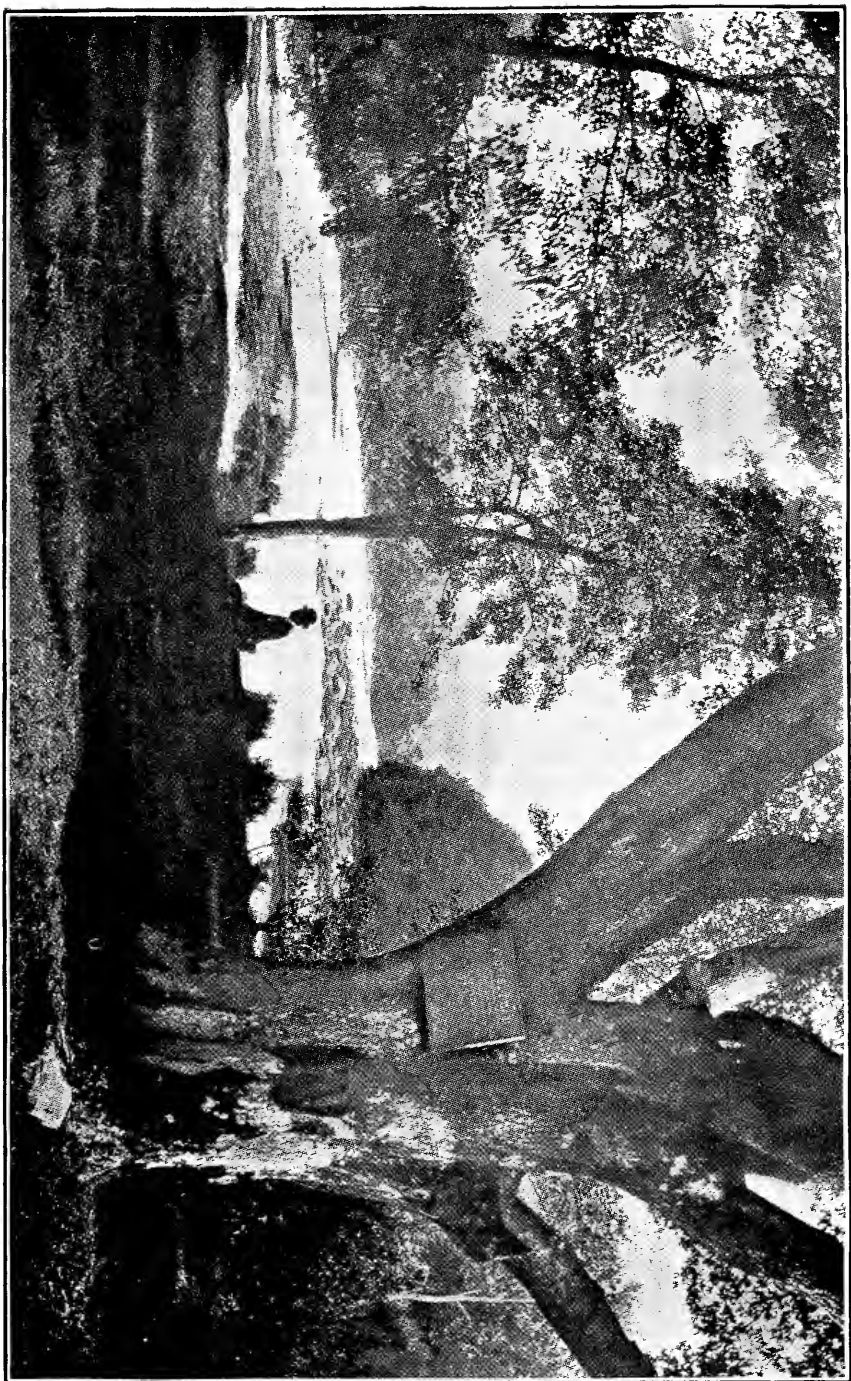
The little lake above mentioned is about as lonely looking as any sheet of water I ever saw, being enclosed by barren mountains that are so unlike the verdant hills in other parts of that country. In referring to it a local poet says:

"That gloomy lake whose dismal shore
The nightingale ne'er warbles o'er."

I think this sentiment gives a good idea of the locality. It is so different from the lower lake that it makes the latter more beautiful and interesting by comparison.

Our next excursion was over to the Vale of Avoca in the same county. By the way, I think the County of Wicklow possesses more natural charms than all the rest of Ireland, and the tourist who fails to visit it misses a veritable Garden of Eden.

On our way to the Vale of Avoca I was somewhat amused at an old fisherman who entered the car at Avondale. By his swinging gait and general appearance I



MEETING OF THE WATERS IN THE VALE OF AVOCA, COUNTY WICKLOW, IRELAND

Made famous by Moore



took him for an old time sailor from the County Mayo. His ruddy countenance, set off with a little pug nose, beautifully embellished with a large sized wart on its starboard side, gave him a comfortably comical expression. He had on the conventional suit of corduroy which covered his stout figure from head to foot. Slung across his shoulders was the inevitable fishing basket, that, no doubt, contained his noonday lunch with a wee portion of "bait." Taking him, all in all, he seemed the personification of happiness and good humor.

As he sat there puffing vigorously away at his little dark dudeen, I could not help giving him a few surreptitious glances, he being the most interesting exhibit en route. Between frequent pulls at his pipe he would get off some quaint remarks that proved very entertaining to the excursionists. I distinctly remember one of his funny exclamations. For some reason, unknown to the passengers, the train was brought to a halt as it was crossing a long bridge. Our quaint little passenger, who seemed over anxious to reach the fishing grounds, became somewhat impatient at the delay and after holding his temper and his pungent breath as long as he could, blurted out so all could hear, "Let yees get on wid yere cranky ould invintion. Phwat the divil's kapin' ye here?" He perhaps thought he was the only one discommoded by the delay.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

The Vale of Avoca is certainly all that Moore has said of it—a charming, quiet retreat where the music of the rippling waters seems to sing the anthems of Nature. I sat on a large stone under the very tree where Thomas

Moore is said to have composed and written the "Meeting of the Waters." These miniature rivers are the Avonmore and the Avonbeg which meet there and harmoniously mingle their silvery streams. While sitting under that tree I called to mind my favorite stanza in the famous poem which I considered so appropriate to that peaceful, sunny vale. As I now remember, it reads like this :

"Sweet Vale of Avoca! How calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world would cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace."

I admire the poet who felt the soothing influences of those peaceful surroundings, and none could do otherwise were he at all susceptible to the romantic loveliness of this enchanting valley. However, it was only a Moore who could so grandly express sentiments appropriate to the Vale of Avoca which divides mountains, but welcomes the silvery streams that magically murmur as they gently mingle their undulating waters in peaceful harmony.

BLARNEY CASTLE

There has been so much said and written about Blarney Castle that I will limit myself to personal experience there. Of course, I must give a brief outline of it, from my own point of view, before commencing.

This old castle was built in the fifteenth century by one Cormac McCarthy. It is about 120 feet high, of rough-hewn stone and is in a fair state of preservation. The coping on the top of the old walls, however, is nearly all gone and its place is usurped by mosses and ivies which

lend a romantic beauty to the old ruin that is much admired. We had heard so much of Blarney Castle and the mystic halo that seems to encircle it, that it was with a sort of reverence that we approached the historic old tower. A narrow winding stairway of uncertain construction leads to what is at present the upper floor or landing. With a good deal of effort, we managed to reach the top. This is devoid of roof, in fact I don't think it ever had one, as the mosses and lichens that so abundantly and luxuriantly grow there would go to show that it was formerly a sort of roof garden or something of that kind. The ivy was of a kind I never saw before and, wishing to take some home, I cut off slips that we afterwards stuck into raw potatoes which made their transportation successful.

A little below the level of this floor is located the famous Blarney Stone, a history of which may be read in another chapter. Of course the male portion of our party felt it their bounden duty to kiss this talismanic creation of traditional lore.

The world wide reputation that Blarney Castle enjoys goes to show how small an affair will sometimes make famous a man, a locality or even an old ruin. A few lines, carelessly written, gave to the Blarney Stone, its Castle and the hamlet it which it is located a lasting and universal reputation.

For those who have not yet seen the lines, I will quote :

“There is a stone there
That whoever kisses
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
A clever spouter

He'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer
To be let alone.
Don't hope to hinder him
Or to bewilder him
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone."

While on the castle we were startled by a dashing young lady who excitedly rushed up the stairs and over to the wall to get a hurried kiss of the famous stone. In her wild rush she came very near falling to the ground 120 feet below, and would have done so had it not been for a bystander and myself who grabbed her by the heels just in time. Being a woman of large proportions and very heavy, it required our entire strength to haul her back to safety.

She excitedly got to her feet and, with the look of a frightened fawn, dashed off down the stairs without even stopping to express thanks for her rescue. I suppose she was so overjoyed her life was saved that she forgot to express her gratitude.

About a week before that a sailor, in his attempt to kiss the stone, leaned out too far, lost his balance and fell headlong, a distance of over a hundred feet, landing on the top branches of a large tree that stood close to the wall below. Strange to say, he escaped serious injury, only a few scratches and bruises being the result of his perilous flight. He, in his enthusiasm, had perhaps kissed "not wisely but too well," or may be did not get a smack at all.

The Groves of Blarney are certainly very charming and, according to the old song which, pardon me, I do

not intend to repeat, are filled with "posies and carnations which vie with the daffodowndillies" in their efforts to adorn the verdant banks of the purling, silvery streams that meander between them.

The modest hamlet of Blarney, hard by, is a very interesting collection of comfortable and neat little cottages. As we walked through the place we came across a large number of children who were seated on the grass alongside a blooming hawthorne hedge. We learned it was the village school which had assembled there for instruction, it being much more comfortable than the stuffy old school room. It was indeed an inspiring sight to behold those little innocents, clad in their neat homespun, eagerly pursuing the paths of knowledge in the shade of the white blossomed hedge. Our presence did not seem to distract their close attention to the instructions the teacher was at that time giving them.

The only manufacturing plant we saw there was the Blarney Woolen Mills. They are famous for making the finest cloth in Great Britain. At the Centennial Exposition they captured the prize from all the world for the excellency of their products.

After inspecting the mills Mrs. Doyle and I took a short walk into the suburbs of the little place. It was about the noon hour and many of the mill operators were hurrying home for dinner, as they still call it there. On our rambles we came across two women who had brought the mid-day meal to their boys who were waiting on the bank of the Blarney River near the mills. We stopped to have a chat with them. The mothers were rather inclined to be communicative but the boys were so absorbed in the interesting occupation of stowing away hot pota-

toes and cool buttermilk, that they honored us with but scant attention. I thought to myself, if I but had their appetites I could afford to remain speechless for a month. The whole ensemble, surroundings and all, formed a subject worthy of artistic study that would delight the most ambitious painter of modern times.

WATERFORD

This is a clean, grand, lonesome looking, old city. It was built a long time ago, and like other towns in Ireland has been the scene of many battles which often nearly destroyed it. As an example of its early enterprise it possessed a newspaper away back in 1729 entitled the "Waterford Flying Post" which was printed on common writing paper and published twice a week.

A large round tower still stands on the site of the tower built by Reginald the Dane in 1003. Near its summit can be seen, embedded in the walls, one of the balls shot from the cannon of Cromwell while besieging the city.

Tramore is a famous watering place about six miles south of the city. After enjoying the hospitalities of Waterford, we took the train and went down there. The little cars on that road looked more like toys than practical conveyances. They were so small and frail and the tracks so yielding that we feared an accident might happen if the concern were allowed to speed beyond the limits of a smart walk.

The little village is wonderfully pretty, located as it is on the bay, and set out with fine old buildings, that, even in their decadence, exhibit traces of former elegance. A church spire here and there indicates that the

inhabitants are still God-fearing, if they are not wealthy in this world's goods.

The grand stretch of white, sandy beach was alive with pleasure seekers from far and near. It was amusing and interesting to watch the antics of the youthful bathers as they sported about in the deep waters like so many plunging porpoises. Many of them would swim out a great distance into the sea and appear as much at home as if on terra firma. It often occurred to me that if those lads were taken with cramps while out there it would soon be all over with them so far as this world is concerned.

Our next thought was to get to New Ross in Wexford. This town is a few miles up the river Barrow. We boarded a little steamer which brought us safely up stream to our destination. On our way I was much amused to notice the manner in which the mail-bags were exchanged en route. As our creaky old boat lumbered along against the swift current of the river, we noticed a boatman from the shore rowing towards us with all speed. He would start out a long distance above and point directly across the river, making the calculation so nicely that by the time he reached the middle of the stream he would come alongside our boat, on which he would quickly throw his mail and receive another in return and be off again. This unique exhibition of rural skill and activity so interested the passengers that they rushed to the side of the little steamer in such numbers as to nearly capsize it.

After a very enjoyable trip we reached New Ross. It is a smart little town and up to date in many respects. The railroad station is very commodious and possesses all

the modern improvements necessary for a place of its size.

New Ross was founded prior to the Thirteenth Century by Isabella, daughter of Strongbow, and was formerly known as Rossglas. Cromwell also had a whack at this town whose fortresses he knocked to smithereens. There are some remains of the ancient walls still in existence; silent reminders of the Reign of Terror that blasted the Emerald Isle in the days long ago.

SHANDON

Like the song of the Blarney Stone, the little poem by Father Prout has immortalized its subject. Shandon Church is known the world over and the music of its bells seems to have reached every shore. When I entered this venerable church I was not satisfied until I climbed the interior of its steeple and had rung, with my own hands, the famous bells. Their music is really sweet, not because the poet said so, for they send forth a soft melody that seems to charm the very soul and sooth one into a blissful forgetfulness of the anxieties of life. Having satisfied my ambition to see and ring the famous bells, I returned to the body of the ancient church which is now in a state of incipient ruin. Its walls are dingy and the pews or seats anything but inviting. Near the dilapidated pulpit is a baptismal font which is noted for its antiquity, if nothing else.

On the north side of the church lie buried the remains of Father Mahoney, or Father Prout as he was pleased to sign his writings. His grave lies near the church, just under the eaves. It was raining the day I was there and the last resting place of the author of "Bells of Shandon"

was flooded with water from the roof. The appearance of his tomb was a forcible reminder of the neglect and forgetfulness of mankind, even for those who have been a blessing in their day and generation.

The steeple of Old Shandon is an odd looking affair. It appears as if built at different times and in separate stories. Two sides of it are white and two are red. This circumstance gave rise to the couplet

Parti-colored, like Cork's people,
Red and white stands Shandon Steeple.

Only a few hundred feet from Shandon Church lie buried the remains of Gerald Griffin, author of the *Collegians* from which Boucicault, years after, founded the play of the "Colleen Bawn" which had such a phenomenal run in Europe and this country a few years ago. He also wrote "Hollandtide Tales," "Tales of the Munster Festivals," and "The Invasion." In poetry, "Mary of the Curling Hair," "A Place in Thy Memory Dearest" and the "Bridal of Malahide," are among his best efforts and rank very high in literature.

The author had the honor and pleasure of being a pupil of Gerald Griffin's sister who taught school in Binghamton, N. Y., in 1855.

Many people wonder why Cork was thus named. To satisfy their curiosity, which is pardonable, I will say that history tells us the name was derived from Carroch, a swamp; its location on a marshy island justifying the appellation.

Cork was founded in the sixth Century and was the scene of many battles, conflagrations, sieges, etc. It

still survives and is a city well worthy of the tourists' attention.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

Any one who makes a tour of Ireland without visiting the Lakes of Killarney will regret it the longest day he lives, if he can fully realize what he has missed. No writer has ever yet done full justice to this beautiful region. I have visited the famous lakes of Italy and Switzerland, also those of England and Scotland, but have found none of them to compare in romantic beauty with the Irish lakes.

Enclosed by wooded mountains and verdant plains, their glories are enhanced by the many charming islets that dot their silvery surfaces, and the grand old ruins that adorn their silent shores. "The beauty of the Lakes does not so much depend on the grandeur of the encircling mountains, clothed with purple gorse and heather, the number of the green or rocky islands or the luxuriance and graces of the foliage, as on the unequaled combination of all as an ever varying scene. Here the myrtle loves the soil; the trailing *Arbutus* thrives better than on the sunny shores of Italy, the green is of a livelier hue than elsewhere; the hills glow with a richer purple; the varnish of the holly and ivy more glossy and berries of a brighter red, peep through foliage of a brighter green."

It was raining the morning we started out from the Village of Killarney to visit the Lakes. From our hotel we took jaunting cars to the entrance of the Gap of Dunloe. As the road through this gap or mountain defile is narrow and rugged we were obliged, on our arrival,

to either walk up the steep incline or ride the ponies which were there in great numbers. Several of our party hired the animals and attempted to ride, but the ascent was so steep and the ponies' unsaddled backs so slippery with the falling rain, that we found ourselves unable to keep our seats. First one would slide off over the rear of his steed, then another and so until the entire party was put "hors de combat" for certain. It was very fortunate that the horses were only ponies in size, otherwise we might have received some serious injuries. The only thing left for us now was walking. This we heroically started out to do. As we trudged wearily along up the steep, rocky glen we heard two or three echoes that sounded something like overgrown firecrackers. As we approached the source of the noise, we discovered a hearty looking kid of about seventeen summers and as many winters, standing guard over a toy cannon about the size of a brass candlestick. With a tone of authority he asked us to pay for his uncalled for salute. Not feeling in the very best humor after our tiresome tramp, we told him we respectfully declined to accede to his peremptory demands. Well then said he "ye must pay me for me powdher at laste." "Not a bit of it my fresh young gossoon," said I, "for if you had asked a donation in a respectful manner, we would have been pleased to surrender; but as you have assumed an air of impudence in this matter, we wish to teach you a wholesome lesson by refusing your demands, at least when you act the role of an amateur highwayman."

Next point of interest was the famous Cottage of Kate Kearney. I call the home famous, although the original Kate no longer caters to the lovers of goat's milk and

"mountain dew." She was gathered to her fore-mothers some years ago. Her granddaughter, who is now a woman well along in the sixties, attends faithfully to the thirst of the hardy mountaineer, and meets all tourists just outside of her cottage door with a generous jug of goat's milk and a full flask of "mountain dew." Our party generally declined her invitation to take a drink, as the containers did not possess that freshness of appearance that is always so inviting to the thirsty. We entered the cabin however and registered our names on a large book kept there for that purpose. In looking over the list, I discovered the familiar autograph of my old friend, Doctor L. A. Sayre of New York, who had been there the week before. I also saw many other names of distinguished tourists from America. We purchased several articles of bog oak which were on sale. By the way, this bog oak is a very hard and heavy wood and is as black and beautiful as ebony, for which it is often taken. It is found buried deep in the bogs of Ireland, where it has lain probably for thousands of years, in fact there is no limit to the time it may have been under the ground. It is very durable and is excellent for carved work. Canes, crosses, rings, etc., are made from it and eagerly sought for as souvenirs by tourists.

After leaving Kate Kearney's Cottage we proceeded up the Glen. On our way we met a bevy of plump, rosy cheeked colleens who were busily knitting stockings as they slowly wended their way over the mountain road. They kindly asked us if we would buy some of the finished work which they carried under their arms. Their manner was so demure and charming that many

of our party purchased heavy woolen stockings that they really did not know what to do with.

A TUMBLE DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

As we reached the top of the glen, the descent to the lakes began. Some went by the road which was a long way around but I and another eager tourist took the short cut down the mountain side—yes down the very Reeks of Magilicuddy, in order to save time. Subsequent events however will show the old adage to be true: "The longest way 'round is the shortest way home."

Not knowing the risks thus rashly assumed, we started off on our downward journey. All went fairly well until we reached some shaly slate that gave away under our feet and caused us to slide in a manner, and at a gait, that soon became very serious and interesting. With difficulty we kept our feet while going down the steep declivity with an ever increasing speed that threatened our safety. My companion, who was ahead of me, in our wild flight, struck an old stump that nearly put him out of commission. As I flew past him I could see that he was suffering from some severe injury. About that time I lost my footing and finished the perilous journey by alternately rolling and sliding to the foot of the mountain. As soon as I could recover my scattered senses, I looked about me to see in what part of the country Kerry I had landed. I next took an inventory of what clothes I had left on me and fortunately found at least enough to last until I could get back to my hotel. Several tufts of mountain furze had left their trade mark on me, in the shape of lacerated arms and legs and the rocks had contributed a number of severe bruises.

As I sat there nursing my aches and pains I discovered my companion slowly limping down the mountain. He complained bitterly of his thigh which was injured by striking against a stump. We remained there for some time comparing notes on the late catastrophe when we descried, in the distance, the wise contingent approaching. When they reached us, there were some mild reproaches and many I-told-you-sos, but when they investigated our torn and battered condition, sympathy took the place of reproach and we were kindly assisted to the boats which were waiting for us on the shore near by.

Once on the water we were in a mood to forget our late misery and tried to enjoy the enchanting scenery about us. Our boatmen were jolly good fellows and did their best to entertain us by calling attention to the principal points of interest as they rowed along. When we passed the "Eagles' Nest," a rugged, pyramidal rock on the shore which rises nearly 1000 feet up the mountain side, we were treated to an unusual display of sylvan melody. A bugler in our boat blew a melodious blast from his brazen horn, which was quickly echoed from the rugged rocks and wooded shores beyond, and followed by nearly a dozen repetitions. The echoes were far more striking than those I heard in the Pantheon at Paris where they are the wonder of all visitors. Those of Killarney seemed to come from a great distance and sounded for all the world like a band of musicians stationed in the riparian forests.

INNISFALLEN

Of all the islands I saw in the lakes, that of Innisfallen was the most interesting. The boatmen were

about to pass it when I requested them to make a landing that I might visit that hallowed spot, so famous in the annals of Ireland's early history, and made also interesting by the charm thrown around it by the poetry of Moore. I went over to the ruins of the old Abby, built in the year 600 by St. Finian. There are some portions of the walls yet standing and a tree is shown near them, under which it is said the body of the saint is buried. In this Abbey the celebrated Annals of Innisfallen were written. It contains certain passages from the Old Testament and a compendium of universal history down to the time of St. Patrick.

Before leaving this famous isle, I took, as a souvenir, a small stone from the ruined walls of the Old Abbey and mentally repeated with Moore:

"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In Memory's dream that sunny smile
Which o'er thee on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle."

We made a complete tour of the three lakes in a row-boat and, as we wound around and between the numerous islands, I was reminded of the many traditions connected with them and of the celebrities of the past who once lived there.

Being more than satisfied with our day's outing we landed on the shore of Lough Leane and returned to our hotel for the night.

On our way back from the Lakes of Killarney we took the Prince of Wales Route which afforded us a delightful ride through the mountains of Kerry. Just as we were entering the town of Bandon a passenger called my at-

tention to the fact that it was here that Dean Swift posted on the town gate the following lines:

“Turk, Jew or Atheist
May enter here
But not a Papist.”

His servant, who was late in getting there, read the inscription and concluding it was some of his eccentric master's doings, added the following rejoinder:

Whoever wrote this, did write it well
For the same is written on the gates of hell.

By the way, I think I mentioned somewhere else in this volume that I happened to be in St. Patrick's Church in Dublin in 1889 when they dug up the bones of the odd old Dean and those of his darling Stella.

GOUGANE BARRA

When St. Finbarr left his little island in the lonely lake of Gougane Barra he founded a cathedral in Cork on the site of a pagan temple. He afterward added to it a religious house and a school. The latter soon attained such fame that students flocked to it from different parts of Europe until nearly a thousand were being educated within its walls. To St. Finbarr's founding of this school is ascribed the origin of the city of Cork.

History tells us “The City thrived for nearly 300 years and then came the sea rovers, hungry for spoil, who in 820 burned the city, killed a number of inhabitants and even carried off the silver coffin in which St. Finbarr was buried. They returned shortly afterward

and seized on the marshes below the city, fortified them and started to build a city of their own. They sang their 'Mass of the Lances,' which began with the rising of the sun, and, as the annals of the 'Four Masters' state, 'Whensoever they marched, they were escorted by fire.' But in time even these rovers were absorbed. They paid tribute to the McCarthys and were married and given in marriage to the Irish.

"The Lagas of the North tell us of many a hardy Norseman who fell captive to the charms of the Cork maidens, and Danish blood mingles with the Celtic in the veins of many an inhabitant of the City by the Lee. The passionate fondness for the sea of so many men of Cork indicates this ancestral strain."

The name Gougane Barrow, as I understand it, means the source of the river. It is a little lake near the foot of Mount Malloch and is the source or origin of the river Lee which flows on down to the city of Cork, thence to the sea which it meets at Queenstown, formerly known as the Cove of Cork. Callanan, an Irish poet of the early forties, thus sings of the lovely isle in this romantic little lake:

"There is a green island in lovely Gougane Barra

When Allus of songs rushes out like an arrow
In deep-valleyed Desmond a thousand wild fountains

Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow

Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As like some gay child that sad monitor scorning

It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning."
And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all bright'ning

When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning
And when the waters come down 'mid the thunder's deep rattle

Like the clans from the hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming:

Oh, where is the dwelling in valley or highland
So sweet for a bard as this lone little island?"

As I saw it, the dark green mantle of the lovely mountain, set off with plumes of purple heather and the silvery sheen of murmuring streams, was an inspiring theme for the young poet's plaintive reverie. There appears to be an indescribable fascination about this quiet region although the very atmosphere seems to breathe an air of retrospective meditation and solemnity that is very impressive.

Among the many tourists who have visited Gougane Barra I know of none who is more enthusiastic about it than the Hon. Eugene J. Mack, former Comptroller of the City of Syracuse. He was born a few miles from there and frequently entertains his friends by telling them of the charms of that interesting region.

TRIALS OF A TOURIST

To get a fair start for the following narrative I will commence by relating my experience at the Kingsford Hotel in Queenstown, Ireland. The Cove of Cork, as this place was formerly called, is known as the "jumping off place" by emigrants who leave their native land, never to return, and well might it be, for how many thousands have there bid a sorrowful and final farewell to home and friends that they never again will behold.

VEXATION ON LAND—STORM AT SEA

In order to be in time for the steamer, which was to leave in the morning for America, I left Cork for Queenstown the night before and put up at the Kingsford Hotel which was said to be the best one there. It was

kept by an Englishman, of course. I asked for a good room and to my dismay, when I was about to retire for the night, I was assigned to one on the fourth floor. It was large enough; in fact, its amplitude but added to the gloom that everywhere prevailed. The walls were dingy and damp and the bed, which would hold six, was flat and as hard as the soft side of a hemlock plank. I found on the antique mantelpiece a tallow candle, in a cheap tin holder, which cast a feeble light—just enough to locate the bed and two crippled chairs which kept company with a sorry looking old washstand. To complete the “superb” furnishings of the room a ragged old carpet vainly struggled to hide the defects in the well-worn floor. For such “accommodations” I was expected to pay first class price. If it had not been a stormy night I would have sought other quarters, but, as it was, I had to make the best of it.

Sometime in the night I reached out for the watch in my vest which I had hung on a chair near the bed, and went over to the mantel to light the tallow dip that I might see the time; but to my sorrow I could not find a match, for the simple reason that none was there. In this dilemma I went out into the hall to call some one, but my loudest invocations got no answer save the echoes of my own lonely voice which resounded from dreary labyrinths of the ancient tavern. In utter despair I returned to the room but not to bed, for sleep was impossible in such a place. For hours I paced up and down that dark and chilly room, anxiously longing for the blessed daylight that I might escape from such horrible surroundings. When light did come I wearily made my way down a trio of rickety stair flights. The street door

was locked and not one of the servants could be found to open it. By this time I had become somewhat desperate in my determination to get out of that old prison, and by stentorian shouts finally aroused the janitor who made his appearance in a half muddled condition. A generous tip induced him to open the door before the regulation hour. I immediately made my escape out into the open air. Although it was raining, I was glad to get out on the street where I could while away the dreary hours until the starting of the little boat that would take us to the steamer which lay at anchor in the harbor.

As I strolled up and down the quay in front of the business section of the town, I was much interested in watching the sea gulls and crows that covered the pavements. In their efforts to collect stray bits of garbage many vigorous fights were pulled off between the blacks and whites, the latter always getting the lion's share. All were so fearless from the dint of hunger that they would fairly trip one up if he tried to walk among them.

After thus whiling away a few dismal, drizzly hours I reluctantly returned to the hotel to settle up and go through the form of having breakfast, for my horrible experience during the night had banished all appetite. In the dining room we were served by punctilious old waiters who frequently regaled themselves by audibly making fun of the Yankees and even went so far as to imitate the nasal twang so often heard in America. My feelings were not lacerated thereby as I am not an advocate of the twang. However if the hotel wished a continuance of American patronage this did not exhibit much keen diplomacy. I am sure I would never patronize the Kingsford Hotel again, even if I had to

spend the night on the street with the black crows and white seagulls.

I purposely give my experience there to warn tourists to always inspect rooms and accommodations in Queens-town hotels before accepting them. In fact it is a good plan to do so in any hotel on the other side.

I had much difficulty in getting my luggage down to the dock where the lighter was waiting to take us out to the steamer. All was confusion at the hotel, luggage of different guests was mixed, the porters were late and the running, racing and shouting during the exodus would be amusing were it not that our fear of being late for the ship banished all hilarity on our part.

On my way to the lighter I passed an old vessel at the wharf. On its wet deck lay stretched at full length several sailors who were enjoying a morning snooze, although the rain was coming down on them in a cold drizzle that would chill a North Pole explorer. The laws of hygiene seemed suspended for their special benefit, that is to say if they escaped a fatal attack of pneumonia.

Having reached the lighter, which was too small for the crowd, we were taken out to the Steamship Nevada which was anchored about a mile away. I was very much disappointed at the size of the ship which was to take us across the broad Atlantic. If I had known of her antique and dilapidated appearance I would never have accepted a passage on her. She resembled an overgrown canal boat more than an ocean steamer. Here again I warn tourists to always learn something of the vessel on which they are to take passage. The time we came over was at the height of the return season for tourists. As we had

not previously engaged a homeward passage we were obliged to take any vessel offered.

Once aboard the old Nevada we set about making the best of a bad bargain by putting our stateroom in order and settling down for a tedious voyage for we knew the old hulk would break no records for speed.

The first morning on board turned out pleasant, as the rain had ceased and the sun shone cheerily. Most of the time was spent on deck viewing the receding coasts of old Ireland and making new acquaintances among the passengers.

In the early evening a change came over the scene. The sky in the west became suddenly darkened and the sea raised and lowered as if some unseen force from below were agitating it. The sailors called it a ground swell, the precursor of a storm. We could not understand the phenomenon as there was no wind at the time. Soon we began to realize we were in for it, as a stiff breeze came up in a hurry and was quickly followed by a gale that soon developed into a furious hurricane. My roommate, Sirius Belknap, and I were exchanging experiences in a sheltered corner of the deck when a sailor came running up to us and said we had better go below as soon as possible for everything must be shut down as we were soon to have a fearful storm. "Why lads, it's blowin' great guns now," said he, as he rushed off to help the men with the life boats.

When we reached our stateroom all was confusion. The ship rolled and pitched about like a mere toy at the mercy of the roaring sea. The hurricane's keen blast swept the white crests of the foaming waves and hurled them to the clouds so that sky and water seemed all one. The

shrieking of the gale through the ship's rigging was like the weird wail of lost ones struggling in the sea. Soon came crashing sounds from the steerage below as of the smashing of furniture that was being thrown about. These were supplemented with screams from the occupants of those quarters as they had been submerged with water that entered through the broken porthole windows. Husbands clung to their wives, children to their parents, and in their despair all were frantically rushing about for a place of safety while loudly uttering, what seemed to them, their last prayers.

In our room things were also interesting. Sirius was silent for a time as if in deep meditation. He at first tried to be indifferent, but when the storm increased in fury he gave away to most abject fear and began to think his time had come to enter the great unknown. With trembling hands he reached above and took down a life preserver which he proceeded to fasten around him. During the process he became piously retrospective and in a monotonous monologue began to recount the good deeds of his past life, after which he humbly asked forgiveness for any possible transgression during his eventful career. "Well," said he, "I suppose my time has come and I will never, never see home or friends again. I am sorry to be taken away so suddenly, for we must all surely go to the bottom this time; nothing can save us. I know I have been upright, never injured anybody and have always tried to set a good example. I have left my folks in good circumstances and suppose I might as well go now as any time."

While uttering this doleful soliloquy he tugged and pulled away at the life belt, which was evidently too

small for him. When trying to make ends meet, the buckle broke and a strap gave way. Losing all patience, and for the moment forgetting impending danger, he gave way to his frenzied feelings and exclaimed loudly with an earnestness born of sheer desperation: "O, what's the matter with this d—— old belt; it's rotten. It's busted just when I want to use it. I knew by the looks of the d—— old ship that the blankety blank owners were frauds. They can all take the running jump and land plumb into h——."

About this time I'll confess I began to feel pretty doubtful of ever reaching terra firma. Perspiration stood in heavy beads on my anxious countenance and, as Virgil says, "my voice clung to my jaws," but when I heard Sirius get off that mixed monologue I could not retain my risibility. In the midst of the panic I broke out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter that fairly convulsed me. When I could control my voice I said, "Sirius, tut, tut, that's no way to meet St. Peter—with an oath on your lips and an anger in your heart. You ought to be exceedingly ashamed of yourself. Moreover, it's no use putting on that life preserver for if you were thrown into the sea the first wave would cast you higher than Gilderoy's kite and when you came down it's ten to one you'd land in the open jaws of a frisky shark. The poor hungry fish would be so annoyed at finding you encumbered with those ugly blocks of cork that he would show you no mercy at all."

By this time the storm had somewhat abated and Sirius felt so much relieved by my timely remarks that he broke into a prolonged cachcinnation that became almost hysterical. As the winds went down and the storm les-

sened he also became more calm until he finally remarked with an air of relief that perhaps we had better return to the deck and enjoy life a little longer. Out of the eight lifeboats only three remained, the rest having been swept overboard. Sails were torn to tatters and everything loose on deck had been claimed by the sea.

When the danger was past and cool judgment had replaced furious frenzy, the passengers loudly expressed gratitude for their safety. To formally testify to the efficiency of the officers and sailors, a meeting was called in the music room where speeches were made and resolutions adopted, honoring the men who had so bravely guided us safely through the most terrific storm we had ever experienced.

A RAMBLING REVILER

According to last week's Chronicle the "Hon." E. Z. Barlow, had to go all the way to Ireland to exhibit a suit of secondhand duds and to vent his hereditary spleen. He says: "I never was in a spot before where I felt conspicuous for being decently dressed. Poor, dear old dirty Ireland!" When he returns he ought to present those well-worn togs to the Historical Society, as they caused so much curiosity when, as he says: "The natives looked at us and we looked at them." By "them" I suppose he meant his clothes to see if he had them on straight. It appears he was as successful in finding dirt as some others who are constantly looking for it. He need not have left Syracuse to satisfy his longings in that direction; a visit to Orange Alley or the Patch might have satisfied his desires for the seamy side of human nature. In fact the

slums of London or Liverpool ought to have been quite as savory to him as the peasants' pigpens on the outskirts of the little town of Killarney.

A truthful description of the grand streets of Dublin, Cork or Belfast, or of the fashionably dressed men and women of those cities, would be impossible for a tourist like Barlow. The beautiful Lakes of Killarney, the wonders of the Giant's Causeway, or the magnificent watering places, would never appeal to a mind like his, for it is not able to appreciate the beautiful, the sublime, the noble, especially when he sees it in Ireland, but must needs seek out the dirty part of every place and even the unfortunate poor, as fair specimens of the Emerald Isle.

Speaking of the revival of the Gaelic language, he says: "I asked what was the use of it all and if it was not setting the hands of the clock back to revive a dead language."

The Gaelic is not dead, never was dead and will not die as long as a language of civilization is spoken. At present it is the only language used in many parts of Ireland. The English government tried to murder it, and nearly succeeded, but enough is left of the glorious old tongue to prove its vigor, its usefulness and its beauties. It is now being taught in nearly all the schools of Ireland and in many parish schools in America. If Barlow could live fifty years more of his bigoted life, he might yet hear the Irish language spoken in the streets of Syracuse quite as frequently as one can hear the German of to-day.

It really seems too bad that a certain class of tourists cannot content themselves with a modest and truthful description of places and people, without becoming conspicuously offensive by their unjust and mendacious

criticisms of persons, local customs and the misfortunes of a suffering community.

When Irishmen go abroad, especially those of the Catholic faith, no one hears of their criticising the religion, or finding fault with the misfortunes of the people and customs of which they are ignorant. Such tourists do not go snooping around into the old cathedrals of England seeking something to ridicule. They do not make themselves offensive in Protestant places of worship by acting like Madagascar monkeys during the services. No, the great cathedrals of England once belonged to the Catholic Church, from which they were wrongfully wrested, nevertheless a well bred son of Erin has enough of self respect to conduct himself properly even when in a house of worship unjustly taken from his co-religionists.

They say Barlow was once a teacher in our public schools. He must have been a brilliant specimen of the average pedagogue, if his mind is so warped that he cannot refrain from offending a nation that has given to the world many of its brightest intellects.

IX

SCOTLAND

WE LEFT Belfast by steamer bound for Glasgow on a mild summer evening. As the weather was delightfully warm we remained on deck until nearly midnight to enjoy the balmy breezes of St. Patrick's Channel of the Irish Sea that divides Ireland from Scotland. With mind and body well adapted for refreshing rest, we retired to our staterooms. In the middle of the night I was rudely awakened by a smothered sound. I could not imagine whence it emanated, until at last a despairing howl reached my ears that betrayed, in no mistaken terms, the voice of my old friend Brewster. It appears that after trying in vain for many weary hours to court the little God of Sleep, he resolved to get up and go on deck to while the time away. As luck would have it he could not open his stateroom door, the inner knob being absent and the key lost. In this distressing dilemma he began to pound on the door and shout for help. The first faint sounds came to me as in a dream, for my room was some distance away. At last, however, the reality of his imprisonment dawned upon my awakened intellect and I got up and went out to search for the victim of an awkward dilemma. Having at last found his door I opened it and let him out. He seemed very thankful for his freedom, but not to me, as he wasn't

built that way. After recovering from his fright he went on deck, and I returned to resume my slumbers. From that time I slept on until I was aroused by the jolting of the steamer as she was being moored to the dock at Greenock, Scotland, about 4 o'clock in the morning. I heard a great racket below and went down to find out what caused it. I then, for the first time, learned that the hold was filled with cattle from Ireland, which they were unloading. Upon inquiry I found that our boat would be detained there for several hours.

I took advantage of the delay to have a look at the old town. It is a great place for ship building, many of the Cunarders having had their origin there. The streets are generally crooked and narrow with here and there a small park or esplanade to relieve their uncouth appearance. During my stroll I observed a fine looking yacht lying at the dock and on closer inspection found it was the Shamrock III, that Lipton was about to take to America to contend for the cup. Subsequent events, however, rendered it proper to allow that bauble to remain in statu quo.

Greenock boasts, with pardonable pride, of being the birthplace of James Watt who first proved the power of steam. To him a beautiful monument is erected in one of its principal parks.

Leaving Greenock about ten o'clock that same morning, we steamed up the Clyde for Glasgow. On the way I was much interested in the industry of ship-building which lines both sides of the river all along to the very head of navigation. As we steamed by I tried to count the vessels that were in course of construction, but after

I had gone into the hundreds I gave it up as too great a task for the mere tourist to tackle.

When we had reached within a few miles of Glasgow, it was found very difficult to navigate our vessel, as the stream at that point was crowded with all sorts of craft and was so shallow that our propellor heaved up the very mud from the bottom. Finally, after a tedious trip, we reached the landing at Glasgow and hurried off to our hotel.

Having a letter of introduction from our mayor to the mayor of Glasgow we had the grand entree. Nothing was too good for us. The Lord Mayor invited us to a session of the Common Council which we attended and found very interesting, as the proceedings were so different from what we were accustomed to at home. After the meeting the Mayor invited us to a dinner which was attended by every alderman present.

The festivities ended, the Mayor sent out municipal conveyances with officials to show us about the city and to explain the workings of the various branches of the municipal government. The corporation of Glasgow believes very much in municipal ownership. It owns all the street railways excepting an underground road that is controlled by a private company. It also owns the water works, electric light works, municipal lodging houses and other houses which are rented to the poor at merely nominal prices, and it is now seriously thinking of owning or controlling the milk supply. It has fourteen underground lavatories for public convenience and is building several more. The population is 731,675. It has twenty-five wards with three alderman for each ward. The Mayor there is called the Provost, and serves with-

out salary as do all the aldermen and the Board of Health, excepting the Chief Health Officer and his inspectors, clerks, etc.

As to the sanitary arrangements of Glasgow, they are not only up to date, but in many respects far in advance of any other city in Great Britain. Dr. Chalmers, the efficient Health Officer, afforded me every facility to inspect the works in his department. The library of the Health Board is one of the largest of its kind in existence. It has reports of Health Boards from all English speaking countries, including the United States. Nearly every city is represented on its shelves. As I had a copy of the fifteenth annual report of the Syracuse Board of Health, I gave it to the librarian and it now graces the shelves of that magnificent library.

In this city garbage is disposed of by cremation. Sewage from the greater portion of the city is disinfected, deodorized and filtered, the residue being used for fertilizing. The enormous plant used for this purpose is very intricate and elaborate but does its work perfectly. To show how much confidence the officers have in the filtered water, one of them filled a glass and, in my presence, drank from it. His faith was greater than mine. I don't think St. Thomas himself could believe the water was pure if he had seen and smelled what it was filtered from.

These great works were constructed for the purpose of preventing the pollution of the waters of the Clyde which runs through the heart of the city. The annual cost of running these works is \$300,000, so you see Glasgow is keenly solicitous for the health of its citizens.

The shipbuilding interests of Glasgow are the largest

in the world. For miles on either side of the river the banks are covered with iron and steel ships in all stages of construction. Nearly all the great nations are having ships built here; Japan, China and Russia being among its patrons.

X

LONDON

LONDON, the great metropolis of the world, certainly deserves the title. The public buildings, monuments, bridges, etc., form a mammoth museum, the details of which would require years of research and study. During the few days I had to remain there, I visited the principal objects of interest. Westminster Abbey, which no true tourist misses, of course is familiar to nearly everybody, through either pictorial or written descriptions. On entering the ancient edifice I was amazed to behold the forest of statuary with which it is literally filled. Kings, sages, poets and statesmen lie buried here and their tombs are enriched with the choicest sculpture. No one can realize the vastness and elegance of this huge edifice without entering its solemn portals and devoting hours to a careful survey of its magnificence.

TOWER OF LONDON

In the Tower of London I saw, among many relics, the axe of the executioner and the block on which many scions of royalty and noblemen lost their heads. The marks left by the axe are still plainly visible where it entered deeply into the wood after its bloody work. The jewel room of the Tower contains the veritable crown, scepter and jewels worn by His Majesty on official and

state occasions. They can be seen by the public, but are under a strong guard day and night. I saw there, also, several scepters, jewels and regalia of England's former kings and queens. In the Bloody Tower were executed the two sons of Edward IV. Sir Walter Raleigh and several other persons of note were imprisoned here. The several bridges of London that cross the Thames are grand old structures and it is well worth while for the observant tourist to devote a good portion of his time in viewing their unique and magnificent architecture. I crossed most of them during my several visits and was well rewarded in the view which is far more grand and extensive than any other that can be obtained in the city. It was very interesting to stand on Westminster Bridge and take in the vast panorama of the widespreading Thames with its floating multitude of craft from every portion of the Globe, hurrying to and fro in a continued whirl of bewildering excitement that fills the beholder with a realization of England's far reaching wealth and power.

Here we met Mr. E. J. Goodwin, an accomplished gentleman and a nephew of Robert Goodwin, a former well-known photographer of Syracuse. In anticipation of our arrival he decorated his parlor with American colors and draped the picture of his visitors with minature American flags—a compliment as grand as the idea was original. We felt that no more acceptable honor could have been paid us, even if His Majesty's Light Dragoons had met us at Victoria Station.

Mr. Goodwin escorted us across the Thames, or rather under it, as we went through a tunnel beneath the river. This tunnel, or tube, as they call it there, is a great work

of engineering. Its sides and top are veneered with white enameled brickwork which gives it an air of cleanliness and comfort. As the cars are run by electricity it is possible to keep it very clean and bright. On a former occasion, when I went through this tunnel, steam engines were used, and as a consequence, the passengers were almost suffocated with smoke and covered with cinders; the latter of which had an insinuating way of lodging beneath the upper eyelid to the great discomfort of the recipient. Landing on the other side, he led the way to the great India Exhibition which was then being held in the suburbs of London. We were pleasantly entertained by viewing the grand displays from all parts of the world. Among the attractions was a large revolving wheel, built on the plan of the Ferris Wheel, which was so much in evidence at the last Chicago Exposition, but much larger, being fifty feet greater in diameter. The cars attached to it were as large as common trolley cars. Mrs. Doyle and I took a ride in this mammoth wheel which revolved very slowly; so much so that after we reached the top we were rather sorry we attempted the perilous revolution, as we feared we would never get to the ground in safety. The great wheel was very unsteady and wobbled about so that the passengers became timid and many of them even hysterical. Among the attractions was a shute, the first I ever saw, and that was fifteen years ago. It was very similar to those now seen at Coney Island and other summer resorts but constructed on a much larger scale. It was a novelty at that time and a great attraction for the fair. I had my camera with me but found it was forbidden to take any photographs on the grounds, as the concessions for that privi-

lege had been secured by an enterprising firm. Mr. Goodwin, however, found a way out of the difficulty. A policeman, or bobby as they call them there, was standing by and my friend slipped a shilling into his willing hand which caused him to carelessly turn his back while I surreptitiously snapped a few of the interesting scenes surrounding us. It is said that all is fair in war and love and why not in photography on such occasions?

I met a gentleman on the grounds who wanted to know how large a town Dakota was. Another "fawncied that we burned wood altogether in Hamerica."

One of the most interesting sights among the exhibits was a fountain of quicksilver or mercury. The heavy liquid was forced through pipes up into the air by powerful pumps hidden beneath the floor. The mercury fell back in brilliant showers into a great basin or reservoir. In the latter could be seen floating sections of iron railroad ties, bricks, etc. It was an odd sight, but when we remember that mercury is so much heavier than iron it was not at all surprising.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The British Museum was originated by an Irishman, Sir Hans Sloane. He willed that his cabinet of curiosities, consisting of a collection of minerals and specimens of natural history, with his library of fifty thousand volumes and hundreds of rare manuscripts, must be offered to the British nation for 20,000 pounds or \$100,000. The government accepted the offer and purchased the collection. The Montague House on Great Russell Street was selected as the home of these treasures which have from time to time been supplemented

with countless additions, until to-day this museum is the largest and by far the most valuable in the world. The present building, which replaces the old Montague House, covers an area of seven acres. It would require more than an average lifetime to even casually observe the different objects of interest. I made several visits there as I am intensely interested in antiquities, and if I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth would undoubtedly have been an antiquarian. I would rather possess a small piece of brick and mortar from one of the ancient palaces of Nineveh than a large block of stock from a mythical copper mine. The whole world and every age of man has contributed to this vast collection.

Hawthorne says: "One need not go beyond the limits of the British Museum to be profoundly accomplished in all branches of science, art and literature; only it would take a lifetime to exhaust it in any one department. As I stood here among the winged lions of Nineveh, the mouldering tombs of Thebes, the classic statues from ancient Greece and the precious works of art from the ruins of pagan Rome, I realized that the past and present were here united as in no other place on earth."

I was much interested in the old manuscripts. Among those I examined was a Bible written in 464, known as the Alexandrian Bible. It is said to be the oldest manuscript Bible now in existence. A great curiosity to me was the original Magna Charta, or "Charter of Liberties," signed so unwillingly by King John at Runnymede, June 15, 1215. There were also royal documents signed by King Canute, Edward the Confessor, and a mortgage deed dated 1613, signed by William Shakespeare; also a

deed of sale written and signed by John Milton, 1667, for the disposal of his poem, "Paradise Lost."

Having spent several hours in the museum, we hired a hansom to take us to Charing Cross Hotel where we were stopping. As we rode along we fully enjoyed the busy street scenes of lively London and time went on in this pleasant manner until we expected to arrive at our destination, as it was but a few short blocks from the museum. Instead of a fifteen minute ride we were treated to one of an hour. It appears the cabby took a roundabout route instead of the direct one, so that he could get a larger fare, as they charge for the time on the road. Being somewhat familiar with the streets of London I perceived the trick and, when I came to pay, gave him the regular fare for the direct route, whereat he grumbled and demanded more as he was out so long. I told him he had made a roundabout drive for the purpose of increasing his fare. When he saw I was up to the trick, he became furious and made some ugly threats. I told him I would take his number and report him at the nearest cab station. He then hurriedly mounted his box while belching forth sulphurous oaths that would shake the foundations of a church, and drove off to his station on the Embankment.

XI

ADDENDA

ADDRESS AT NIAGARA—PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

EARLY REMINISCENCES—STRUGGLES THAT MAKE MEN —ADVICE

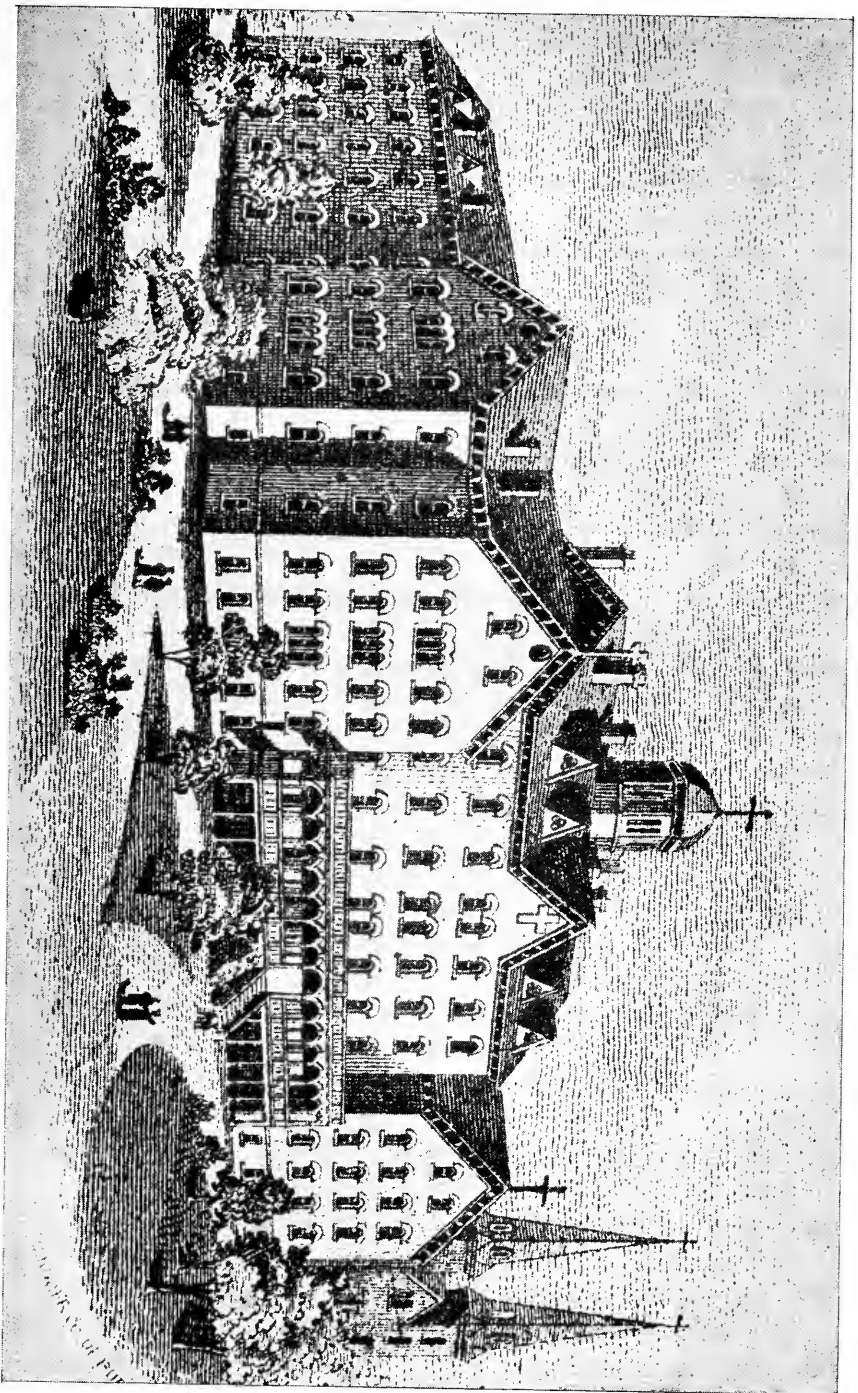
(From the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, July 2, 1885.)

THE following is a very interesting address delivered by Dr. Gregory Doyle, of Syracuse, N. Y., before the graduates of Niagara University, at the commencement exercises, June 23rd, 1885. Dr. Doyle was introduced in a few brief, happy remarks by Very Rev. P. V. Kavanaugh, President of the Institution, and a former classmate of Dr. Doyle's:

Right Reverend Bishop, Reverend Gentlemen, Friends:

Nearly eight and twenty eventful years have come and gone since I arrived at Monteagle Heights. After a long and tedious journey I found myself in the midst of this sublime scenery. Lost in admiration at the wonderful works of an Omnipotent Creator I communed with myself, and asked if this were a dream of some fairyland, or was it a reality. The snow-white vapor from the great Cataract lifted its columns high into the zenith, as if offering eternal incense to the great Jehovah. At my feet, down deep in the bowels of the earth, rolled the

azure flood of Niagara's Rapids on to Ontario's broad expanse. Facing me, across the mighty gorge, were the rocky limits of Queen Victoria's royal realm. As I turned my gaze to the sunny south, what did I behold in the clear horizon of the September sky! but the relics of an old brick tavern. Thither I wended my way, and rapping at the door, was welcomed by Very Rev. John Joseph Lynch, who informed me that it was the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels. I was invited to enter, and, when it was made known that I came there as a student, I was warmly welcomed. I found here eleven young men industriously pegging away at "Historia Sacra" and "Viri Romae" in the choicest corner of an ancient bar-room. As they furtively glanced at me, they no doubt wondered what unruly gust from the "Cave of the Winds" had wafted me hither. But I felt like Horace when he said: "*Quocumque rapit tempestas deferor hospes:*" *wherever the winds carry me, I am a guest*, and thus I felt under the kind welcome of Father Lynch. After I had been shown the chapel, located in the old dining-room, and the class-room in the tavern kitchen, I was assigned a cot erected in the temporary dormitory. When the shades of night had fallen I hied me to my lowly couch and, after depositing my wardrobe on a hickory peg that adorned the dingy wall, I sank into slumbers known only to the honest and weary. In the early morn, with the rise of the orient orb, I followed the other eleven to the creek hard by, to make my matutinal ablutions. The water was fresh and flowing, and whether in summer's heat or winter's frost, we daily repeated the same. For the want of a laundry we indulged our artistic instincts in manipulating our linen



"OLD NIAGARA"

Main Building of the University. Alma Mater of the Author

in the purling brook. When Siberian blast made Mont-eagle howl we hastened to the forest hardby, and under the captaincy of Father Lynch, replenished our scanty store of fuel. Many a time, in the chilly dormitory, we found on arising in the morning that the bed coverings had been so completely stiffened with frozen mist from the Falls that it was necessary, before we could arise, to lift them up as you would the cover of a book. They were left standing on edge against the wall while we solemnly answered the "Benedicamus Domino."

As far as fasting was concerned in those early days, we made a virtue of necessity and performed our tasks like little men. Our artistic talents were frequently called into requisition; while some were decorating exterior walls, others were ornamenting the humble altar, and all were industrious in trying to obliterate every remaining vestige of the antiquated tavern, and to transform it into the semblance of an embryo Seminary. We met with many obstacles and much discouragement. I remember well, one frosty morning, when the elaborate decorations of our little altar took fire. We felt that all was gone, that our labors were in vain, but prompt action, on the part of the priests and students, overcame the devouring element and all went on as usual. Father Lynch, with the foresight for which he was even than famed, ascended the altar steps, and after returning thanks for our delivery, requested the students not to speak of the incipient conflagration, for "*Fama volat atque crescit in volando*"—*report flies and increases in flying*. He said that by the time it had reached Suspension Bridge, the altar would have been consumed; when Buffalo was reached, the chapel would be in ashes, and

when Brooklyn had heard of it, the whole Seminary and three or four students would have been cremated; so the caloric incident was carefully concealed, for the time being, from outside barbarians.

The early history of the struggles and triumphs of the Seminary would fill pages of manuscript, and make very interesting reading for the students of the present day. I hope the time is not far distant, when some talented historian will do justice to the subject.

The transformation from the struggles and difficulties of the past, to the triumphs of to-day, has been slow, and interrupted by many obstacles. The great fire of 1864 destroyed the work of many years, and a precious life was sacrificed. Young Thomas Hopkins crossed over the threshold of eternity in endeavoring to stay the devouring flames. Even the sight of the blackened ruins did not dismay the stout hearts of long ago. The saintly Father Rice put forth all his energies, and with the assistance of kind friends, succeeded in rearing the noble edifice where we are now assembled. Blessed be his memory! His ashes lie under the shadow of his great work, and the sacred soil of consecrated ground gives his remains their last resting place. No doubt he to-day looks down upon us from his Heavenly abode with that same paternal love that lit up his kindly features when here among us.

The Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, now erected into a grand University, in this the most sublime region of the Western Hemisphere, is the literal fulfillment of prophetic declarations of the illustrious Arch-bishop of Toronto. Knowing well that Nature's grand altar*

* Falls of Niagara.

should be surrounded by the servants of God, he saw the propriety of erecting, within the sound of its mighty waters, a house for the worship of the Creator and for the instruction of young Levites to preach the gospel of Christ.

Here we are to-day assembled in this grand and spacious edifice, equipped with all the modern improvements and creature comforts of the present day. What a striking contrast to the humble structure which marked the beginning of Niagara University. If you fortunate young men of the present day had endured the privations of the patient pioneers, I am sure you would still further appreciate your present surroundings and advantages.

To-day the young Levites who are to do battle for the Church militant are ably generaled by the Very Rev. P. V. Kavanaugh and his corps of faithful lieutenants.

It is one of the happy remembrances of my life to recall that I was formerly a student in the same class with our honored President. At his invitation I am here to-day to address the graduates of Niagara University.

Gentlemen of the Graduating Class:

Like the soldiers of an army going forth to battle, with buckler and shield well secured, you are now prepared for life's great struggle. The days of your early adolescence were, no doubt, bright and happy, with fond parents to guide your faltering footsteps and encourage you on to the consummation of what you have to-day achieved.

The affection, the reverence for the good fathers and

mothers who have unceasingly watched over you, will ever be your guiding stars, when gloom and disappointment overtake you, or prosperity cheers you on.

To-day is the actual commencement of your career as men who are willing and anxious to enter the contests of life. At present the distant vista of the future, is, no doubt, lightened up with anticipated joys and pleasures.

The bright side of affairs reflects the sun of prosperity; your anticipations of great achievements are darkened by no clouds of disappointment, and the radiance of this summer morning of your young lives gives courage for great undertakings.

Take advantage of this buoyant hope and make the most of time; let no opportunity slip for improving your minds, as your education will never be finished till the going down of the sun of life.

Every day's experience will prove to you that there are many things yet to learn. After leaving these college walls you will meet with wits, sharpened by necessity and experience, that will call forth your best competitive energies. Go slowly at first, *festina lente*. The lofty mountain of fame is hard to climb, and if you tire in the beginning, you may fail to reach the summit. The prizes we look for often disappoint us when gained and pall upon the appetite of ambition.

Flatter not yourselves that all you undertake will be successful, for reverses are as sure to come as the night is to follow the day. I say this not to discourage or dishearten, but to put you on guard, as "forewarned is forearmed." Look back among your acquaintances and those of your parents; see how many have attained the

ends aimed for, and you will find that many have failed, some for want of opportunity, some from misfortune, but the greater number from want of energy and industry.

Those who have made the most of every opportunity have made a success of life. Compare the old world with the new. The great secret of failure in the former is the want of industry and energy; the secret of success in the latter is industry, perseverance and "gumption." Not a moment of our lives should be lost in idleness. Needed recreation is not a waste of time; it is as necessary as food to recuperate the drooping energies of mind and body. We are going through this world on the last trip; for life's voyage will be made but once. Remember well that "there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to Fortune." But do not let the greed of gold take possession of your hearts; worship not at the shrine of Mammon, let not the fickle goddess lure you on to rashness. "How quickly Nature falls into revolt when gold becomes her object." Do not let it be said of you as it was of the miser of old:

"A cautious look around he stole,
His bags of chink he chunk,
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk."

Behold the greed of money-seekers. A Shylock was not half so unprincipled, so reckless as the Buddenseiks of to-day. To pour gold into their coffers, they build walls of muddy mortar and discarded chips. The balloon structures tumble down on the heads of devoted workers, or overwhelm poor tenants, carrying them down to death and destruction.

But a few days ago a steamer exploded on Lake Onondaga, killing captain and engineer. At the coroner's inquest it was shown that the boiler had not been inspected or repaired for years, and the owner of the boat lost his life as a penalty of his greed. Men have gone so far as to commit suicide, not being able to cope with their neighbors in extravagance and style. Defaulters in banks are made so by overreaching their means and gambling in stocks, hoping thereby to become suddenly rich. Honest wealth is accumulated slowly and by preserving industry. The sweetness in the enjoyment of a fortune, great or small, is to know that you are its honest architect. Be not tired in doing all you can to make yourselves and others happy. Cultivate a happy disposition. Cheerfulness is the sunlight of life. No one ever gained a friend, or advanced his interests by being gloomy or morose. Pleasant manners and politeness are potent factors in a successful career. "Honey catches more flies than vinegar." Even when suffering under affliction, it is better not to burden your friends with your woes, but to bear them manfully in the recesses of your mind. The flatterer will meet you with his oily tongue and play upon your egotism, as David played the harp of a thousand strings. He will cringe at your feet like a very serpent and wind around you coils of adulation. The moment this attempt to thus win you over is discovered, his true character is manifested. He will insert his venomous fangs and make you feel his sting. "No visor does become black villany so well as soft and tender flattery."

A man who lets his passions get the better of him is weak in character and individuality. He is unfit for the

duties of life and intercourse with his fellow men. "Give me the man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart's core."

If you cannot govern your own passions, how are you to control those of others? Anger dethrones reason and reduces man to the level of the brute that uses force to assert its superiority. How many disasters have come from unbridled anger. "Good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls." Guard well your reputation, throw around it the sentinels—prudence, sagacity and vigilance. Be prudent in every undertaking, weigh it well beforehand, look well at its dark, as well as its bright side. Take ample time to consider. Be sharp. Look out for whom you are dealing with, study well his character, let not stylish clothes and a fine address captivate or control you. If you meet the ephemeral dude, let him alone severely.

The crank is meeting his just deserts, and the prince of the craft lately gained in Washington that elevated notoriety which he long had sought.

Odium gained an unenviable reputation by throwing himself from the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River, and it is now requiring a squad of Metropolitan police to prevent his cranky followers from doing likewise.

Never fail to show gratitude and appreciation for any favor that may be shown you. Remember that you make yourself a debtor to your benefactor, and you should be loyal and true to him under all circumstances and at all times. It is only those, with degenerate or sinister minds, who will ever find a pretext to injure friends who helped them in their hour of need.

Be not economical with the truth. It is a valuable

asset, but should be used liberally—aye, even lavishly. “An honest man is the noblest work of God.”

Always be able to say to a detractor, if you should have any, that you fear him not if he will confine himself to the truth.

Never trade on personal friendship; business is business and friendship is friendship; never let the latter interfere with the former.

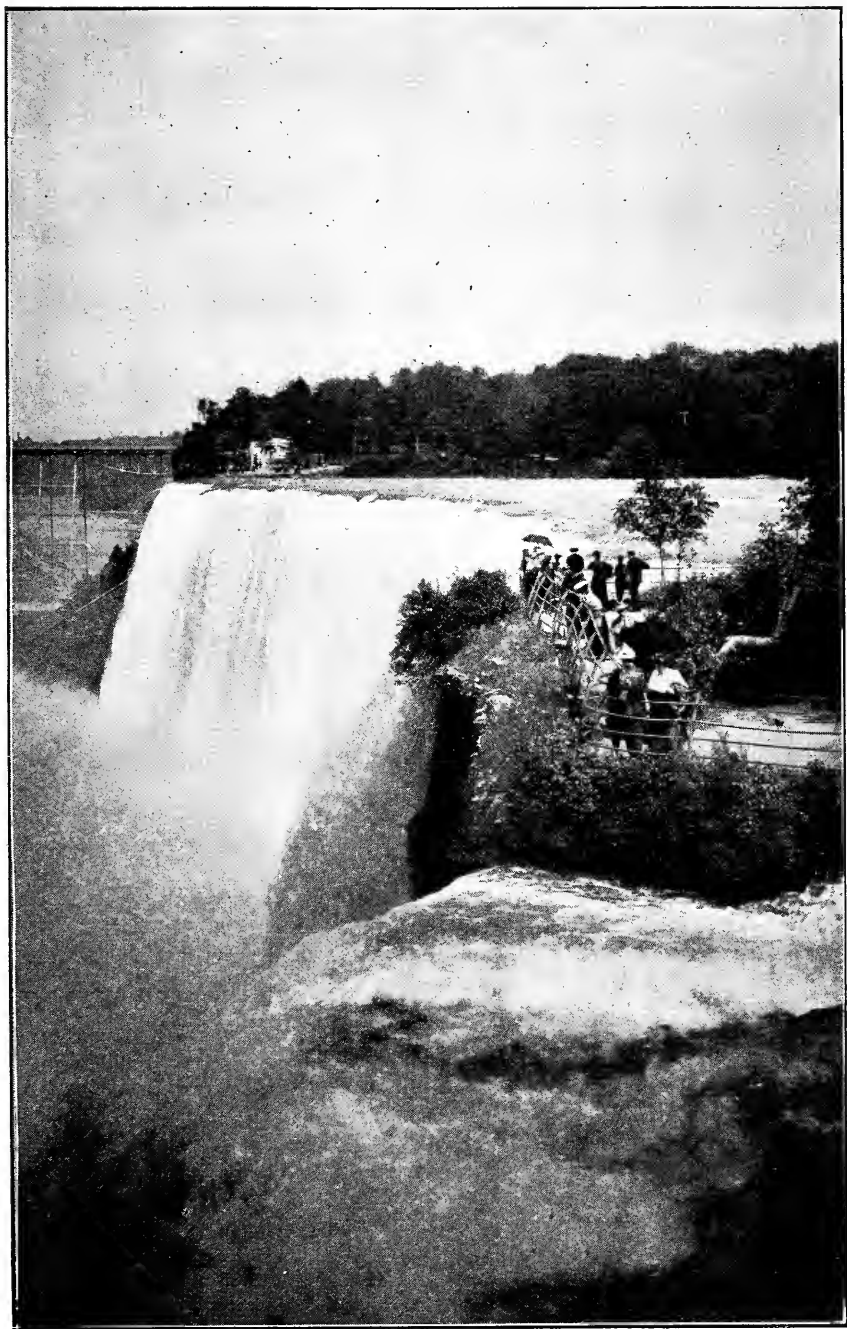
See to it, in your early manhood, that it will not require one-half of your lifetime to half know how to properly live the other half. Remember this trite old adage:

“For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: ‘It might have been!’ ”

Gentlemen, in order to carry out the suggestions that I have here made, it is necessary that you possess “*Mens sana in corpore sano*.” The body should be kept in good condition that the mind may not be handicapped in fulfilling its great mission. Health is promoted, happiness increased and life prolonged by the contemplation of the beautiful in nature, art and revelation.

Natural philosophers live longer than any other class of men; clergymen than either of the other professions. Acquire no bad habits, for it is only with the greatest will-power they are to be conquered.

It is a serious question for young men to consider whether, on starting out in life, they will addict themselves to a habit which at once wastes time, sours the temper, is against nature, and consequently endangers health and shortens life. “Those wounds heal ill that men do make themselves.”



Softened thunders
Of watery wonders
Like sacred music magnified
Of Cherubim
And Seraphim
Swell to us from Niagara's tide



In the slightest bodily ailment attend to yourselves at once. Do not neglect for a moment to seek proper advice, and for that purpose select a physician of acknowledged merit, a man skillful and honest in his profession. Do not employ some adventurer of doubtful reputation or an itinerant vender of nostrums. You would not send a valuable watch to a blacksmith to be repaired, how much less should you entrust your health and life to an ignorant quack. How many people will risk their lives in the hands of a pretender, whom they would not let out of sight with their pocketbook?

If you find yourselves in a strange place and are taken ill, enquire for the best surgeon in town. You will be sure then to get a good physician. You often hear people say that Dr. So and So is a good surgeon but no physician. Such simplicity would arouse the risibility of a child. One might as well say that Bishop Blank is a good bishop but no priest, or that Judge Brief is a good judge but no lawyer.

An accurate and practical knowledge of medicine is as essential to the successful surgeon as theology is to the Bishop, or law to the Judge. Make it a point to be explicit, but not tedious in describing your ailments to your medical advisor. Be not like the man who came to me a short time since. He complained of a very sore jaw. He said, "I and a few more of the b'ys were having a little divarsion on the hill beyant, and someone gave me a slap of an owld shoe." After a careful examination I found that his jaw was fractured. In astonishment, I said to him: "Why man, your jaw is broken, how could that have been done by the slap of an

old shoe?" "Ah, but moind you, there was a big fut in it," said he.

The slightest departure from robust health is a danger signal, and should be attended to at once. By so doing, a long sickness or fatal one may be averted. When a house first takes fire and is promptly attended to, the flames may be quenched with a cup of water but, if neglected, a disastrous conflagration may occur; which the most active fire department cannot control.

Next to the importance of seeing to the affairs of our souls is the proper care of our bodily health. No one with a sickly body can have a healthy mind.

Gentlemen, in conclusion, I will repeat to you the ever-to-be-remembered advice of Polonius to his son, Laertes:

"Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment,
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man:
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft losses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

REMINDERS OF NIAGARA

(From the Catholic Sun, Syracuse.)

In the Souvenir Volume of the World's Columbian Exposition, published by Niagara University, we find the following interesting articles (prose and poetry) written by Dr. Gregory Doyle when a student at that famous University nearly fifty years ago. They will, no doubt, prove very interesting to the alumni of "Old Niagara:"

A THRILLING REMINISCENCE

On a beautiful spring morning in May, 1858, a venerable priest, direct from the ancient city of Jerusalem, paid the Seminary a visit. In honor of our guest, Father Lynch granted us a holiday. Our reverend visitor, whose name I now forget, was pleased beyond expression with the sublime grandeur of the great Niagara and its surroundings. At his request, a party, including Father Lynch, Father Leyden, himself and about twenty students, clambered down to the water's edge. This was a task by no means easy, when it is known that the banks or rather walls of the river in front of the Seminary are composed of huge, irregular rocks that rise almost perpendicularly to the height of nearly three hundred feet from the water's edge. After a good deal of side-stepping, sliding and tumbling, we at last reached the water, somewhat worse for "wear and tear."

While musing on the sublimity of the scene we were startled by a cry that rocks were falling. Instinctively and suddenly looking up we were paralyzed with horror on seeing several large boulders slowly loosening themselves from the "Rock of Ages" directly over

and hundreds of feet above us. Oh, what wild shrieks and fervent ejaculations! Some begged for mercy, some sought the protection of friendly rocks, while others fled in the wildest confusion, they knew not where. In the meantime, and livelier than I can tell it, the rocks came tumbling, leaping, crashing down through our very midst, in a manner compared with which cannon balls and bursting bombs are but child's play. Rocks met rocks, then came flashing fire, flying fragments and bursting clouds of murky dust. Old crags, which but an hour before might have defied the storms of ages, were torn from their moorings and ground to powder; such was the power of the mighty concussions. Ancient and mammoth cedars, which had withstood the whirlwinds and northern blasts for many long years, were broken and crushed like brittle reeds. The path of destruction left behind the fallen mass defies all description.

You will exclaim: How many were killed, or rather, how many were saved of our number! The flying rocks whistled between us and over our heads and plunged beneath the foaming waters with rapid "chugs" that are better heard than described.

We felt that God had miraculously saved us. Not one of us was seriously injured. The terror through which we had passed quite unnerved us and we were, for nearly an hour, unable to retrace our steps. Having, at last, regained the Seminary, we went in a body to the chapel, and returned thanks for our miraculous escape. We, then and there, resolved never more to tempt the dangers of Niagara by seeking it's water edge in that locality.

The above incident inspired the following lines:

FALLING ROCKS OF NIAGARA

Beside Niagara's foaming surge
Rise mammoth walls of rock
That by their towering strength and pride
Seem thundering storms to mock,
This wondrous work of long ago
Is grand and deep and high,
Its base is laved by foam-capped wave,
Its crags approach the sky.
And here and there on hoary rocks
The cedars cling for life
And seem to look with majesty
Down on the water's strife,
Until by age or sweeping winds
Their forms are humbled quite,
And creaking, crashing, tumbling down
E'en dying show their might.
In early Spring-time, when the sun
Shines on those frost bound walls,
He melts their cold, bleak surfaces
As each warm ray upon them falls.
From time to time a massive rock,
Its lofty seat forsakes,
And tumbling down the craggy side,
The aged forest shakes.
Now leaping forth with giant might,
It thunders down the steep
And bounding at the water's edge,
It plunges in the deep.
The seething billows leap on high
And lonely caverns break
The silence of their gloomy haunts,
And at the sound awake.
Wild echoes leap from cliff to cliff,
In accents high in air,
For ruin, waste and sad decay
Seem warning to prepare,
For Time has claimed from sentinels

Themselves, that braved long ages,
 Obedience to his stern decrees,
 Unchanged by sapient sages.
 And thus Niagara's rock-bound shores
 To all mankind maintain—
 That they themselves, though strong and firm,
 Must yield to Time's domain.

THE SONS OF OLD NIAGARA

(Dedicated to the Alumni of Niagara University.)

BY GREGORY DOYLE, M. D., LL. D.

A joyous throng
 We'll raise our song
 Of praise on every festal time
 To Him above
 Our God of love
 And of the Universe sublime.

Let's all rehearse
 In measured verse,
 The glories of our college home;
 By azure flood
 And crowning wood,
 None's fairer 'neath the Heavenly dome.

Softened thunders
 Of watery wonders
 Like sacred music magnified,
 Of Cherubim
 And Seraphim,
 Swell to us from Niagara's tide.

The rainbow's sheen,
 So often seen
 Above Niagara's raging flood,
 Ne'er fails to say,
 In peaceful way,
 I am the Promise great and good.

Monteagle's brow
 Is brightened now,
 With the Cataract's silv'ry spray;
 Like incense sweet,
 It soars to meet
 The stars that deck the Milky Way.

Our jubilee *
 Fond memory,
 Recalled the days now passed forever,
 And friendships found
 On Sacred Ground §
 That length of years can ne'er dissever.

L'ENVOI
 Hurrah for all the good and great;
 Let's all hurrah,
 Whether they're high in church or state
 Their virtues we will emulate
 For we are the sons, the loyal sons
 Of Old Niagara.

* The celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Niagara University was held September 26, 1906. This song was written in memory of that occasion.

§ A portion of the Campus on the bank of Niagara River, dedicated to religious observances.

ADDRESS AT GOLDEN JUBILEE OF "OLD NIAGARA"

(From the Syracuse Herald, Oct. 28, 1906.)

At the recent Golden Jubilee of Niagara University Dr. Gregory Doyle, who is one of its earliest graduates, delivered the following address. The assemblage was composed of many dignitaries of the church and alumni from all parts of the United States and Canada; about five hundred in all.

Most Reverend Prelates, Reverend Gentlemen and Alumni of "Old Niagara:"

Three years ago, through the influence and courtesy of Most Rev. Dominic Reuter, Superior General of the

Franciscans, I had the honor and pleasure of being present at the coronation of His Holiness, Pope Pius X. There, assembled under the great dome of St. Peter's, were representatives from all nations; princes and prelates, potentates and rulers from every land in Christendom. It was the grandest and most inspiring sight I ever beheld or ever expect to see again. Second only to the magnificent concourse at St. Peter's, in my estimation, is this present assemblage, the ideal of a lifetime. I see before me the realizations of the lofty ambitions of a Catholic Columbus. In his visions and hopes for a new world, he saw the exaltation of man; the progress of the whole human race.

In this great University, founded on the "Rock of Ages," within the thunders of great Niagara, exists a seat of learning that to-day celebrates its golden jubilee. Here, assembled from every part of the New World are princes and prelates of the church, reverend pastors of prosperous congregations, alumni representing the learned professions, captains of industry, and men prominent in every walk of life; all eager and proud to honor their Alma Mater.

Nearly fifty years ago I came to Montezuma Heights as one of the pioneer students of this grand old institution. At that time I little thought that half a century hence, I would be present at her golden jubilee, but here I am, *in propria persona*, an humble participator in her early struggles and a proud witness of her present triumphs. I now feel it the greatest honor of my life to be called upon to represent my profession on this auspicious occasion.

Clergymen, lawyers and statesmen, by the nature of their calling, are more or less skilled in the art of oratory. It is not, however, given the disciples of Aesculapius to cultivate the Divine gift of Demosthenes. The eloquent address we have just heard has so impressed me that I feel my best efforts may seem feeble by contrast. However, in a few brief words, I will try to answer for the noble profession of which I have the honor to be a member.

The phenomenal progress of the science of medicine, in the last few decades, has far surpassed the fondest hopes of our forefathers in the healing art. Tireless toilers in scientific investigation have armed the profession with sanitary weapons that now stay the ravages of disease, formerly considered irresistible. The standard of medical education is being constantly elevated. Time-tried and ineffectual medicines and modes have given place to more profound and satisfactory research. To-day we behold chemistry, sometimes called the philosophy of fire, culling from the bowels of the earth, the bosom of our fair land, the depths of the ocean and the very air itself, their choicest contributions to the armamentarium of the physician. Electricity, a modern edition of lightning, now takes its place in effective therapeutics and conservative surgery. The microscope has unfolded to our vision the hidden germs of disease, and the misery-making microbe can no longer, with impunity, steal a march on human vitals, as he may meet the modern germicide, his lethal foe. Hygiene, the fair offspring of the collateral sciences, steps in and calls a halt on death-dealing maladies that nightly stalk the Stygian shores. Whole nations are saved by her warning hand, and to-day we

can bless the brilliant brains that gave her nourishment.

The medical profession is no juggernaut of therapeutic dogmas, it brooks no empiricism, but accepts all that is useful and discards the chimerical and worthless. Members of the regular profession repudiate the term "allopath," bestowed on them by the followers of infinitesimals. When well versed in anatomy, pathology, materia medica, surgery, etc., they feel they can go forth and give battle to the ills that flesh is heir to, more successfully than if tied down by the medical dogmas of any one man or set of men.

The physician's calling often severely taxes his physical and mental endurance; his toil is never ended, being constantly on duty as the servant of an exacting public. He, however, can console himself with the thought that it is given him to relieve suffering and often to rescue from an untimely grave the victim of disease or accident. We are all human, and many often forget the hand that helped them in the hour of their direst need. Sometimes I am induced to believe there is more truth than poetry in the following quaint old stanza:

"God and the doctor we alike implore
When danger threatens—never more.
The danger past, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten and the doctor slighted."

Yes, Benevolence and Gratitude seldom walk hand in hand, and they scarcely speak as they pass by. However, none but the ignorant and vicious will be ungrateful. Thank God their kith and kin are not so numerous in this enlightened age. Ignorance is first cousin to Cheek; and that reminds me of the Arizona philosopher who, disgusted with the impositions played upon him,

laconically declared "this life is but a mammoth procession, and Cheek is the drum major."

I would like to recall the memory of many eminent men of the church, and relate their valuable aid in the advancement of the science of medicine, would time permit. I will, however, refer to an instance where one of the most valuable remedies was discovered by humble Jesuit missionaries. A few centuries ago, when these noble and self-sacrificing men were spreading the teachings of the gospel among the Indians of South America, they found a lake, to which the savages attributed miraculous healing powers. The priests, at first, looked upon their oft repeated stories of wonderful cures, as among the many superstitions so prevalent with the untutored savages of that benighted region. One of the missionaries among them was taken sick with the prevailing fever. His companions resolved to test the healing powers of the wonderful lake. They did so, and to their utmost surprise and gratification, health and strength were speedily restored to the invalid. With their characteristic energy they, then and there, set about finding the true inwardness of the supposed miracle. A systematic investigation of these strange waters was at once made. They noticed that many trees had from time to time, fallen into the lake. Thinking their bark might have saturated the waters with medicinal qualities, they procured some and made an infusion, which being used, produced the same gratifying results. The mystery was solved, and the bark was none other than the now far famed Peruvian bark, long known as Jesuit's bark.

This is but one of many remarkable instances where the Church has contributed to the bodily, as well as the

spiritual betterment of mankind, and will continue to do so for all time, as she constantly teaches, by word and example, that "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" is the most desirable condition for a good, vigorous Christian.

The following article, discussing the merits of the Papal Jubilee of Pius IX., was written over thirty years ago by the author. The name of the newspaper is slightly changed for obvious reasons.

"THE MISTAKE OF THE CATHOLICS"

According to the Weekly Bigot, the Catholics of this city made a great mistake in celebrating the Papal Jubilee. In an article headed as above, it relieves itself in this style:

"Here in Protestant America a religion antagonistic to the predominating sentiment of the people, owing allegiance to a foreign power, and for the most part represented by those not born on our shores, is permitted, nay, invited, to set up its tabernacles, to make its fasts and its feasts, and to parade the evidence of its power and the essence of its thought, in our streets."

Well, did you ever! It is too bad the Bigot did not tell us this in time, and then we might have been more careful not to get up so successful a demonstration in honor of the greatest sovereign on earth, Pius IX. We Catholics are "permitted," if you please. Thank you Mr. Bigot, for the permission. How benign! How condescending! that we are allowed to hold a religious festival in "Protestant America," discovered by Catholic Columbus, and first blessed and evangelized by Catholic priests. O, tempora! O, mores!

Will Protestants ever understand that we Catholics owe a spiritual allegiance to Pius IX. No one owes him a temporal allegiance except those who live in the country rightfully belonging to and constituting the patrimony of St. Peter, viz: The Papal States of Italy. If we lived there we should look upon him as our temporal Sovereign also, but as we live in America, we owe and pay allegiance to its government in temporal matters, and to Pius IX. in Spiritual matters—only, the Bigot says: “We think our Roman Catholic citizens make a mistake in some of their utterances, and would point out this mistake for their own welfare. Our home resolutions, our mottoes, and our speeches seemed to express an unqualified allegiance to the Pope as a temporal sovereign.”

They “seemed to express,” etc. Now, it was all a mistake, because it “seemed” to the editor of the Bigot what it really was not. Mr. Editor, it would become you to take a more unbiased view of things, and when the community is right and harmonious on a subject, don’t try to set them wrong by drawing so strongly on your precocious imagination.

The mottoes and emblems of the jubilee were of the most Christian character, savoring not in the least of anything pertaining to a temporal kingdom, for Christ himself says, “My kingdom is not of this world.”

The jubilee was a grand illustration of the free institutions of our country, and the true Catholicity of our Church. America, Germany, Ireland, England, Scotland and Italy were fully represented by their sons and daughters harmoniously blending in the throng, forgetting all national and temporal strife, intent only on thanksgivings and reciprocal congratulations that Pius

IX., who guides 200,000,000 Catholics, had seen completed the twenty-fifth year of his glorious pontificate. The vast assemblage was addressed in three different languages, beautifully reminding us of the Apostles speaking to the multitude "in divers tongues of the wonderful works of God."

Here is some more Bigot wisdom. He says: "The genius of our institutions forbids the union of church and State and implies the use of all legitimate means to aid in their divorce, everywhere and under all circumstances."

Be a little consistent if you please; I think the strong effort that is now being made, and with success, too, of forcing down the throats of Catholic children in the public schools a Protestant version of the Bible, looks very much like an initial step in adopting a government creed, thereby uniting State and church. If the editor of the Bigot, who so kindly allowed us to have a procession and jubilee, will procure for our children the privilege of reading their own Bible in the public schools, all cause of complaint on our part will be removed. Do, mister, please, and then, like Othello, your occupation will be gone, especially as regards Bible reading in the schools.

This is a free country, and we needn't thank the Bigot nor Protestantism for it either, for Lord Baltimore, a Catholic, was the first great champion of religious liberty in America.

Theodore Tilton, a leading Protestant, says: "Protestantism has written no creed, fashioned no cult, framed no church, developed no power which could begin to take the place which the Catholic church holds in the world to-day. Destroy this church, which dates back to the days of the Apostles, to which the Fathers belonged, and

around which are gathered the most tender and sacred associations of Christian history, and Protestantism would be involved in the general wreck."

You are right, Theodore. Take away Catholicity from this country and the activity, progress and healthful growth of our institutions would dwindle away and become as sickly as the cold hearted tyrannical government of so-called Protestant Sweden. Protestantism is divided and sub-divided in everything, save its hostility to the Church of God, and in that, every Protestant is united to a man. But when they remember that Christ said of his Church, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it," they will reflect how idly they spend their days in trying to overturn the church of eighteen centuries.

Since writing the above I have noticed in an article in the Bigot of the 24th instant, headed "A Last Word," this innocent question:

"If the issue were raised between your duty as an American citizen and your allegiance to the Pope as a temporal sovereign, to which would your superior allegiance be due, America or the Pope?"

I cannot do better than to answer him in the words of Father Lambert, the Catholic pastor of Waterloo, New York:

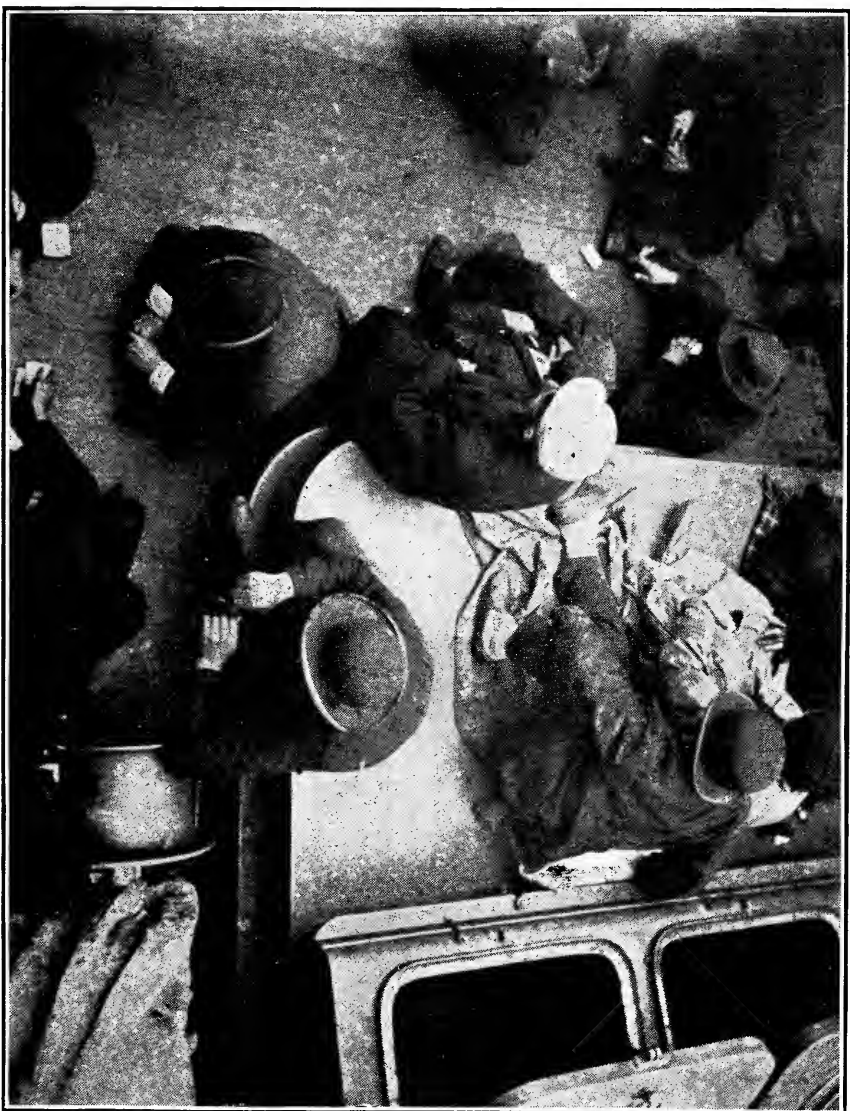
"Were the Pope, in spirit of conquest, to send armies to our shores, Catholics, shoulder to shoulder with their non-Catholic fellow-citizens, would meet them on the strand and oppose their landing; and if driven back, they would dispute with powder and sword every inch of ground, and the last entrenchments of liberty would be their common grave. Catholics have suffered too much

not to love liberty and defend it from whatsoever quarter it is menaced."

The Bigot's headlight knows better than ask any such question, but at the same time he knows he would not be earning his salary were he to let such an occasion pass without doing his little towards misrepresenting the Catholic church.

SOME POPULAR ERRORS REGARDING INJURIES

A few days ago I met a woman rushing out of the Central Railroad Station in a state of great excitement. She hurriedly informed a friend whom she met that Johnny's leg was not broken but only fractured. It seems the young man had fallen from one of the benches in the waiting room and was severely injured. A surgeon, who happened to be near, examined him and pronounced his leg badly fractured. This circumstance vividly illustrates the absolute innocence of most people concerning injuries to the bones. Of course, the most puerile reader knows that fractured means broken. This is only one instance of the popular errors the surgeon has to contend with. Many could be cited that would provoke the risibility, if not the pity, of a careful observer. I have known people to assume the responsibility of pronouncing an injured limb unbroken, from the fact that the patient could move his fingers and toes. When it is known that the bones are the only framework of the body, it will be seen how ridiculous such statements are. The bones have no more power to move the extremities than the caudal extremity has to agitate the canine body. This mistake is not only



EMIGRANTS ON THE STEERAGE DECK OF THE HOHENZOLLERN
PLAYING CARDS

Photograph taken from the upper deck



silly, but is often productive of much suffering and even lifelong misery. The unfortunate takes it for granted that the self-constituted wiseacre knows it all, and abides by his decision. No surgeon is called, no sensible advice is given, and the poor, deluded one wiggles his fingers and toes until he really imagines he has no broken bones. Such nonsense would dovetail nicely into the Christian Science fad; in fact, it would be an ornament to that latest modern delusion. The victim finally comes to the stern realization that his limb is really broken, deformed and past all help. He then goes to a surgeon who finds that it is too late to remedy the neglected fracture, as the bones have united in a deformed position, rendering him a lifelong cripple. So much for heeding the advice of the smart set, who are always so ready to tell all they do not know about the case.

People should know and remember that the extremities do not depend on the bones for their power of motion. Whole sections of bone may be absent in an arm without destroying the power of the hand or its usefulness. I have seen cases where large portions of the bony structure of the arm, even including the elbow joint, were absent without seriously curtailing the usefulness of the hand. Many similar cases are reported in the surgical history of the War of the Rebellion. Prof. Billroth once showed to the Medical Society of Vienna a coachman, aged 34 years, who in spite of the entire absence of the bone, from the shoulder to the elbow, daily performed the difficult duties of his calling.

An excellent knowledge of anatomy is absolutely essential for the treatment of fractures, as the origin and attachment of muscles must be taken into consideration as

well as the proximity and relations of nerves and blood vessels to the injured parts. When examining a fracture, tentative manipulation should be carefully and diligently made until the exact character of the injury is ascertained; for if any part of the diagnosis be left to chance or guesswork there will certainly be cause for regret. All unnecessary suffering should be spared the patient. It is not necessary to turn and twist the limb or grind the broken bones together, as the abnormal outlines of the injured member, will, in most cases, determine the seat and nature of the injury. The greatest gentleness should be used, as the patient is, at that particular time, supersensitive to pain, and rough handling may produce irritation of the muscles and nerves and even rupture adjacent blood vessels. I remember seeing, in a neighboring city, a number of physicians trying to differentiate between a dislocation of the hip and a possible fracture of the thigh bone, which to the surgeon is a very easy matter. The patient was lying on a couch, surrounded by a throng of solemn-faced, wise-looking "pillslingers;" each in his turn taking a tug and a twist out of the poor fellow's leg, in his efforts to find out the trouble. This unnecessary and severe handling could have been avoided had they recognized in the shortened limb and the everted foot a plain case of fracture of the neck of the thigh bone.

Fractures near the joints are, even at the present day, often mistaken for sprains or wrenches; especially near the wrist or ankle. Before the days of Dr. Colles of Dublin, what are now known as Colles fractures, were treated as mere sprains, and the deformities resulting were very great and as numerous as the cases thus

treated. After the investigation of Colles, this form of fracture was successfully treated by those who carefully studied and followed his methods.

It is better that a broken bone be reduced or set as soon as practicable after the injury, as it is easier to adjust the fragments before much swelling occurs. If, however, a surgeon cannot be immediately had, the friends should place the limb in an easy position and apply warm water dressings until the arrival of some one duly qualified to take charge of the case.

An accident generally produces much excitement among the neighbors, and perhaps five or six will rush to different telephones and hastily summon as many doctors. The first one that arrives, whether surgically qualified or not, "stakes out the claim," as the miners would say, and holds the ground against all comers; even the family physician.

As the proper treatment of a fracture is to the patient a matter of a life-time, he or his friends should calmly, and without fear of offending any one, select some person of well-known surgical ability, even if a few hours were necessary in which to find him, as the patient will not suffer as seriously by a short or even somewhat tedious delay as he would at the hands of an unskillful or inexperienced operator.

To attain the maximum of success the surgeon must be fortified with a thorough knowledge of his duties and a natural taste or genius for his art. He must be endowed with the gifts of invention and construction, otherwise he will prove a dismal failure, and the results of his work will prove a plague to him and a source of misery to his patient. Persons who are not gifted with

a taste for music or art could not attempt to sing a song or paint a picture without incurring the ridicule of their neighbors, but possibly might not inflict serious injury upon any one. Not so with the clumsy hands and untutored brain of one who "rushes in where angels fear to tread" in his attempt to do the work of the skillful surgeon. Ugly deformities, lifelong misery and expensive lawsuits are often the results of such overwhelming confidence.

TOO MUCH CUTTING AND SLASHING

The noble art of surgery has been the means of saving many a mangled limb, of correcting unsightly deformities and rescuing sufferers from untimely graves. It has accomplished wonders, bordering on the miraculous. In honest and skillful hands it is still filling its great mission. Within the last decade great progress has been made in the healing art. Antiseptics and anaesthetics (chloroform, etc.) have made it possible to safely operate on organs that heretofore were beyond the reach of human aid. The abdominal cavity was almost a *regio incognita*, surgically speaking. The facility with which abdominal operations can be made at the present time has induced a host of practitioners to "go into" it to such an extent that the "wading into" one's vitals is made no more of now than the extracting of a troublesome tooth formerly was. The appendicitis fad has become so common that whenever a person is tackled with an old fashioned colic, or a slight uneasiness in the lower abdomen, he is in imminent danger of being dissected by the amiable "specialist" who is hurriedly sent in, by some obliging neighbor, for the purpose. It is well, therefore, if he has

any of the said uneasiness, not to announce it, if he wishes to preserve his anatomy intact, or is in no particular hurry to climb the golden stairs. It is a well proven fact that more than one-half of the persons who have been operated upon for appendicitis would have made much better and more rapid recoveries without surgical interference, if left to the care of a conservative and skillful medical man. It is a deplorable fact that many lives are being daily sacrificed on the altar of surgical ambition and the god of mammon. The writer knows of several persons, now well and hearty, whom the "specialists" solemnly declared could not exist without an operation. The female abdominal cavity and pelvic organs afford a profitable field for the unscrupulous and mercenary "specialist." By unnecessary, and often unskillful surgical interference, she is frequently deprived, not only of possible motherhood, but has her very life placed in jeopardy; all to satisfy the ambition and pockets of the foolhardy "specialist."

When operations for appendicitis prove fatal, which is but too often the case, the specialist has ready any number of stereotyped excuses and explanations to offer, all of which are eloquently misunderstood by the confiding relatives and neighbors. They solemnly leave the presence of the lifeless victim, with the impression that "all was done for him that could be." Yes, he was done for, and many will yet suffer the same fate, if the present fad for reckless and indiscriminate operations is allowed to go unchecked. It is astounding with what sang froid the average female will place herself in the hands of any tyro that may announce his ability to perform the most difficult and dangerous operations known to surgery.

As I said above, I am aware that great good has been accomplished by skillful surgery and that many lives have been saved by the removal of diseased appendices when properly done. It is the unnecessary surgical interference that is condemned by every physician and skillful surgeon. Some of the "specialists" want to operate on everybody who offers the slightest pretext for the exercise of their assumed skill. There is more money for them in an operation than in medical treatment, and the former is frequently and persistently urged.

In all cases where abdominal or other dangerous operations are really necessary, great deliberations should be used, and if time would permit, other remedies should be faithfully tried before the knife is resorted to. A council of experienced physicians and surgeons should deliberate on the case, and every reasonable means should be tried before the dernier resort is adopted. Human life is too precious to be trifled with, or experimented upon. A stringent law should be passed, allowing none but men of undoubted skill to undertake operations fraught with so much danger. If the present mad rush for abdominal dissection does not become modified, there is no knowing where it will end. We may become a nation of appendixless men and sterile women. The "specialists" in the meantime are raking in the shekels and beautifully feathering their nests at the expense of an all too confiding public.

A WHISTLING CORPSE

In the little village of B—— there lived, many years ago, an old gentleman by the name of Plover. He was wealthy and spent his declining years in assist-

ing and comforting his less fortunate neighbors. In person he was somewhat under the medium height, rotund, ruddy and the very picture of robust health. His good nature was in keeping with his general appearance. I often remember the luscious harvest apples he so generously distributed to us as we passed his home on the way to school. He would stand at his gate with a basketful of the tempting fruit and as he handed out a generous supply to each one, his delight seemed to even surpass the pleasure of the recipient.

He lived to a ripe old age and his death was sincerely mourned by the many to whom he had been a benefactor—in fact, by the whole community.

Among his particular favorites I had the good fortune of being one, and my schoolmate Nick was another. We were often recipients of his generous hospitality and would sit with him for hours on his spacious veranda listening to interesting stories which he took great pleasure in reciting. It was in the summer evenings that we generally enjoyed those pleasant pastimes. As I often noticed the sun setting in the west, young as I was, I thought of the declining years of the man before us and compared the fading light to the closing days of human life.

A short time after he was claimed by the reaper Death, who robbed us of our generous friend. His relatives, knowing how acceptable we were to him during life, asked us to keep watch over his remains during the last night of their sojourn in his former home. We willingly accepted the responsibility and began our solemn task late in the evening of the third day, which was in early June. As we entered the grand old mansion we were

awed by the funeral surroundings which met our astonished gaze on every side. In a large and gloomy parlor the corpse rested in a coffin which was perched on a high, old-fashioned table in the middle of the room. In those days, some fifty years ago, there was no such thing as embalming, and in lieu of that, ice was used to delay decomposition of the body. This weird arrangement added to the desolation of the surroundings, and as the lights were turned down very low to modify the temperature, the gloom was almost as complete as the historic shades of Avernus. Without much stretch of the imagination, one can readily realize the fearful forebodings that took possession of our young hearts as we assumed our lonely task of guarding the body of our old friend. At least a score of large tubs was placed on the floor around the corpse and on the table which held it. In those were placed large chunks of ice. The meltings from the cubes, dropping into the water with rhythmic, tinkling sounds, echoed through the gloom like the weird music of a funeral dirge. From time to time a mass of ice would loosen from the pyramid by the melting process and tumble into the water below with a crash that fairly shook the surroundings. Those frequent avalanches greatly frightened us and caused us to start in alarm and suddenly look around for possible, uncanny apparitions.

As the night wore on and the want of sleep was getting the better of us we agreed that one should rest while the other kept watch. My friend Nick, being somewhat more diplomatic than his partner, succeeded in obtaining the greater part of the soporific composure. While he was enjoying that balmy refreshment I held my lonely watch, and to keep awake paced the floor up and down,

to and fro; frequently casting furtive glances at the pale and bloated form, perched high in the middle of the room. The frequent tumblings of ice put my nerves on edge and in alarm I frequently aroused my sleeping partner and asked him to take his turn at the lonely vigil. He as often drowsily and modestly declined.

In sheer desperation and trembling fear I kept up the double duty and was consoling myself that much longed-for daylight would come in a few short hours, when one of the huge tubs fell from the top of the pile with a loud crash that shook the very building, and in the midst of the confusion the corpse gave forth a loud, shrill whistle that fairly paralyzed me with fear and even aroused the sleeping Nick. In consternation I shouted that the old man was getting up and after us, without waiting for further movements of the corpse, we frantically rushed from the house. Nick made a running jump through the nearest window, taking sash and all with him. A good second, I followed him headlong. Down through the garden, over flower beds and fences we rushed until we felt the distance between us and the lively corpse was sufficient to save us from all harm. As we reached the parting of the ways, Nick, with a lump in his throat, could not say good night and I kept up my constantly increasing gait until I was safe at home.

The phenomenon of this unusual occurrence, which actually took place in the village indicated above, in June, 1857, is thus easily explained. In those days the clumsy and unscientific precautions for the prevention of decomposition and the resulting formation of gases in the body were inadequate, and when the bloated corpse was violently shaken by the falling tubs of ice, a forcible dis-

charge of gas through the puckered and senile mouth produced a veritable whistle—loud and long.

It is not to be wondered at that we boys, then only fifteen years of age, should be frightened out of our wits at this unheard-of occurrence. Persons of mature age would find it difficult to control themselves under the circumstances.

DR. JAMES J. MORIARTY

In memory of Rev. James J. Moriarty, D. D., former pastor of St. John the Evangelist's Church, Syracuse, N. Y., who died in Utica, Dec. 4, 1887.

Comrades and Friends of the Legion:

Through the courtesy of Guerdet Council it becomes my privilege, this evening, to contribute a few words in memory of our honored dead.

Children of a kind and indulgent father look up to him for precept and guidance. They are happy in his presence and trust in him as their protection and support, and if such children are dutiful they will gladden the heart of that parent by filial affection and attachment, that no extraneous interest can dissever. Comrades, we had such a father, he was to us an unerring guide, and pointed out the true and only course to temporal and spiritual happiness. Anxious for our welfare and the good of those depending on us, he introduced into our City the "Catholic Benevolent Legion." He was the spiritual adviser of Guerdet Council. I need not tell you that the late Rev. Dr. Moriarty is the father referred to. We feel happy in the remembrance that, during this good man's sojourn in our midst, we had the honor of his friendship, and the benefit of his teachings. Our Council to-day, by its pros-

perity and magnitude, is but a fulfillment of his prophecy and well wishes. Guerdet Council is under a debt of gratitude to its founder and will never cease to remember and honor his name.

An honest man is the noblest work of God. Father Moriarty was an honest man, therefore he was one of the noblest works of God. His soul was wrapped up in the duties of his sacred calling. Well and faithfully did he perform them. No truerhearted man ever favored the City of Syracuse with his presence. Kind to the poor and sick alike, he was not swerved from the path of duty by any man or combination of men. The sentiment, "Be just and fear not," found favor with him.

Our citizens of all creeds held him in the highest esteem and when it was known that he was to be removed from his devoted parishioners, a feeling of gloom and sorrow found expression on every side. When asked by many citizens to allow a monster petition in behalf of his retention here, he would not consent and with his characteristic modesty said, "I am a Roman Catholic and a priest. I have preached obedience and I believe in practicing it. I enlisted in the army. I am going to obey my superior officers."

Dr. Moriarty was eminently unselfish. In his zeal for Christianity, all worldly desires were overlooked. He cared not to accumulate earthly goods for himself or relatives. His greatest happiness was found in alleviating the sufferings of the poor and the care of souls.

Who, that ever heard him address his congregation, will forget the kindness and earnestness with which his every word was spoken. Who will forget the eagerness with which the nightly increasing throngs poured into

the sacred edifice to profit by his learned discourse? Protestants and Catholics and men of every creed vied to obtain entrance into the over-filled church to hear his eloquent and convincing sermons.

But the time came when in the zenith of his usefulness and success he was taken from us, sent to a distant city among strangers to begin his work over again,—to become known and thereby successful in his new field of labor. Then and only then it was that many began to fully awaken to the loss they had sustained. His absence left the feeling as if a great leader on whom depended victory had suddenly left us to our own resources. We sadly miss his guiding voice and noble presence among us.

Like all great and successful men, Doctor Moriarty had enemies as well as friends. He never spoke harshly of his traducers, but pitied and prayed for them, and if they had any good qualities was sure to let it be known. Those who did not admire him were prompted by jealousy only, as his intellect and scholarly accomplishments shone out in comparison, as incandescent electricity to the faint glimmerings of those who vilified him.

His nature was most sensitive and quickly recognized a kindness or felt the sting of deceit.

When Guerdet Council visited him in Utica, his very soul was filled with joy, and a new life seemed to be given him. From the altar he thanked his old parishioners for coming so far and in such numbers to see him, and would always remember this signal expression of kindness and esteem.

It seems sad that a man of such intellectual gifts and grand attainments could not longer have remained with

us to shed the light of Christianity and true manhood, for he was emphatically one of Nature's noblemen.

His declining days, that should have been comforted with the warmth of gratitude, were darkened by unexpected sorrows, for he received rebuffs where he expected kindness and to-night, could I bring forth his mantel, I might say with Marc Antony, "See what a rent the envious Casca made, through this the well beloved Brutus stabbed," and truly might he himself have repeated "Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms, hath quite o'ercome me."

His faith in heavenly happiness, beyond the grave, was most sincere. His daily life was consistent with his teachings.

No more shall we hear from his lips the precepts of the Redeemer. No more shall his presence encourage us on through the struggles of life. All that is mortal of Rev. James J. Moriarty rests, in peaceful repose, beneath the weeping elms of Calvary. A beautiful monument erected by a devoted mother and sorrowing sisters mark the hallowed ground.

We mourn his as dead, only to this world, for in the Heavenly hereafter we hope again to meet one who by his Christian example has made us feel, that:

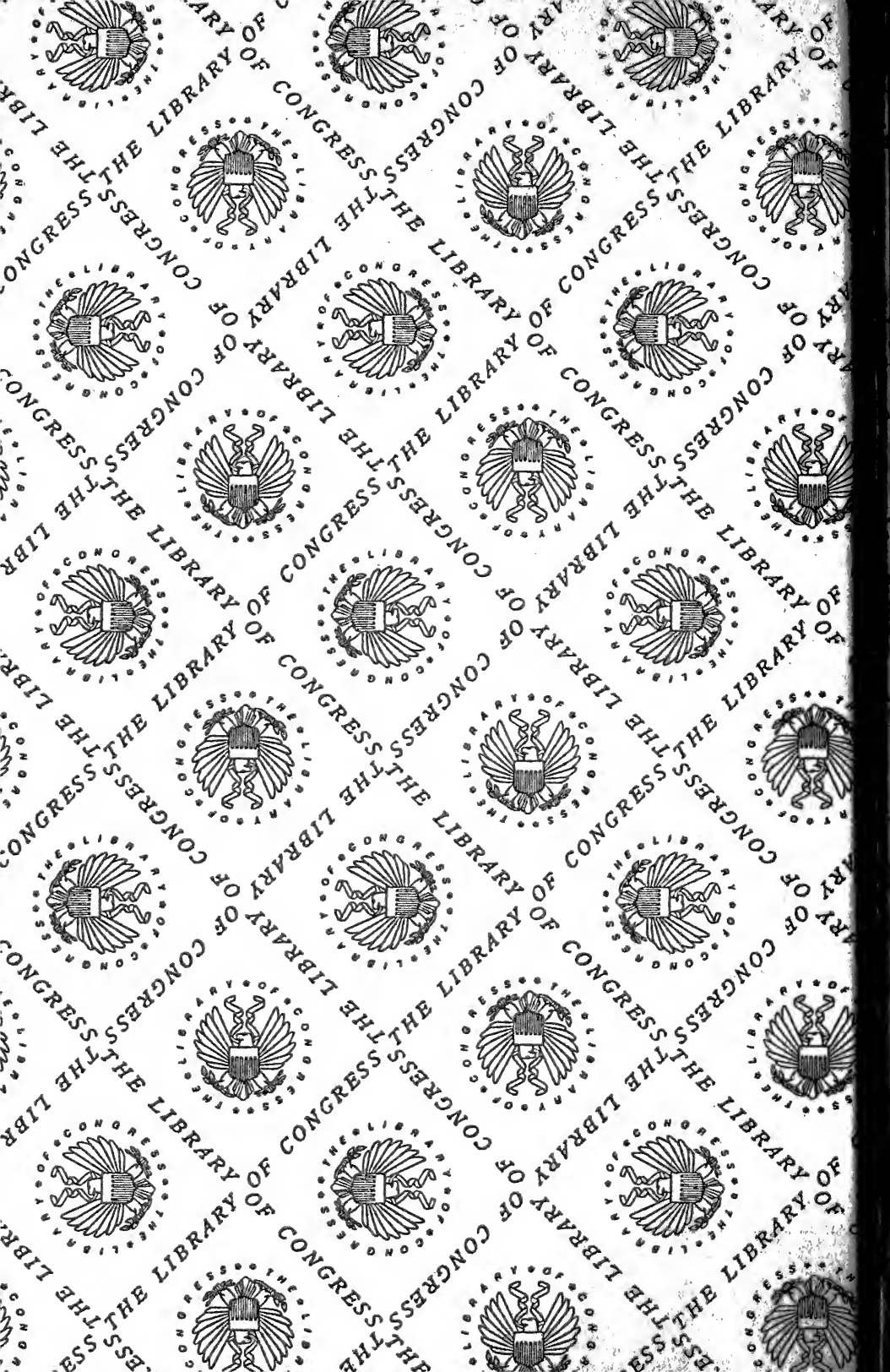
"There is no death, the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore."

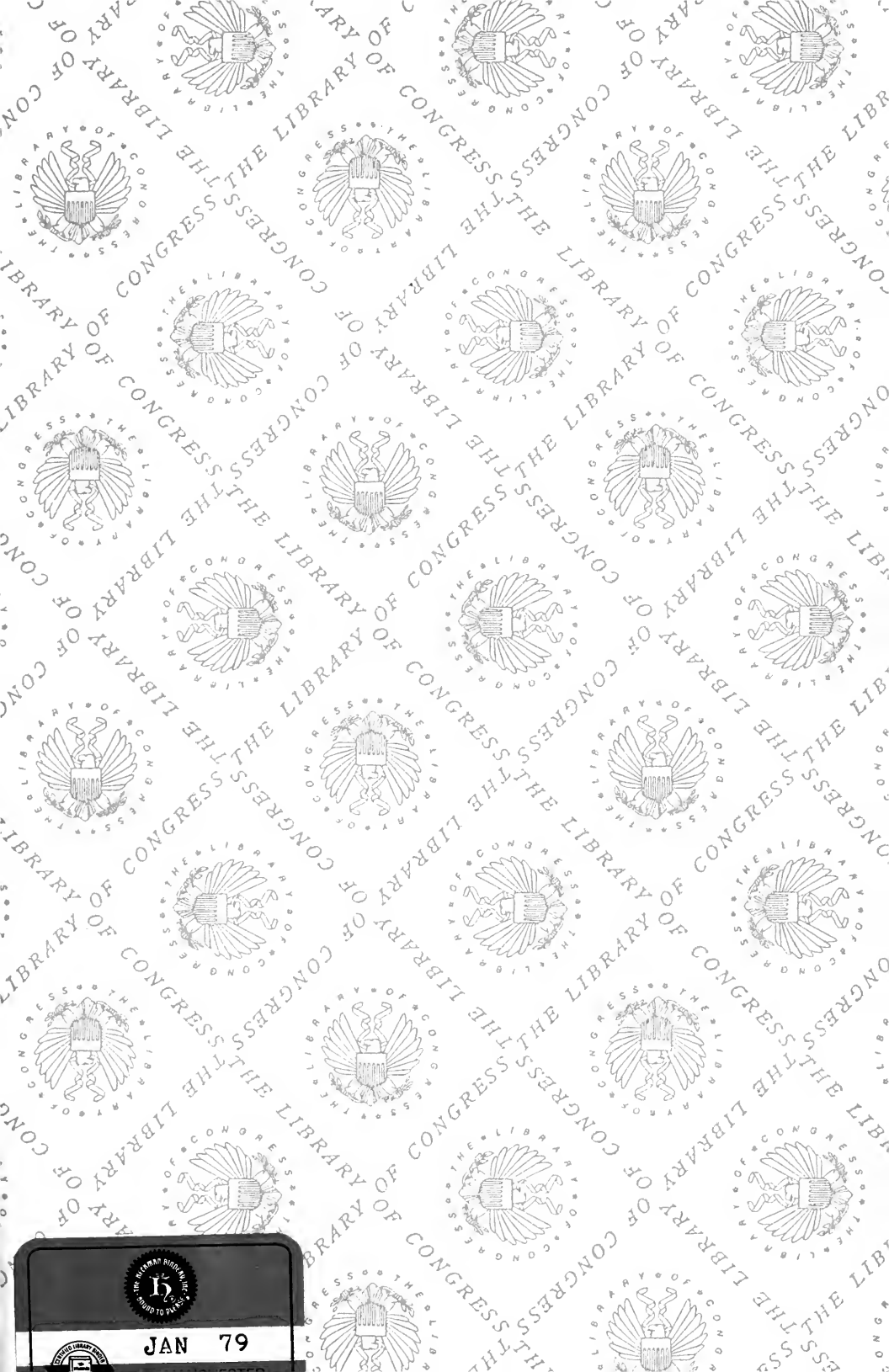
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